

April 13, 1960

Registered in Australia for transmission by post as a newspaper.

*The Australian*

Over 800,000 Copies  
Sold Every Week

PRICE

9<sup>¢</sup>

# WOMEN'S WEEKLY



**Home Sewing:**

**MATERNITY  
WEAR,**

**AUTUMN  
PATTERNS,**

**HOW TO MAKE  
CHAIR COVERS.**



**BEWARE**

of plain gauze dressings  
that merely cover wounds

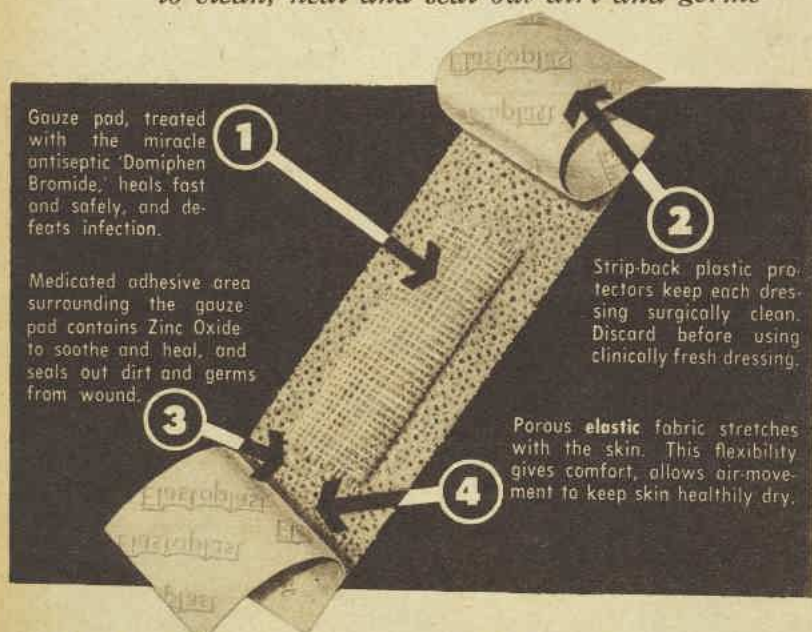
**only**

**Elastoplast**  
TRADE MARK

gives you positive

**ANTISEPTIC  
PROTECTION**

with exclusive DOMIPHEN BROMIDE  
to clean, heal and seal out dirt and germs



LOOK FOR THE NEW **RED PACK**  
WITH TWELVE REGULAR STRIPS for only.

Obtainable from Chemists and Stores

**1/6**

ASK also for Elastoplast Dressing Strips, medicated and elasticised, to do away with bulky bandages that slip and slide. 1½, 2½, 3 inch widths in 1 yd. lengths.



R219

Page 2

The Australian

# WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Head Office: 168 Castlereagh St., Sydney. Letters: Box 444W, G.P.O.  
Melbourne: Newspaper House, 247 Collins St., Melbourne. Letters: Box 183C, G.P.O.  
Brisbane: 81 Elizabeth St., Brisbane. Letters: Box 409F, G.P.O.  
Adelaide: 24-26 Halifax St., Adelaide. Letters: Box 388A, G.P.O.  
Perth: C/o Newspaper House, 125 St. George's Terrace, Perth. Letters: Box 491G, G.P.O.  
Tasmania: Letters to Sydney address.

APRIL 13, 1960

Vol. 27, No. 45

## CONTENTS

### Fiction

Thief in the Cathedral, Geoffrey Household	16, 17
Who Wants Words? Elaine Moon	19
Trustee from the Toolroom (Serial, Part 4), Nevil Shute	21
Return To Bohemia, Mare Carter	23

### Home and Family

Simple Cheese Dishes	43, 44
Prize Recipes	44
Quarrels in Adolescence	45
When Life Gets Rough	47
Motoring, Betty McKay	47
Gardening—Beds of Color	49
Home Plans	50
Australian Homes	51

### Fashion

Dress Sense, Betty Keep	29
Fashion Frocks	61
Fashion Patterns	77

### Special Features

Dame Judith Anderson	8, 9
Expert's Hair Technique	32, 33
Sew For Your Home, Sew For Fashion—seven-page section	35 to 42

### Entertainment

Preview of "Ben-Hur"	64, 65, 71
Television Parade	66
TV Pin-up—Shirley Abicair	67
Films	71

### Regular Features

It Seems To Me, Dorothy Drain	10
Worth Reporting	18
Letter Box	26
Ross Campbell	26
Your Bookshelf	31
Social	68, 69
Jacky's Diary	73
Stars	76
Mandrake, Crossword	79

## THE WEEKLY ROUND

# Three teenagers win our Model Quest

● Three teenagers — Dianne Sealy, Jenny Furney, and Rosemary Smith — have won our nation-wide Model Quest.

WE conducted the quest in conjunction with Marigny as part of the L'Oreal of Paris Fashion Festival.

As our Color Queen and two Color Princesses, the three will travel Australia with the Fashion Festival.

Dianne Sealy, 17, of Narre Warren North, Vic., is our Color Queen. She has won:

- Two weeks' holiday in Paris, all expenses paid, with £220 spending money.
- A dress from Paris couturier Maggy Rouff.
- Fashion and lingerie wardrobe by Prestige.
- Foundation garment wardrobe from Berlei.
- Shoe wardrobe by Rayne.
- £12/12/- bottle of D'Orsay Fantastique perfume.

Color Princesses Jenny Furney, of Turrumurra, N.S.W., and 15-year-old Rosemary Smith, of Sunshine, Vic., have completed modelling courses.

After the Festival's tour of Australia, they will leave by Cathay Pacific Jet Flight for 10 days in Hongkong, with £150 spending money each. They also have won dress and lingerie wardrobes from Prestige, foundation garments from Berlei, shoes by Rayne, and D'Orsay perfume.

SO many people said how much they liked the Cecil

Beaton picture of Queen Elizabeth and Prince Andrew on our cover last week, we thought readers also might like to see a photograph of the photographer.



CECIL BEATON

He is shown above, leaving Buckingham Palace after taking 200 pictures of the baby Prince.

NAN MUSGROVE, who writes Television Parade, told us:

The perfect picture on the TV screen is the result of much frenzied activity in the studio, boxed off from view by the frame.

### Our Cover

● The attractive arrangement of a bird and flowers on the cover is a picture to delight everyone with an eye for the beautiful.

The picture of TV star Shirley Abicair on page 67 followed this pattern exactly. Shirley was photographed in her own flat, where the niche that made the perfect frame for her pretty head was very high on the wall.

That didn't worry our photographer, Adelle Hurley, daughter of Australia's famous photographer Captain Frank Hurley, and one of the few women Press photographers in Australia.

Adelle—small, slim, and energetic—dragged the dining-room table underneath the niche, took the three big upholstered cushions off the couch, and piled them one on top of the other.

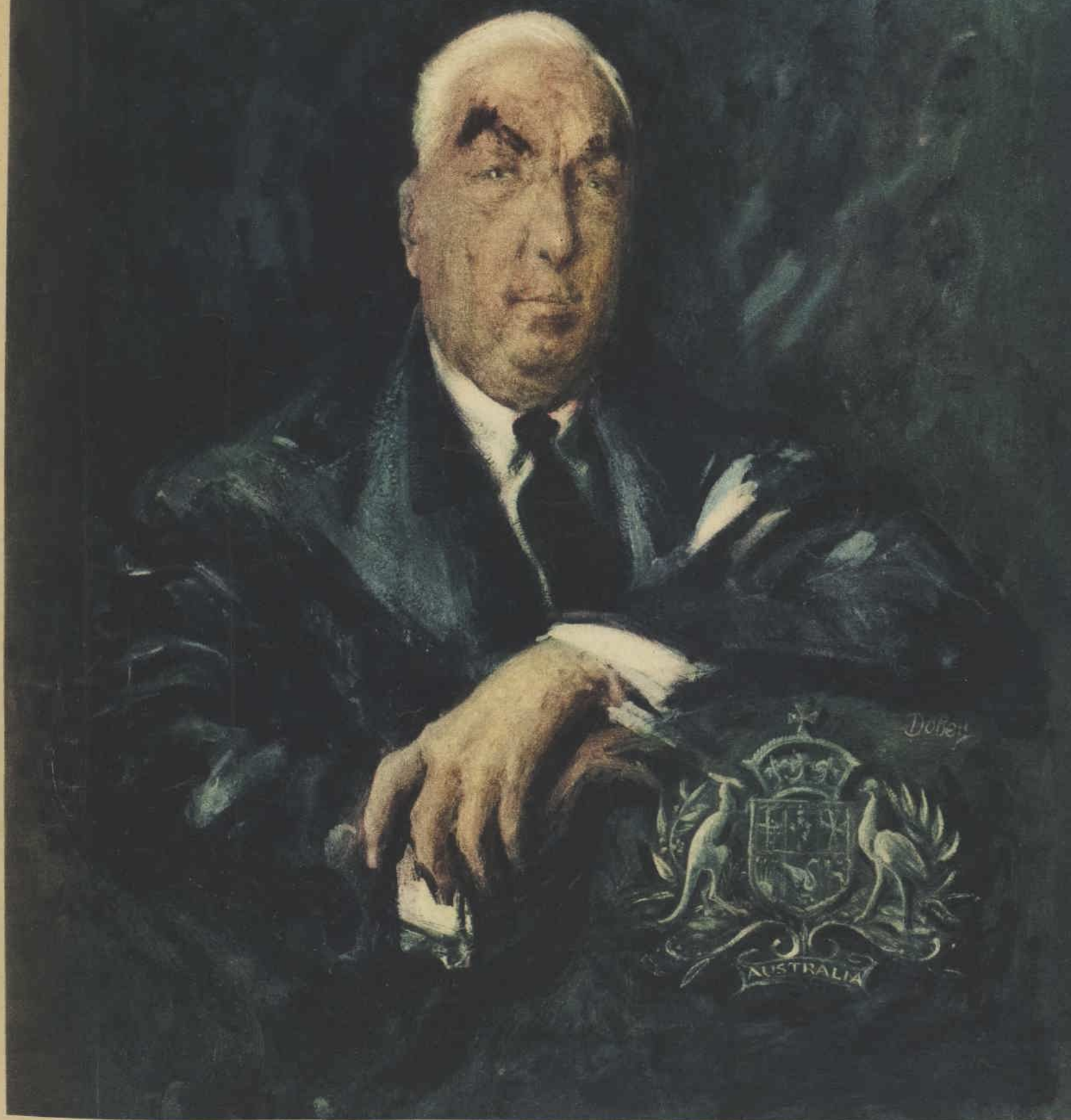
She gave Shirley a leg up, but the pile was still too low. Adelle wasn't beaten. Five minutes later Shirley was looking relaxed, as on page 67, perched precariously on top of the cushions, a pillow, the telephone book, and the classified directory to add the extra height that nipped her just where Adelle wanted her.

**Next  
Week**

● "North To The Sun" is the title of an all-color Queensland tourist section in our next issue. Glowing color pictures show golden beaches edged with sparkling surf, coral islands of the Great Barrier Reef, and Gold Coast luxury resorts that add up to paradise for winter tourists.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — April 13, 1960





## R. G. MENZIES, by DOBELL

*THIS COVER PORTRAIT of Prime Minister R. G. Menzies for TIME, the Weekly Newsmagazine, was painted by William Dobell, three times Archibald Prize winner. Bill Dobell had to work at pressure, as TIME wanted the portrait for publication early in April. He completed the commission, including two sittings at Canberra, each lasting 55 minutes, in less than a fortnight, painting the small (27in. x 21in.) portrait from color sketches made at the sittings. On receiving the painting, TIME cabled Dobell: "Very pleased with portrait." Says Bill Dobell: "Mr. Menzies was a very easy and relaxed sitter. Extremely good."*



**FALSE TEETH** wearers  
can offend without knowing



Toothpaste is fine for natural teeth — but denture materials are not natural. Dentures can harbour food particles which decompose and cause "denture breath". Dentures need purifying and cleansing with their own preparation — Steradent.



**What STERADENT does for dentures that toothpaste cannot do**

1. Oxygen-cleans — penetrates crevices.
2. Brightens — removes stains.
3. Purifies — removes odour-forming germs.
4. Deodorises — freshens mouth.
5. Cleans gently — reduces surface wear.

AT CHEMISTS ONLY

DENTURES NEED **STERADENT**

## HEAL "DETERGENT" & Work Worn Hands OVERNIGHT

One night—that's all the time you need to prove the effectiveness of Edinburgh Camphor Cream. Rough, raw, cracked and irritated hands are softened and smoothed while you sleep. Good for arms and legs, too. Edinburgh Camphor Cream is non-sticky, sinks into your skin to heal and protect from within. Try it once and you'll never be without it!

Ask your Chemist for

**Edinburgh  
Camphor  
CREAM**

IT'S THE CAMPHOR THAT DOES THE TRICK



**INTERESTING LEAFLETS ON HOME PLANNING.**  
A collection of the charming homes published each week has been published in handy Home Plans leaflets.  
For full details of our HOME PLANNING SERVICE see Home Plan page.

# PARIS GIRLS

**Couture gowns cost  
from £2 to £100**

• If a Paris typist idolises a French film star she doesn't just copy her hair-style, she wears her cast-off clothes.

**T**HE cast-off finery is available, thanks to glamorous, blond Danielle Dor.

Danielle has a shop near the Arc de Triomphe, and in it she sells clothes which formerly belonged to the most famous stars of the French screen, television, and theatre.

Each garment bears the name of its well-known wearer and is sold with a guarantee: "This dress belonged to Micheline Presle (or Martine Carol or Edwige Feuillere)."

Many of the clothes crushed against the walls of Danielle's tiny shop have a double claim to fame. As well as adorning some of France's most beautiful bodies, they were originally made by top Paris designers such as Dior, Cardin, and Balmain.

Some were worn in films and plays, some come from the actresses' personal wardrobes. And prices range from £2—for one of the gingham "little-girl" dresses which Brigitte Bardot popularised—to £100 for breathtaking evening gowns.

Best-sellers are the clothes tagged "Micheline Presle" and "Anne Vernon." "They have the most perfect figures and wonderful taste in clothes," said Danielle (real name the Comtesse de la Fuye and a descendant of writer Jules Verne).

### B.B. un-French

Most difficult to sell are Brigitte Bardot's clothes.

"She has a very odd figure," said Danielle.

"Hundreds of girls try on her dresses every week, but only a few can wear them. You see, her shape is quite un-French. She is tall and long-waisted, with very broad shoulders and no hips, but lots of bottom."

Another problem figure is ballerina Ludmilla Tcherina's. Her waist is 18½ in.

But one Tcherina fan buys all the ballerina's clothes, although she has to alter them at home. She calls them her "lucky wardrobe"—ever since the day she bought one of Ludmilla's skirts from Danielle, wore it to an audition, passed, and became a corps-de-ballet dancer with the Tcherina company.

Sometimes when a girl sets her heart on a certain dress from a film, Danielle gets it for her by telephoning or calling on the star.

She gets orders from all over the world, particularly from women in New York and South America, who cannot afford Paris couturiers' prices but want their clothes.

**TYPICAL guarantee of authenticity issued by shopowner Danielle Dor to all who buy film-stars' dresses. It certifies the garment's maker, purchaser, and former owner.**

Pin-up boy Jean Marais gave up his favorite tie to Danielle, who had been asked to get it by a teenage film-goer. The teenager gave it to her fiancé as a birthday present.

But there was one commission which Danielle couldn't carry out.

A French bride-to-be wanted to be married in a stunning white dress which Brigitte Bardot had worn in "The Bride is Too Beautiful." Danielle phoned B.B., who agreed.

The shock came when the dress arrived—it wasn't white, but pale blue. It had been tinted to photograph pure white for the color cameras.

Danielle is always happy when a girl brings her husband or boy-friend along.

"I'm sure to make a sale. A man starts to look at his wife in a completely new way when she tries on a Juliette Greco or a Danielle Darrieux suit."

"And, encouraged by the exciting gleam in his eye, the girl buys a daring outfit that she would be terrified to wear in the ordinary way."

While Danielle was acting "bit" parts in films she wondered what the stars did with their unwanted clothes. She discovered that some were given to charity, some were thrown away. So she opened her shop.

And now most of France's best-known stars have signed exclusive contracts with Danielle and their photographs cover her walls.

Last year she sold 67 dresses belonging to Micheline Presle alone, 52 from character actress Dora Doll. And Danielle, her mother, and her sister all buy their clothes from the shop's stock.

One man, husband of a regular Dior customer, calls his wife "Nicole," "Mylene," or "Dora," according to which star's dress she wears each day.

Another man often calls at Danielle's shop to buy Bardot's nighties for his wife. But he always arrives after dark.

"He's just shy," said Danielle.

The film star dress shop is the latest in a series of Danielle's careers. She

has already been a journalist, actress, radio announcer, and interior decorator. She designed the Fontainebleau home of General Norstadt, the Allied Forces Supreme Commander.

Danielle owes her range of Bardot clothes to Brigitte's younger sister Mijanou.

Mijanou used to wear all her sister's old clothes. Then she, too, was discovered for films and she refused to wear "hand-me-downs." So Brigitte started selling them.

"She asked too much for them at first—I think she had overspent her domestic budget," said Danielle. "But now I've got her trained."

### Screaming hate

Things can go wrong, though. One customer was thrilled with the dress she was trying on until Danielle proudly named its film star wearer.

The woman immediately tore off the dress, screaming: "I hate the sight of her. I'd rather die than wear anything of hers."

No sale that time.

And once Danielle bought the same dress twice—first from Martine Carol, then from Nicole Courcel.

"A leading designer had sold the dress to both girls, claiming it to be a unique model and charging each of them 600,000 francs (about £450)," said Danielle.

"When they found out they both had the same gown they had to phone each other before wearing it so that they didn't clash."

There are still two women whose wardrobes Danielle is keen to buy for her shop.

One is Dawn Addams—"She always looks so elegant." The other is Princess Margaret.

"I am planning a trip to London soon to try to pull it off," said Danielle. "Margaret is such a romantic figure to us Frenchwomen. Any Parisienne would love to wear her cast-offs. I think she may be glad to do business with me."

### CERTIFICAT D'AUTHENTICITÉ

Je certifie que Le Tailleur  
de Dior  
acheté par M. M. Dupont  
a appartenu à Micheline Presle  
La Direction Danielle Dor



# BUY FILM STARS' CAST-OFFS



**ABOVE:** Paris office-girl Diane Mitom, 23, outside the Danielle Dor shop, admires a Balmain dress worn originally (see window picture left) by film star Martine Carol.



**INSIDE** shop, Diane tries on the Martine Carol (Balmain model, helped by Danielle —price now £18. Danielle's suit is a Micheline Presle cast-off by Dessès—price £25.



**BRIGITTE BARDOT** dress of black embossed taffeta by Virginie (price £18) will not fit Diane. Bardot's dresses fit few of the many girls who try them on. "Her shape is quite un-French," says Danielle.



**FINAL CHOICE** by Diane—star Dora Dolf's suit in black wool with white fox by Heim. Danielle wears a cast-off red Chanel suit.



**HEADS TURN** as Diane leaves the shop and walks down a Paris street in her Jacques Heim suit which she bought for only £36. To prove this to her friends she has with her Danielle Dor's certificate of guarantee.



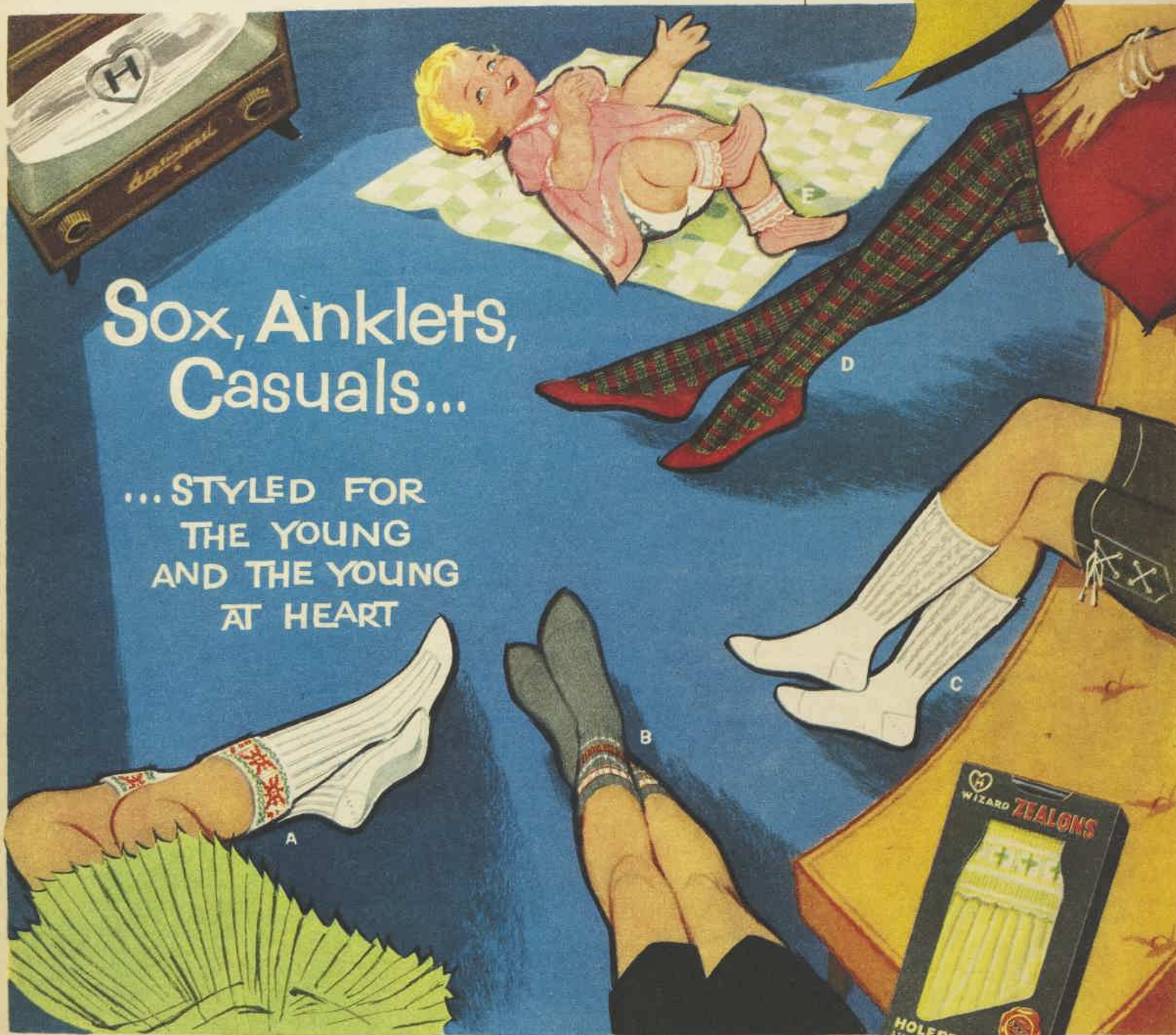
The newest sox . . . in the newest packs!

# HOLEPROOF

YEAR  
OF THE  
NEW

Sox, Anklets,  
Casuals...

...STYLED FOR  
THE YOUNG  
AND THE YOUNG  
AT HEART



- A. BERMUDAS: Knee-hi stretch zealons to wear with shorts, skirts, slacks — children's and teeners. "Swiss Miss" illustrated is tyrolean turn-over top, one of many cute children's styles. For teeners — newest burnished tones now available.
- B. CREW SOX: "Olympic Stripe" — sample style from a wide range of Mighty Zealon Crew Sox for boys and youths — one size for each — they stretch to fit. Fully-elasticised 'Action' leg — smart color range with blending stripes. Also in white cotton-stretch for sport.
- C. CREW SOX: "Jumbo tops" — newest hit in the Holeproof Parade of Crew Sox for teens and tots. Wear them up — wear them down. Holeproof Crew Sox are bulky-knit super-soft combed cotton and stretch nylon, 'cool' colors and school colors. 'Sanitized' for hygienic freshness.
- D. CASUAL HOSIERY: The newest, warmest, smartest fashion for autumn — "Town & Country" thigh-hi stretch nylon stockings. Choose from self-patterned style, plain fine-ribbed, or three-color plaid (as illustrated). Full range of shades to mix or match with winter fashion shades in casuals.  
Plus — the newest seamless 'Glamo Tights' — form-fitting tights for casual living.
- E. CHILDREN'S ZEALONS: "Twinkle Star" anklets illustrated in famous Wizard Zealons! Just one of many pretty styles for infants and children. A wide range of fancy tops, self-patterns and plain school shades. Nylon-stretch or Orion-stretch.



Lots of fun for all the family . . .

NEW TV PICTURE PACK.

Games, hints, puzzles, cut-outs — there's something to keep in every pack.

TO PLEASE THE HEART OF EVERYONE . . .



**HOLEPROOF**

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — April 13, 1960



*A new sport for all the family...*

# It made a bowler of a batsman

● Most cricketers would hit you for six if you even suggested they should start bowling under-arm. But Arthur Morris is different. He's so enthusiastic about the idea that he's hoping thousands upon thousands of Australians — men, women, and children — will follow his lead.

By CYNTHIA STRACHAN

MORRIS... the batsman

ANYONE who says this isn't really cricket is so right—it isn't. It's ten-pin indoor bowling, an American craze—game which is being introduced to Australia in a big way in August.

And it's via ten-pin bowling that Arthur Morris — one of Australia's greatest batsmen and most popular Test stars till his retirement from big cricket four years ago — is re-entering the Australian sports scene.

Arthur, who is still in his thirties, sacrificed his cricket career just before the death of his wife, and swore he'd never wield a cricket bat again.

His love of the game eventually lured him back as far as district cricket on Saturday afternoons, but his workaday week—on the sales staff of a Sydney motor company—was right away from the sporting world.

Now bowling, of a vastly different type from that he's known in the past, has again made sport the predominant interest in his life.

For Arthur was recently appointed Australian sales manager of A.M.F. — an American organisation which hopes to make Australian families addicts of indoor bowling.

## He thinks it's a winner

In recent months he's been learning the game thoroughly, and he thinks it's a winner — despite the ragging he's been taking from his ex-cricketing colleagues.

"You've never bowled better," say some of them, as he accurately hurls the 16lb. bowl down a practice lane to skittle all ten pins in one go. "Why didn't you bowl like this when you were playing cricket? You'd have been a riot," chide others.

And Arthur, who as a Test opening batsman spent his time trying to avoid getting a "duck," now tries his hardest to get a "turkey" — the bowling expression for knocking down all pins on the first ball three times in a row.

Arthur and all the other people associated with indoor bowling are confident that it will soon be a major sport in Australia, as it is in America. There 30 million people are now playing, including 12 million women.

Apart from being a pleasant social sport, it's also wonderful for streamlining figures.

According to a "fact file" put out by an American firm: "Bowling is a graceful, rhythmical sport. A fun sport that's not strenuous, yet so good for the figure."

"Bowling stimulates the blood circulation, puts 'snap'

into muscle response, eliminates bulges by proper muscle control, fills the body with renewed energy, soothes tensions."

They say it does the figure good because the calorie cost per minute for bowling is even higher than for rowing or tennis, and twice as high as for badminton or dancing.

Many Australians already know something of the sport because it crops up regularly in American TV shows.

## Bowling leaves the basements

Actually bowling had an unsavory atmosphere in America in the years before World War II.

Bowling alleys were then in basements, and particularly in the prohibition days were the harboring place for gang-

sters, racecourse routs, etc. The "pin boys" were in all the rackets.

Things improved after the war, but they were really revolutionised in 1952 with the introduction of an automatic pin-spotter.

This scores, resets the pins ready for play, returns the bowl — and eliminates the need for the pin boys.

With the streamlining of the game, promoters now spurn all mention of bowling "alleys." Indoor bowling has come out of the basement and is now played in "bowling centres" so elaborate that the word alley is regarded as derogatory.

It's become a family sport, with dad, mum, and the children all setting off together for an evening's fun and exercise at the bowling centre.

It is expected to develop in this style in Australia, too.



MORRIS... the bowler.



ARTIST'S IMPRESSION of the £120,000 indoor bowling centre which will open at Hurstville, Sydney, in August.

The speed with which the indoor bowling is expected to grow is indicated by the fact that A.M.F., at its factory in Northmead, N.S.W., will be turning out 40 automatic pin-spotters every month by the end of October.

This is enough to equip two new 20-lane centres a month, and that's without taking the rival company's centres into account.

How do you play indoor bowling?

Well, the enthusiasts say that if you can roll a grapefruit down a corridor you can pick up this game quickly and easily — though it takes a lot of skill to become a champ.

You glide along a 15ft. approach, and send the bowl shooting along the 65ft. alley towards ten pins arranged in a triangle. If you're bowling well, you skittle the lot.

It takes about 25 minutes to play out a game.

## A "bargain" for housewives

At the A.M.F. centres opening in July, it will cost a player 5/- a game—with a reduced rate for women bowling during the day.

In America, some centres are open round the clock. The hours won't be as extensive here, but they'll probably be open from early morning through to about 11 p.m.

Indoor bowling, incidentally, is probably the only sport in the world in which left-handed players need special shoes.

A right-handed bowler's shoes aren't any good to a southpaw because they have a rubber sole on the right foot to give grip and a leather sole on the left to give glide before bowling. A southpaw needs the reverse.



INDOOR VIEW of an American bowling centre, some of which have up to 96 lanes. Australian centres will be similarly styled on a smaller scale. An elaborate centre to be built soon at Parramatta will have 16 lanes (to be enlarged to 32), plus squash courts, swimming-pool, snack bars, etc.



# There is nothing like



● Dame Judith picks grapefruit in her garden.



● Lounge-room chandelier once belonged to an 18th-century Austrian emperor.

● Forceful and commanding on stage, Adelaide-born actress Dame Judith Anderson is a petite, unpretentious woman at home in California who likes to pad around in slippers and slacks and hopes the neighbors won't mind her new title.

"I MUST say they've taken it in their stride so far," she told me. "I think you're about the first person to call me Dame Judith in weeks. But don't stop—I love it."

Dame Judith's California home, Rancho Verde, is a hilltop mansion among 27 crazily tilted acres of avocados and lemons 80 miles north of Hollywood.

Pink and porticoed, the big sun-bathed house is pleasantly frayed around the edges and overlooks the blue Pacific.

Dame Judith actually spends little time there. The avocados and lemons do provide an income, but her principal harvest comes, of course, from the theatre. And while working she lives in rented apartments or with friends in Hollywood and New York.

But Rancho Verde, built ten years ago, is still home and family. Hardly had she and her mother, Mrs. Jessie Margaret Anderson, moved in when her mother died.

Last February her 63-year-old brother, Frank, who had been manager of the estate,

died after a heart attack. His English-born widow and children live in a simple house in the grounds.

The mood of Rancho Verde is generally Greek, but the visitor finds bits of Australiana in a wattle tree, some passionfruit vines, and a Southern Cross that Dame Judith worked into a dressing-room rug.

Dame Judith's favorite bric-a-brac are cupids. They are everywhere: hung, draped, and worked into carpets. Even a sarcophagus has been filled with them.

When she is alone Dame Judith likes to sit by the fire in a corner of her large, vaulted kitchen. The rest of the room holds no attraction.

"I'm an abominable cook," she said. "I don't know where the story began that I was famous for my dinners."

"Perhaps it originated at an 'Australian dinner' I gave a couple of years ago in honor of Lady Casey. It was quite a successful meal — no one died next day — and I went to extraordinary trouble opening tins and so forth.

"Of course, I sprinkled passionfruit over everything, including the toheroa soup and a steak-and-kidney pie.

"I had forgotten how much of what went into the typical Australian dressing, so, as well as mustard, condensed milk, etc., I put a dash of everything on the spice shelf.

"Everybody raved, but I refused to part with my 'secret' recipe — mainly because I didn't know it myself!"

Dame Judith has been married and divorced twice. When, last December, she invited a large number of friends to Rancho Verde for "a great surprise" most of them jumped to conclusions.

"They all thought I was planning to marry again," she said. "But the surprise was, of course, my title. I thought I could let it go on New Year's Eve. Then I realised I must wait for the announcement."

"Well, I got tangled up in the time difference between California and London. And here were all my friends sitting around smirking. I began to think I'd imagined

the phone call from Howard Beale, the Australian Ambassador in Washington.

"I began twiddling the radio dial frantically. In desperation I rang Mr. Beale.

"He said I was right to press on, so I dashed back, proclaiming that I was now a Dame. The reaction among my American friends was electric!"

When I saw her, Dame Judith was looking forward to a short rest, having just returned from playing "The Madwoman of Chaillot" in Florida.

But she was soon back in New York grinding out a TV drama based on the life of industrialist Andrew Carnegie. She had also done "Cradle Song" for television and the two hour-long tapes were due to be broadcast on different networks on the same night this month.

"Oh, dear," she said, "I'll be shown back to back on the same night. But I'll be safe on my California hilltop then — and there isn't a television set within coo-ee."

STORY AND PICTURES BY ROBERT FELDMAN,  
OF OUR NEW YORK STAFF.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — April 13, 1960



# this Aussie Dame

● Dame Judith's glass-topped coffee-table is a converted sarcophagus. It contains part of her collection of cupids. The huge bay window opens on a 100-mile vista of hills and the Pacific.





# Velnit -underwear comfort for every body!



Always look  
for the name

**MORLEY**

- ★ Easy to wear, easy to wash, never needs ironing, won't shrink.
- ★ Warm yet light in weight and will not irritate the most sensitive skin.
- ★ Although soft and absorbent, "Velnit" is extremely strong and durable because of the Interlock method of knitting which gives elasticity.
- ★ A large variety of styles for Men, Women, Boys and Girls.

FATHER



"I was doing fine until you asked me to **SHOW** you how to tie one."

MOTHER



ELISABETH MACINTYRE

"But I **HAVE** got tidy . . . I've cleaned my shoes."

## It seems to me

**B**ATTERED by two hours of inconceivable din, I left Sydney Stadium the other night in company with three other adults.

At the rock-n-roll show we had huddled together for support in a sea of ten thousand youngsters.

Twelve "entertainers," most of whom make Johnny Ray in retrospect seem as decorous as Richard Tauber, were too rich for mature ears.

Still, I did admire some of the gymnastics. Playing a saxophone with the head bent backwards to the floor is quite smart, though, as one of my cynical companions pointed out, the sax is very often silent. It is used largely as a decorative flourish.

After the show we were swept out into the night on waves of autograph hunters, and spent an hour over coffee trying to figure what would be the next step in popular entertainment.

We didn't arrive at a forecast, but one thing is certain. In twenty years the enthusiastic audience will be calmed down by time, mortgages, and children. It will be interesting to listen to them crying, "Turn that thing off" and reminiscing about their youth and its superior music in the form of such old-time numbers as "Hippy, Hippy Shake."

By



Dorothy Drain

**N**AGGING is not one of the virtues, but advertisers today realise that it can be turned to effective use.

The Victorian Railways have joined this popular movement.

They address an advertisement to wives and ask, "Are you killing your husband by letting him drive to work?"

They continue by pointing out the advantage of exercise gained by walking to the station, the time for paper-reading on trains, and the lack of strain in public transport.

They might as well carry the propaganda to its conclusion and add the line, "Why not keep the car at home for yourself?"

**T**HERE is little one can add to the world-wide cry of protest about the machine-gunning of natives in South Africa.

But, if racial conflict and nuclear weapons leave any posterity to read history, then the comment of the South African Prime Minister (Dr. Verwoerd) will be celebrated alongside the cake-eating suggestion attributed to Marie Antoinette.

Said Dr. Verwoerd: "Seen in their proper perspective the disturbances are periodic phenomena."

**C**OMMENT on one of last month's paragraphs about the horrors of such dishes as "mock tripe."

Writing from Mortlake, New South Wales, Mrs. Isabella Oettingen-Ryzy said, "I was reminded of a story we heard in Poland during World War II and which was whispered in Nazi Germany."

"It went — Question: 'When will the war end?' Answer: 'When the British eat rats and the Germans mock rats.'"

**A** EUROPEAN farm-worker, believed to be dumb, last month spoke for the first time in 20 years. He said he pretended to be dumb to escape military service and subsequently had found no need to talk.

"Good day." "Good night." "It's hot." "It's cold."

"The country needs the rain, I'm told"; "I'm very well, and how are you?"

(For heaven's sake, don't take the cue); "Things are not what they used to be."

And so we prattle ceaselessly.

"The world is going to the dogs."

We mutter in our monologues;

And if you add the sum of chat, One mostly burbles through one's hat.

Silence would do as well, you know.

But oh, it would be lonely, though.

**A** FRIEND of mine received two rate notices last week. The customary dismay at the amounts was tempered by interest in the wording.

On one form her occupation was listed as "divorcee," on the other as "femme sole." The legal term "femme sole," meaning a woman alone — single, widowed, or divorced — seemed on the whole more polite.

However, neither of the labels worried her. What surprised her was that they came under the heading of "occupation." The job at which she spends 40 hours a week earning the money to pay these bills is presumably regarded as a hobby.

**T**HE Blue Mountains Chamber of Commerce ought to think again about its proposal to hold a "Spirit of Christmas" Festival in July.

Chairman of the committee explains that the idea arose from the thought that "good-will at Christmas lasted only a day or so." The proposed festival would last a fortnight, culminating in a day to be called "Spirit of Christmas" Day.

There is no harm in holding festivals to attract visitors and their spending money to towns and holiday resorts.

But it might be better to leave Christmas alone. It is already exploited to the hilt commercially.



# AMERICAN

JONES BROS. GO AMERICAN FOR WINTER



GARMENTS FASHIONED FOR YOU IN AMERICAN STYLE

**Tirolfur** & 'TIROLTEX'—FOR MEN  
FOR WOMEN & GIRLS

Once again it's American-look season and "J.B." bring out the 1960 Winter winners, styled for you by a leading American designer. "J.B." garments are skilfully fashioned to make the most of wonderful 'Tirolfur,' the most fabulous fabric ever made in Australia (100% Terylene—I.C.I. Polyester Fibre). It is warm to touch and a dream to wear—has great crease resistance, thus retains that well-groomed look always. It is mothproof. Choose "J.B." garments from an enchanting range of styles in the loveliest colours you can think of—make this Winter another American-look season.

Look for these swing tickets on the garments before you buy.

Wash as a "drip dry."—Tirolfur fabric dries quickly and does not need ironing or brushing and it improves with each washing. It will not shrink or lose its shape and it is a certified washable LUX fabric—full instructions are on the LUX packet.

AVAILABLE AT LEADING STORES EVERYWHERE. FASHIONED IN AUSTRALIA BY JONES BROS. PTY. LTD., CAMPBELL & SMITH STS., SURRY HILLS. 'PHONE BA 4661 (12 LINES).



A new  
and  
improved  
formula  
in a  
new and  
Glamorous  
Pack



## New MUM Rollette

Proved most effective and lasts 24 hours. Most convenient—dries so quickly. New Mum Rollette is the most convenient, most effective deodorant and anti-perspirant you can buy.

Mum Rollette contains 22% more effective ingredients than other leading deodorants.

You'll love its new mild fragrance which will not clash with your perfume.

Rolls out doubt—Rolls on charm.

NEW MUM ROLLETTE

7/6 at all chemists and quality stores.

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS



BM9/47

### Youthful and gay all thro' the day

Be fresh when you wake, sparkling with energy all through the day—take Bile Beans, the perfect laxative. Bile Beans are recommended for constipation and biliousness, indigestion, liverishness, sick headache and loss of appetite when due to faulty elimination. Take Bile Beans tonight and feel better tomorrow.

**BILE BEANS**

2/- and 4/- from chemists everywhere



Start the Weekend well  
with  
**WEEKEND**  
1/- from your Newsagent.

Keep up-to-date . . . read  
**MODERN  
MOTOR**  
Every Month  
2/6 from your Newsagent.

# SCRIPTS? — Hitch will fling 'em back

From **ROBERT FELDMAN**,  
in *Hollywood*

● His lower lip curling contemptuously, Alfred ("Hitch") Hitchcock looked me straight in the eye.

**G**RUFFLY he said: "If anybody shoves a movie script under my door in Sydney, I'll shove it straight back."

I had just asked the man who delights in scaring you off your cinema seat whether, in view of the visit by him and his wife to Sydney between May 8 and May 14, the next Hitchcock thriller might be filmed in Australia.

"Not likely!" he replied. "What's Australia got, scenically or otherwise, that California hasn't? Why should I transport tons of equipment, high-priced actors and technicians there when I can get the same effects closer to home? I'm not filming travelogues, you know."

But, in the next breath, Hitch mused: "Of course, if I did decide to do a bit of work there, you may be sure I'd go into a small outback town where they hitch horses and sheep run through the main street. It's no good shooting in the Australia Hotel."

### First trip

Neither the 60-year-old cockney-born director nor his wife, former scriptwriter Alma Reville, has ever been to Australia, though they have made films all over Europe, America, and North Africa.

Hitch's credits include: "The Thirty-Nine Steps," "The Lady Vanishes," "Jamaica Inn," "Rebecca," "Foreign Correspondent," "Suspicion," "Shadow of a Doubt," "Lifeboat," "Spellbound," "Notorious," "The Paradine Case," "Rope," "Under Capricorn," "Dial M for Murder," "Rear Window," "To Catch a Thief," "The Man Who Knew Too Much," "Vertigo," "North by Northwest," and his latest, unreleased film, "Psycho."

When I saw the Hitchcocks in their elegant Bel Air (Hollywood) home, "Psycho" was still in the cutting-room, where censors were reportedly hacking it to pieces.

"Too much gore?" I asked Hitchcock.



"No, sex taboos this time," he sighed.

Three years after they arrived from Britain in 1939, the Hitchcocks settled in their rambling stone house amid the lovely lawns and rolling hills of exclusive Bel Air.

They rarely leave it, not even for Hollywood's lavish parties, except on film business or to go to their other home, a 200-acre estate, at Santa Cruz, 300 miles up the Californian coast.

Their married daughter, Patricia, an occasional actress, also lives in California. An Epstein bust of Patricia adorns the front vestibule of the Bel Air home.

The Hitchcocks' coming tour — "half work, half holi-

day" — will last three months and take them to Sydney, Bali, Djakarta, Singapore, Hongkong, Tokio, and then to Europe.

Their miniature four-year-old twin Scalyhams, Stanley and Geoffrey, will be left behind.

"They'll do well. They'll get their flet mignons sent in from Chasen's (an expensive Hollywood restaurant)," Mrs. Hitchcock said.

The Hitchcocks were left free to travel when his next film, "No Bail for the Judge," was suspended because of the pregnancy of its star, Audrey Hepburn.

Mrs. Hitchcock employs only a daywork maid to clean and dust. "I cook everything round here," she told me. "The trip will mean a break from the kitchen for me."

"I'm a meat-and-potatoes man," the 14-stone director interjected. "That's one reason I left England — couldn't stand the grey beef, grey mutton, and the other revolting fare of the charming country inns. But you can't beat Dover sole, and I import them from London."

### Author sued

The thought made Hitch mellow, and he said he would like to explain just why he planned to run away from strange Australians waving scripts at him.

There was I in London some years ago with Robert Helpmann, that Australian type, and Henry Sherrett, the film producer, he said. "On Helpmann's suggestion Sherrett and I had done a script and were about to embark on a modern dress thriller based on Hamlet."

"I talked to Cary Grant and he was all for it. We announced the plan, then soon afterwards there arrived in

**FILM** thriller king Alfred Hitchcock, with his wife, Alma, and daughter, Patricia, studies the entertainment magazine "Variety." Mr. and Mrs. Hitchcock will visit Australia next month.

the post a script entitled 'A Modern Hamlet.' Foolishly I opened it.

"The guy sued for £1,250,000, saying we'd stolen his idea. It took five years of litigation and cost me personally £17,500 before we beat this fellow. Can you wonder that I now return all manuscripts unopened?"

Actually, the scenic backgrounds and the plot of his movies are far less important than the Hitchcock touch, which can take almost any melodramatic situation and turn it into a film that keeps audiences alternately on the edge of their theatre seats with suspense or rolling in the aisles with laughter.

Part of the answer is his avoidance of film clichés. He once said: "I've never gone for the creaking-door type of suspense."

"To me, murder by a babbling brook drenched in sunshine is more interesting than murder in a dark and noisome alley."

Mindful of this, I asked the portly director, now as friendly as his Scalyhams, if I couldn't interest him in the cinematic possibilities of a sunny day at The Gap or on the Nullarbor Plain.

"Well, I doubt it," he answered warily. "But I promise you that if I ever make a film in Australia, I shall play the detective myself."

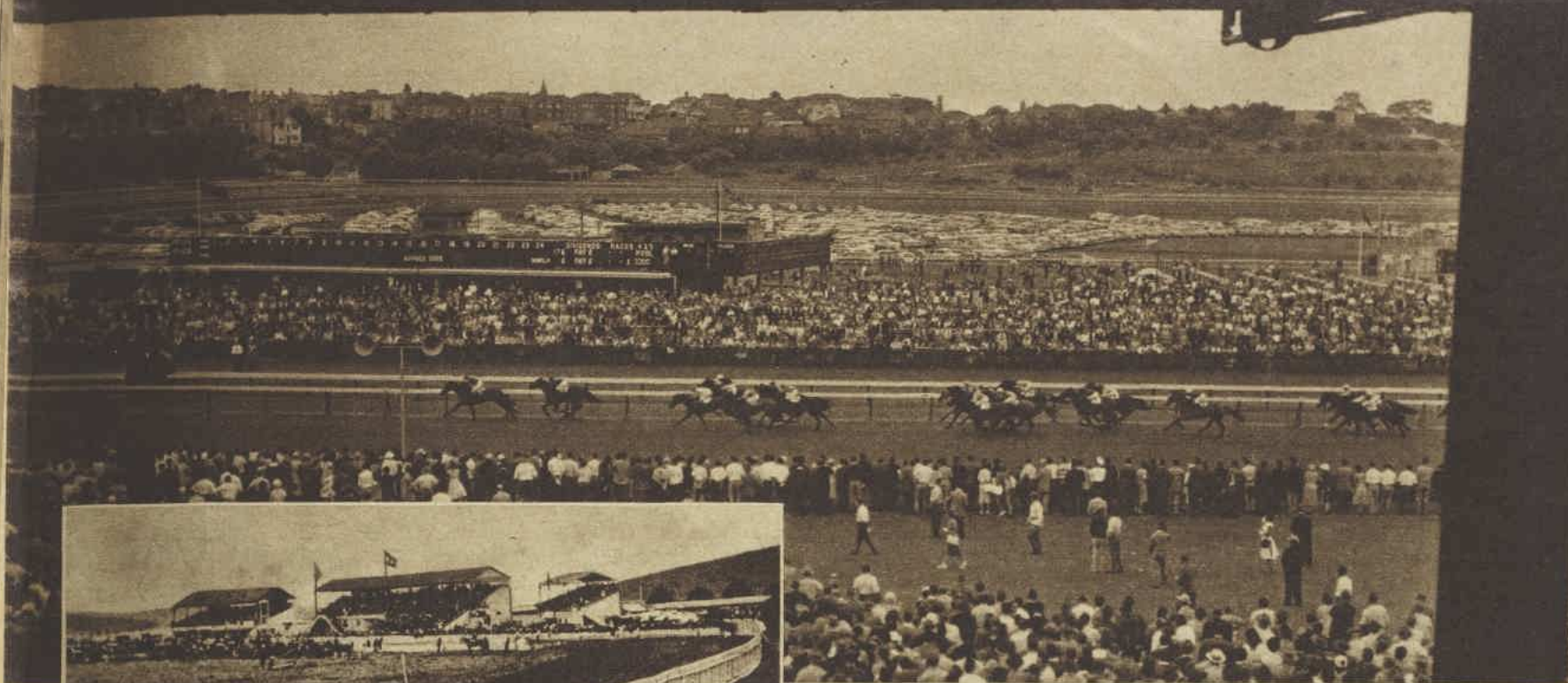
"I want to be the first gumshoe to jump into a kangaroo pouch and shout, 'Follow that car!'"



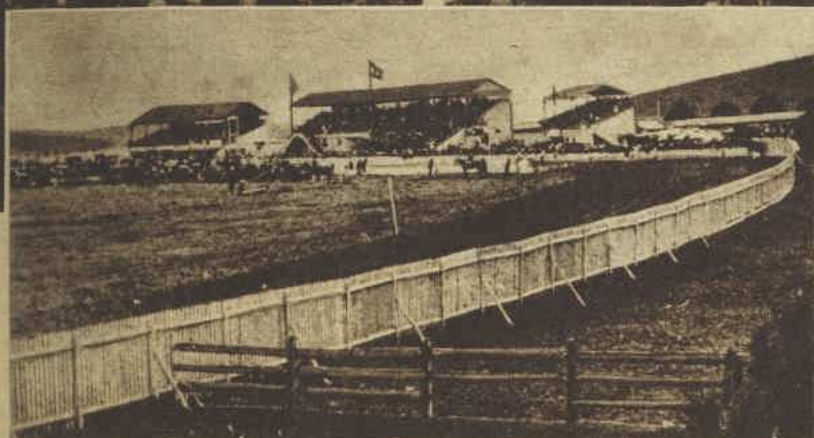
**DIRECTOR Alfred Hitchcock in the living-room of his luxury home at Bel Air (Hollywood).**



# A DAY (just 100 years ago) AT THE RACES



RANDWICK RACECOURSE today (above) and in 1863 (left), the third year of its existence. Before 1860 the races were at Homebush.



*The silks of the best of Australasia's champion thoroughbreds are being sported at Royal Randwick now, as the great racecourse celebrates the first race meeting the A.J.C. held there just 100 years ago.*

**TUESDAY, May 29, 1860,** was Donald Macdonald's wedding day.

He had reached Sydney the evening before by steam-packet from Port Macquarie, and now he hurried to Circular Quay to meet Hannah Coates, his bride-to-be, all the way from Derbyshire.

At Pine Cottage, out along Sydney's South Head Road, Mrs. Richard Nesbit had been in labor for some hours. Another hour, after the signal gun at noon, and her daughter would be born.

Donald, Hannah, and Mrs. Nesbit can be excused for being preoccupied with their private affairs — even on this exciting Tuesday in Sydney's history, the opening day of the Australian Jockey Club's Randwick Metropolitan Course on 202 acres south of the Lachlan Swamp.

From early morning — and a morning that was cloudless and crisp — business was almost at a standstill. More than 6000 of 56,000 people who lived in Sydney headed for Randwick.

Some went in omnibuses, cabs, gigs, chariots, dogcarts, and carriages along the South Head and Coogee Roads, and some rode. But most people walked.

For the three-day meeting, now that the A.J.C. had

By  
**RONALD McKIE,**  
staff reporter

moved from its distant Homebush course, where it had operated since 1842, people came to Sydney by the Black Swan from Parramatta, and by packet from as far south as the Shoalhaven and as far north as the Clarence River.

Gentlemen who had already paid 10/- to get their carriages and fours into the grounds paid another 10/- (and 5/-

for wives, 2/- for children) for seats in the grandstand, which held 1500. People who walked to the course paid only 1/-, and children under 14 were admitted free.

But those in the stand could see over and around the billowing crinolines, bonnets, feathers, ribbons, and shawls of the ladies, and the top hats of the gentlemen, all the 1½-mile course, including the run-in (straight) and track features like Denison Corner (after the Governor-General,

Sir William Denison, who was there with his suite), Champion and Derby Corners, and Constitution Hill.

The view of people on the Lachlan Flat was obscured in places by sandhills populated by hundreds who didn't pay to enter the course.

The first race, "First Year of the Second Triennial Stakes," for a purse of 100 guineas, was timed to start at 12.30 p.m.

Because no attempt was made even to muster the horses before 1 p.m. the public had time to fill in.

They drank at the 15 or 16 publicans' booths around the weighing yard and danced to a German band. They watched the Punch and Judy show and crowded into Taylor's rifle gallery.

During the long wait some spread out the morning paper (price 3d.) on the sand, and those who couldn't read listened to the news read by their friends.

Tenders had that day been called for the building of St. John's College at Sydney University, a metal road to Bondi, and Turkish baths in O'Connell Street, and rent of £120 a year was wanted for a Waverley residence that included eight rooms, kitchen, pantry, servant's room, washhouse, mangle room, stable, coach-house, hayloft, coalshed, large yard, big garden, good grass paddock, and fresh water.

Jobs galore were available for boys, coachmen, cooks, needleworkers, clerks, barmaids, and many more—£1 a week for a barmaid, 15/- a week for a housemaid—though 53 laborers were offered free passages to Newcastle and Maitland to work there.

## First winner

One man behind the stand had just finished reading some of this to an admiring circle of illiterates when the horses were at last mustered and there was a wild rush to see Chatterbox run away with the mile-long Triennial Stakes.

Weight was right and the price — five to four — didn't give anyone a fortune.

But the clash of the day was in the second race, the Australian Plate, 120 sovereigns, twice round the course, when Higgerson won on Veno from Strop at ten to five.

The popular Johnny Cutts failed on Strop, but he was to win the first Melbourne Cup the next year, and the second Cup, too, also on the great N.S.W. galloper Archer.

Australia, like poor Mrs. Nesbit out at Pine Cottage, was in an interesting condition that Tuesday, May 29, 1860.

The country had moved out of the early autocratic colonial period, survived the depression of the 1840s, known at Eureka the only armed rebellion (except for a minor uprising of convicts decades before) in her history, and had just completed her Golden Decade.

In those ten years thousands of new people, pouring in from Europe and America to seek gold, brought with them new ideas, new social and political concepts.

Gold meant new people to lift Australia's population for the first time (in 1858) to more than 1,000,000. And gold meant wealth, expansion.

But out at Randwick that Tuesday, May 29, 1860, and on the second day, when only 2000 attended, and the third, when between 8000 and 9000 packed the course, they were too interested in the horses to care about much else.

Between frequent visits to the booths they betted freely, grumbled at their losses, listened to the German band, had a fight or two, and generally enjoyed Sydney's first big meeting.

Then they all stumbled home in heavy rain, cursing their luck, the weather man, and the transport department.

The only man in Sydney who didn't mind the rain was Donald Macdonald, from Port Macquarie. He was on his honeymoon.



BY 1896 (right) "the lawns at Randwick" had become a fact, and a meeting meant a fashion show as well as horse-racing.



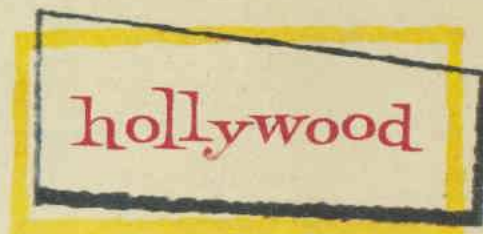


"SUNSET STRIP" (Design No. 77)

## Once a beauty, always a beauty...

—especially true of Hollywood bedspreads with their timeless, enduring loveliness. In luxurious Chenille, deep and soft as precious mink. Yet they wash beautifully, need no ironing, won't wrinkle, crease or crush. Whether your decorator scheme be traditional or sophisticate, Hollywood brings you a host of enchanting designs to add new beauty to your bedroom. Choose from an exciting range of heavenly high-fashion colours—including classic, immaculate white.

*Illus.:* "SUNSET STRIP" (Design No. 77). Fringed throwover of pebble cloth, frosted with the new, new overlay of lint-free rayon—won't shed fluff ever! 19 colours. Double or 3-ft. sizes—priced lower than you'd ever dream. At all good stores.



HOLLYWOOD TEXTILES PTY. LTD.  
214-220 WYNDHAM STREET, ALEXANDRIA, N.S.W.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — April 13, 1960





CRACK POLO PLAYER Bob Skene with his wife, Betty; son, Curtis — and his polo sticks — at Mascot Airport.

## For Bob Skene, polo's a career

● Bob Skene, often called the world's best polo-player — he and American Cecil Smith are the game's only two ten-goal men — flew home to Australia from the U.S. with a handful of polo sticks.

"WE were brought up with polo sticks in our hands," says his sister, Mrs. Ken Mackay, of "Cangon," Dungog, who was among the party that welcomed him at Mascot airport.

They were brought up in Assam, India, where their father, Mr. Curtis Skene, was a tea-planter and polo-player.

Now, at 46, Bob Skene—tall, slim, black-haired, with a flashing smile—insists, "It's still the best thing you can do. The best kind of sport."

He has come home to play polo at Sydney's Royal Easter Show.

With top Australian players brother-in-law Ken Mackay and Hector King, Bob will make up "Skene's team," which will be one of five teams contesting the Daily Telegraph Gold Cup.

Skene's wife, Betty, and their only child, eight-year-old Curtis—"he's just awfully American," she says—will be here for the Show, too.

They came on ahead, while Bob was playing polo in New Zealand last month, to visit her parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. Wheatley, of Cobbitty, N.S.W.

The Skenes live in Los Angeles, U.S.A., where Bob

has turned his hobby, polo, into a career.

He plays it on and off the year round, teaches it as far away as Canada. He is one of America's few polo instructors.

"Just like a golf pro," he says.

At home his horses are stabled at Santa Barbara—75 miles from Los Angeles.

"It's nothing at all to go there to exercise them . . . the

Then to America, where he and Walt Disney—through a common interest in polo—became close friends.

Disney put Skene—playing polo, of course—and his wonderful pony "Woodie D" into a short color film, "Stormy."

Nowadays the Skenes and the Disneys are close neighbors in Los Angeles.

Recently Bob Skene has added another career interest to polo. He has become an assistant consultant with a firm of pension and profit-sharing planners.

Polo, he says, is by no means a dying sport. "No Siree!"

He named the Argentine and America as world centres. The enthusiasm he found in New Zealand was "fabulous."

Nor is it simply a rich man's sport, not in America anyway.

"The butcher, the baker, the candlestick-maker, the plumber—they can all play it," he says.

A "reasonable" polo pony, he said, could be bought for as little as £200. A man needed three ponies; it would cost about £20 a month to feed them.

A first-class, superbly trained polo pony could cost 5000 dollars—about £2500.

Will Curtis keep up the family polo tradition?

It will be up to him.

"I don't care if he never learns polo," says Bob Skene.

By  
JO WILLIAMS,  
staff reporter

roads are so wonderful," says Mrs. Skene.

She goes with her husband on nearly all his polo tours. She was with him in the Argentine when, in 1954 and again in 1956, he won the open championship—the only foreigner ever to do so.

He went first to the Argentine in 1949 with the British polo team, first to America 10 years earlier; also with the British team.

In between, he was a prisoner-of-war in Malaya and charming Mrs. Skene was secretary to Lady Wakehurst, wife of the then Governor of N.S.W.

After the war they spent three years in Malaya, where Bob was a stipendiary steward for the Malaya Turf Club.

# RICHARD HUDNUT

## NEW MEDICATED

# egg creme shampoos

## stop dandruff- QUICKLY!



In two types — for oily and for dry hair. Both contain "Thersil", the amazing new anti-dandruff discovery!

Free your scalp from clogging dandruff, finally and completely . . . with this new, fast-acting medicated Egg Creme Shampoo now added to the Richard Hudnut range. It's in two specialised types, both of which stop dandruff quickly. One is for oily hair . . . the other for dry hair. Both contain new "Thersil", the most effective anti-dandruff agent discovered. One lathering can sweep away even stubborn, deep-seated infections. Try it . . . and make your hair clean . . . sparkling . . . dandruff-free.

Large bottles (green labels) — 5/11.  
Two types, one for oily hair,  
one for dry hair.

### YOU HAVE NO DANDRUFF PROBLEMS?

Then continue your hair-care with these nourishing, regular Richard Hudnut Egg Creme Shampoos. There's a type made specially for your hair.

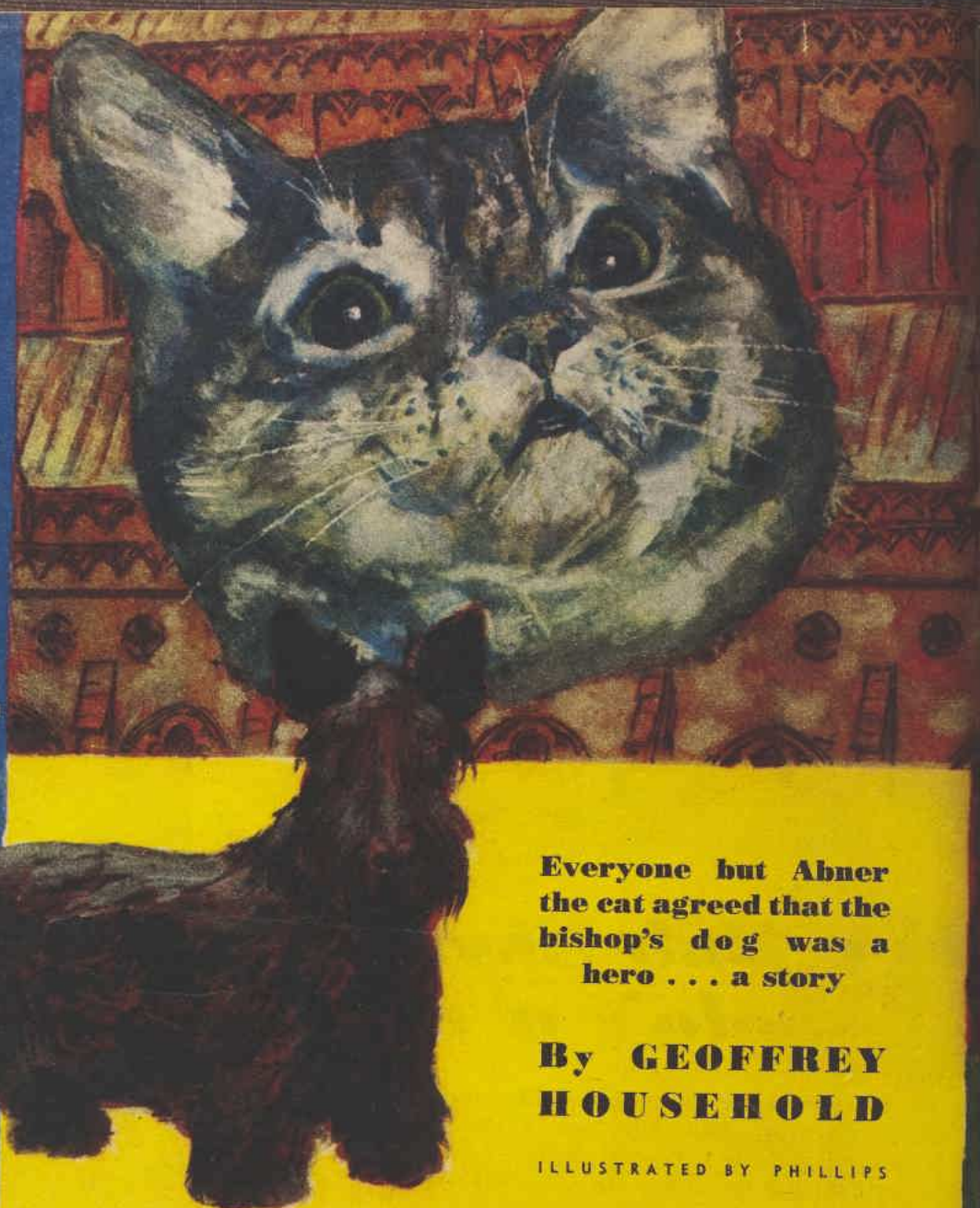
RED LABEL for normal to dry hair.  
BLUE LABEL for normal to oily hair.  
Bottles - 5/6 and 9/6. Bubbles 1/3.

MECS 50.143

Page 15



# THIEF IN THE CATHEDRAL



**Everyone but Abner  
the cat agreed that the  
bishop's dog was a  
hero . . . a story**

**By GEOFFREY  
HOUSEHOLD**

ILLUSTRATED BY PHILLIPS

**W**HEN my voice broke even Abner and MacGillivray understood my grief. I did not expect sympathy from MacGillivray, for he had no reason to like me. But he knew what it was to be excluded from cathedral ceremonies. He was the bishop's dog.

Abner was masterless. I would not claim that he appreciated the alto's solo in the "Magnificat" when the organ was hushed and there was no sound in the million and a half cubic feet of the cathedral but the slender purity of a boy's voice; yet he would patronise me after such occasions with the air of the master alto which he might have been.

Though not a full tom, he knew the ancestral songs which resemble our own. To our ears the scale of cats is distasteful, but one cannot deny them notes of singular loveliness and clarity.

Abner's career had followed a common human pattern. My father was the gardener responsible for the shaven lawns and discreet flower beds of the cathedral close. Some three years earlier he had suffered from an invasion of moles — creatures of ecclesiastical subtlety that avoided all the crude traps set for them by a mere layman.

The cat, appearing from nowhere, took an interest. After a week he had caught the lot, laying out his game bag each morning upon the tarpaulin which covered the mower.

Fed and praised by my father, he began to pay some attention to public relations and attracted the attention of visitors. Officially recognised as an ornament of the cathedral when his photograph appeared in the local paper, he ventured to advance from the lawns and tombstones to the porch. There he captivated the dean, always politely rising from the stone bench and thrusting his noble flanks against the gaitered leg.

He was most gracious to the bishop and the higher clergy, but he would stroke only the dean. He knew very well from bearing and tone of voice, gentle though

they were, that the cathedral belonged to him. It was the dean who christened him Abner.

To such a personage the dog of our new bishop was a disaster. MacGillivray was of respectable middle age, and had on occasion a sense of dignity; but when dignity was not called for he behaved like any other Aberdeen terrier and would race joyously round the cathedral or across the close, defying whatever human being was in charge of him to catch the leash which bounced and flew behind.

His first meeting with his rival set the future tone of their relations. He ventured with appalling temerity to make sport of the cathedral cat. Abner stretched himself, yawned, allowed MacGillivray's charge to approach within a yard, leaped to the narrow and rounded top of a tombstone, and, draping himself over it, went ostentatiously to sleep.

MacGillivray jumped and yapped at the tail-tip which graciously waved for him, and then realised that he was being treated as a puppy. After that the two passed each other politely but without remark. In our closed world of the cathedral such coolness between servants of dean and servants of bishop was familiar.

MacGillivray considered that he should be on permanent duty with his master. Since he was black, small, and ingenious, it was difficult to prevent him. So devoted a friend could not be cruelly chained — and in summer the french windows of the bishop's palace were always open.

He first endeared himself to choir and clergy at the ceremony of the bishop's installation. Magnificent in mitre and full robes, the bishop, at the head of his procession, knocked with his crosier upon the cathedral door to demand admission.

MacGillivray, observing that his master was shut out and in need of help, hurtled across the close, bounced at

the door, and added his excited barks to the formal solemnity of the bishop's order.

Led away in disapproving silence, he took the enormity of his crime more seriously than we did. On his next appearance he behaved with humility, following the unsuspecting bishop down the chancel and into the pulpit with bowed head and tail well below the horizontal.

Such anxious piety was even more embarrassing than bounce. It became my duty, laid upon me by the bishop in person, to ensure on all formal occasions that MacGillivray had not evaded the butler and was safely confined. I was even empowered to tie him up to the railings on the north side of the close in cases of emergency.

I do not think the bishop ever realised what was troubling his friend and erring brother, MacGillivray — normally a dog of sense who could mind his own business, however great his affection for his master.

When he accompanied the bishop around the diocese he never committed the solecism of entering a parish church and never used the vicar's cat as an objective for assault practice.

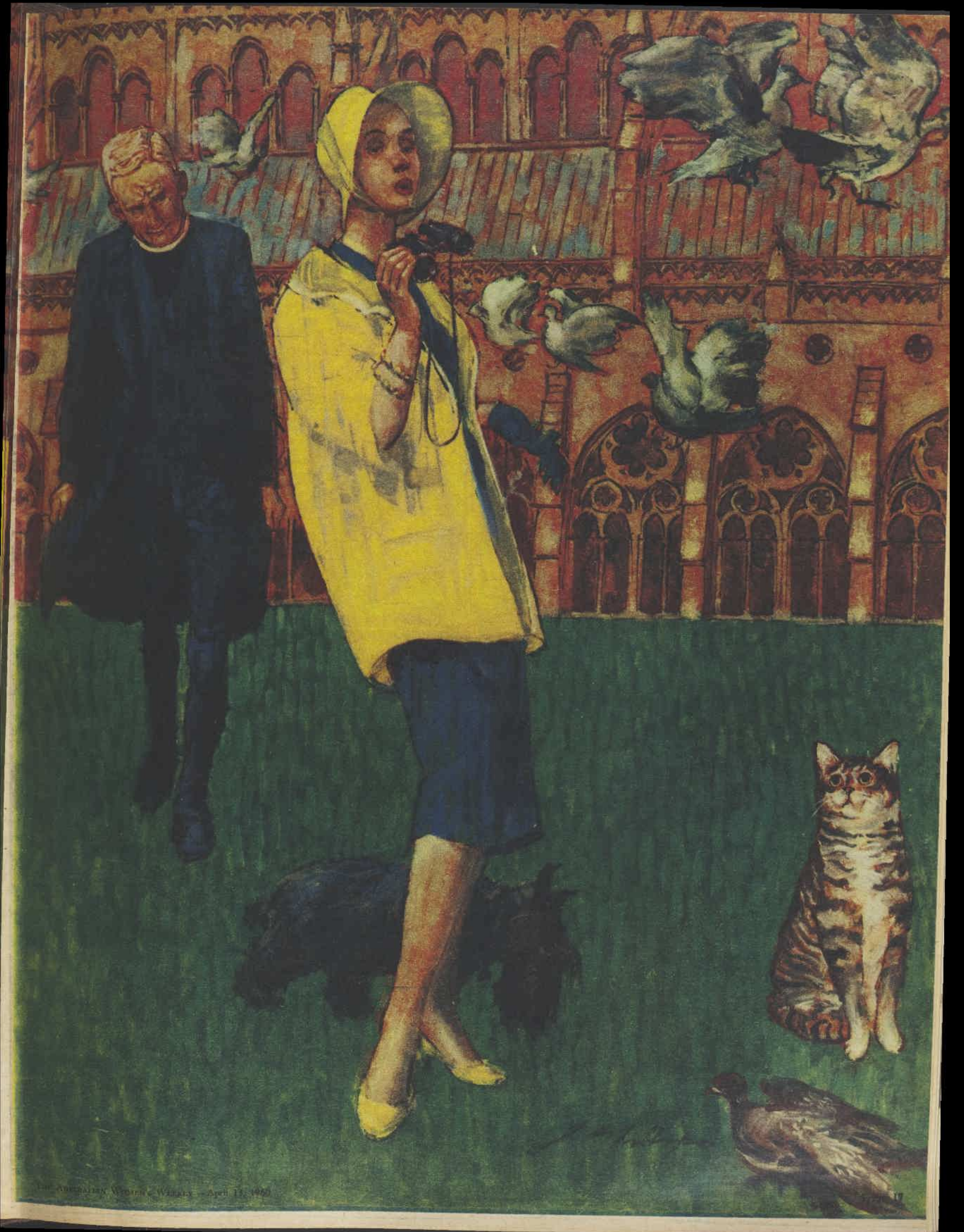
His indiscipline at home was, we were all sure, due to jealousy of Abner. He resented with Scottish obstinacy the fact that he was ejected in disgrace from the cathedral, whereas Abner was not. He could not be expected to understand that Abner's discreet movements were beyond human control.

The dean could and did quite honestly declare that he had never seen that cat in the cathedral. Younger

To page 53

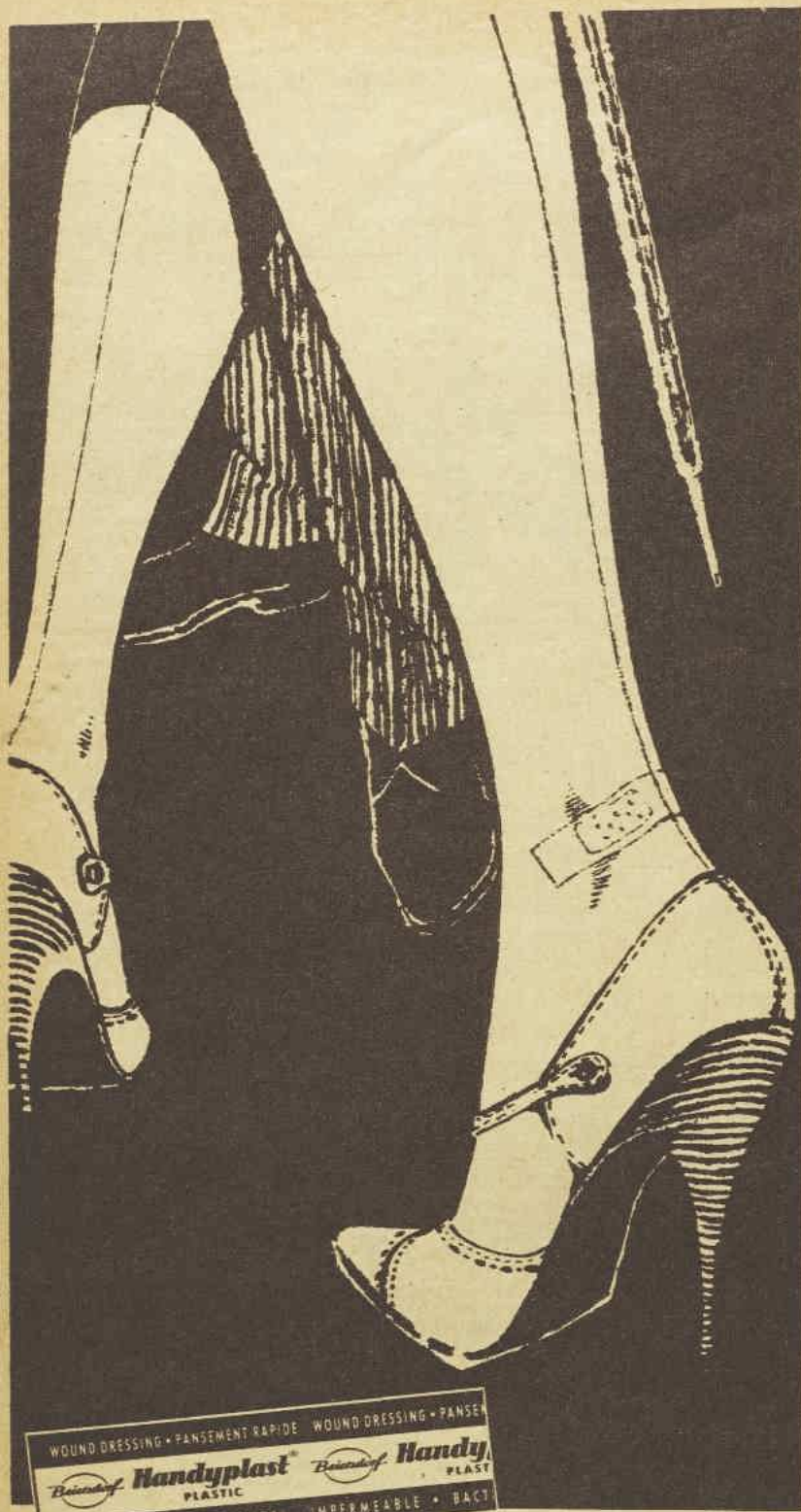
*Abner laid the pigeon at the feet of the American tourist who was strolling through the cathedral grounds.*





THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - April 13, 1960





## All eyes are on these legs...

Despite the small mishap she arrived on time to fulfil her modelling engagement. It was only just before coming out that she cut her ankle. But she soon took care of it with Handyplast Strip. Handyplast Strip is a dressy wound dressing which is barely visible. And since the flesh

coloured strip adapts itself to every movement, it never hampers the wearer, never causes a moment's concern. Handyplast gives full protection, too. The gauze pad is impregnated with QAC\*, an efficient antiseptic which guards against infection.

\*QAC: Quaternary Ammonium Compound

# Handyplast® strip

A dressy wound dressing in Plastic Waterproof or Elastic

Ask your family chemist - he knows!

# WORTH REPORTING

AT last we managed to yank our eyes away from the most heart-warming collection of diamonds we've seen for ages.

And we elevated our gaze to Miss Muriel Pavlow's face (she's a pretty, petite blonde).

The diamonds were on her third finger, left hand. Miss Pavlow is Mrs. Derek Farr.

She and her husband are one of England's top husband-and-wife acting teams; they're now appearing in the Sydney production of "Odd Man In."

Anyway, this ring is about an inch big and shaped like a heart. A solid mass of glitter.

We were shocked to discover that Miss Pavlow doesn't know how many diamonds are in the ring.

"I've never counted them," she told us.

And the Farris celebrated their thirteenth wedding anniversary in Melbourne last January.

Help! Imagine being too busy to count diamonds...



MURIEL PAVLOW... too busy to count all those diamonds.

## Romance by TV

THIS English television play was set on board a troopship.

It was breakfast-time, but apparently the weather was pretty stormy outside.

None of the recumbent bodies in the hammocks showed much interest in comedian Charlie Drake as he ladled out the porridge.

In fact, one man was so disinterested that his foot kept dropping into the porridge bucket.

All this mightn't sound very romantic. But...

English dancer Sheila Sands was watching the programme at home. She noticed the owner of the porridge-dunked foot and recognised him as singer Michael John, whom she'd met a few times.

Sheila telephoned the B.B.C. after the show and, as a result, she and Michael met again.

Sheila is now Mrs. Michael John.

Moral: Watch TV programmes CAREFULLY. That man might be your future husband.

THERE'S absolutely no doubt about it. We learn something new every day. For instance: According to the news magazine published by an Australian insurance company, "The hot dog is the only dog that feeds the hand that bites it."



NOVELIST Ursula Bloom... she had to stop the whistling.

## She changed her tune

ROMANTIC novelist Ursula Bloom wasn't always a successful author.

Before World War I she played the piano in a cinema—and provided the musical accompaniment for some famous films starring Charlie Chaplin and Mary Pickford.

Her main responsibility was to gauge audience reaction.

"If they began to whistle, it had to be stopped," said Miss Bloom, recalling the Old Days.

"So I changed my tune. They would be ahead with 'Oh, You Beautiful Doll' only to find I had already gained ground with 'Sweet and Low.' They hated that."

Apparently some of the rowdy spirits in the tuppenny seats were always ready for a row.

"In a state of real emergency," remarked Miss Bloom, "I signalled the chucker-out by bursting into the tune 'Oh, Dear, What Can the Matter Be?'"

## TV had them wide-eyed

TODAY we are on the eve of one of the greatest wonders the world has ever known, the most miraculous thing that man has done in a million years.

"We are to have pictures broadcast by wireless—moving pictures in our own homes!"

"We shall not only 'listen-in' to the people speaking over the wireless, but we shall see their pictures reflected in a little glass screen beside our receiver..."

Oh, now — don't let's be blasé 1960 sophisticates. But the "news story" quoted here is about television, yes, indeed.

It was written 30 years ago, in a school magazine.

Mrs. N. M. Walker, who lives in the Sydney suburb of Caringbah, sent the magazine in to us. It was dated October 1, 1930.

"I found it among some of my husband's old school books," said Mrs. Walker.

We leafed through the yellowed little booklet a bit nostalgically.

The TV feature was full of wide-eyed wonder: "Truly we live in an age of marvels," it concluded.

And that's still true today. The marvels are rather different, though.

In 1930 they hadn't heard of H-bombs and atomic submarines and moon rockets...

## Color in the 'air

IMAGINE a romantic scene. He murmurs: "Darling, you're so beautiful. Your wonderful green hair..."

It could happen, you know. Colored coiffures are new.

We went to a fashion parade the other day and we gawped at models with hair of lilac, rose, sea-breeze-green, and fiery-red.

No, not their own hair. Perruques (NOT wigs).

These perruques are made from a mixture of nylon, angora, and real hair. They can be dressed, styled, and tinted differently for any occasion.

Melbourne hairdresser John Grau told us that perruques are IN in Paris. He bought six back from a trip overseas last year.

And apparently the chic Parisienne considers it's vital to have about five perruques—at £35 each—in her wardrobe.

That's £35 x 5 eq. £175. Plus about £600 air fare to Paris adds up to £775. Plus—let's say—about £200 spending money, equals £975.

Never say dye, indeed. It's the only thing to do.

★ ★ ★

WE went to a LOVELY party the other evening. It was held to tell the Press about Sydney's Sheep Show on June 1-4.

Of course, we're interested in sheep and wool and all that.

But what we really appreciated was the men-women ratio at the party.

Yes, indeed. Forty-seven men and us.

## STOP!—if it's convenient

IN a B.B.C. news item from London, we were told about English novelist E. Arnot Robertson's impressions of Hongkong (she went there recently for the first time).

We don't know what Miss A.R. thought of the people or the country or the scenic splendor.

But we do know what she thought about the public signs: "Exquisitely polite."

One day Miss Arnot Robertson was walking along with a Chinese-speaking friend. They passed by a boat-builder's yard.

And Miss Arnot Robertson wondered if the Chinese version of the notice "No Admittance Except on Business" was an exact translation of the English.

Certainly not, she was told. That would be far too abrupt.

The nearest translation would be "Leisure persons avoid advance."

★ ★ ★

B.B.C. television news-reader Robert Dougall receives a lot of mail from appreciative viewers.

Recently, a letter came in from an 85-year-old woman. "I am rather deaf," she wrote, "so I have to sit very close to the machine. I do hope it does not distract you."



# Who wants Words?

The language of love comes from the heart . . . a short story

By ELAINE MOON

THE intricacies of the English tongue were still strangers to Trudie when she discovered that the word Love had nothing, basically, to do with the word Friendship.

That was the morning she looked out of the train window and saw the tall girl with the black picture hat twining herself around Bill. And hence it was the morning on which Trudie made the great decision to do battle!

Her heart turned over when she saw Bill, as Mama had said a girl's heart did when she fell in love. But one good look at that tall siren on the platform — and her heart flipped back again.

So! Trudie sat right back on the seat and clenched her small fists tightly. She had wanted to lose her loneliness in a new country and make friends. But was it her fault that love had slipped into her heart and taken the place of friendship there?

"Hi, Trudie," Bill said from behind her.

Reluctantly her eyes followed the length of his tall, lean frame to his cheerful face. Behind him, like a round, black moon, hovered the picture hat. She will take Bill away from me, Trudie thought with conviction. Then forlornly—but was it ever more than kindness and friendship for him?

Bill stood aside and let the girl move, with goddess-like grace, into the window seat.

"This is Patrice, Trudie," Bill said as he sat next to the goddess. "Remember I told you about her? Patrice, this is Trudie."

"Ow do you do?" said Trudie hurriedly. You told me about her, she thought. But — as if she was your sister. Not a bit like this!

"I've been just dying to meet you," Patrice gushed over like a fountain. "Bill told me all about it. He's been so sweet, hasn't he? You must be frightfully grateful! I mean — he said you were lonely, so lost-looking." She wagged a finger roughly at Bill. "You men love that, don't you?"

"Oh, stop it, Patrice!" scowled Bill, and Trudie looked from one to the other, bewildered.

"But really, darling — lunch yesterday together because she only takes sandwiches to the park other days—you told me yourself. And four mornings in the train. You're quite the Sir Galahad to lonely ladies." She included both Bill and Trudie in a smile that only reached her lips. "But now I'm back I'll be able to take over with Trudie. Even though you were such a good, uncomplaining boy."

Bill's scowl was blacker, more ferocious.

"The burden that you seem to think I've been staggering under was nonexistent. I've enjoyed talking to Trudie."

"Of course, darling," murmured Patrice.

"I do not know what is all this," Trudie said unhappily. And I do not like you to quarrel because of me, she thought with her blunt, uncompromising honesty that never wavered even in her private thoughts. "It is better, I think, that you do not sit with me. I have my book on the English that I can read."

"Certainly not!" Bill said forcefully.

"Besides, we have a plan," Patrice spoke with a kind of smooth precision. "I'm having a party tonight. Lots of nice boys and girls for you to meet. Do you think"—her voice lingered over the words — "that your mother will let you come?"

"I will ask," Trudie said simply. She could not understand why Patrice sniggered then and Bill glared. Mama would be pleased. Mama wanted Trudie to make friends.

"You see, you told me why your nose is always buried in that little book," Bill smiled across at her. "You want to speak English like we do. But to talk you need people and I figured you need friends first."

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — April 13, 1960



Bill smiled at Trudie as unhappily she watched him walk away with Patrice.

Why, Trudie asked herself hopelessly, did the thought of making friends seem now so useless? I don't want many friends! her heart cried. I want only Bill!

"I do not think—" she began, but Bill waved a big hand.

"Now, no buts," he said. When he grinned he was the Bill she had known the last four mornings. "You're much too shy to do anything like that for yourself, so someone has to arrange it for you." He took a notebook and a pen out of his pocket and handed them to her as though it was all settled. "Write down your address, there's a good girl, and I'll call for you at eight tonight."

Trudie saw Patrice move quickly in the seat then, and looked across to meet two cold eyes. Invisible sparks jumped between them, and Trudie learnt something else that was not in the dictionary. That, although a beautiful girl may seem to have everything, including a man, she can still be jealous.

Patrice need not fear me, Trudie thought wonderingly. Then

she searched deep into the recesses of her own and Mama's imparted experience. Surely, if there was fear and jealousy, there was not really love?

She looked up in quick decision.

"Thank you. I am pleased to go with you to the party."

She wrote her address with a firm hand and gave the book back to Bill. Then, as though it was a talisman, she reached down to her basket and found the little book on English language hidden there. She sat up and opened it on her knee.

"You don't need that now," Bill said. "Put it away, Trudie, like a good girl. You'll learn faster than you think when you really start talking to people."

But Trudie shook her head stubbornly. She had remembered, with the decision to do battle with Patrice, that it was the book that had first brought her to Bill. Superstitiously, she

To page 34

Page 19



RARELY THERE COMES A GREAT FRAGRANCE...



## 'INTIMATE'

a fragrance now cherished by smart women as one of the world's seven great fragrances

*Revlon*

NEW YORK • LONDON • PARIS





FOR the first time in his life, quiet home-loving KEITH STEWART has to leave England and get to Tahiti, although he has no money for the long journey. His sister and brother-in-law, who perished in a shipwreck near there, had left their daughter, JANICE, with Keith and his wife, KATIE, intending to send for her later when they settled in Vancouver.

Their solicitor, MR. CARPENTER, tells Keith that JOHN DERMOTT had spent all his capital buying diamonds, and Keith, as the sole trustee of the estate, thinks they may be in a box John had asked him to cement into the yacht near the engine. Keith realises John intended to smuggle the diamonds into Canada.

Keith's job on the "Miniature Mechanic" magazine has given him mutual friends interested in the hobby of mechanics, and through them he gets a free trip to Honolulu with Albatross Airways, who are freighting out machinery to a ship.

On arrival, CAPTAIN FIELDING, who is in charge of the aircraft, introduces Keith to CAPTAIN DAVIES, of the Cathay Princess, and in discussion of his problem of getting to Tahiti with the men from the ship and the aircraft Keith hears them mention JACK DONELLY, who has a small sailing boat which he had sailed alone from America without instruments or charts.

Keith talks to Donnelly later and it is agreed they sail together. The men from the Cathay Princess and the aircraft teach Keith the rudiments of navigating. He fears the voyage with only the simple-minded Donnelly, but accepts the fact that it is the only way to locate the wreck. NOW READ ON:



Captain Petersen and Keith were engrossed with the charts, but Jack looked up as the woman went past.

Fourth instalment of our exciting serial

By NEVIL SHUTE

# TRUSTEE

## from the toolroom

NEXT morning Keith Stewart was on board the Cathay Princess by half-past eight. He found Jim Fairlie and showed him his inadequate food list. The First Officer took it, summoned the Third, and told him to get out a mess list for two men for eight weeks, able seaman's scale, biscuit instead of bread.

"We'll compare his list with yours and see how they match up," he said. "There's one thing, though: If you're going to provision the ship, you don't have to pay Jack Donnelly a hundred dollars."

He took Keith up to the chartroom on the bridge behind the wheelhouse. "I've got one chart," Keith said diffidently. He unfolded the one that Mr. Sanderson had given him.

"Oh, good! You've got seven eight three," Mr. Fairlie slipped a chart back into the drawer. "Now you want seven eight two and nine nine two."

He opened a volume of the "Pacific Islands Pilot" and showed Keith the chart index. "These two — and that one you've got." He paused. "I'd have liked you to have three oh four five as well in case you get set over to the west, but I haven't got it. Maybe you could get one in the town — Yamasaki would tell you where to try. Now look. I'm going to put these two together and pencil in your track. Do you know what I mean by compass variation?"

They worked on together. "Well, there you are," Jim Fairlie said presently. "Your

track is one six six degrees, and, in theory at any rate, you don't hit anything. You don't have to sail over any dry land. You're in the clear the first part of the passage. Then you come to all this over to the west — Christmas Island and all that. Keep away from that — they let off atom bombs from time to time.

"Then you've got to go between Flint Island and the Carolines. They're about two and a half degrees apart — call it a hundred and fifty sea miles. If you're on course you probably won't see them. After that there's nothing till you hit Tahiti."

They stood examining the charts and the "Pilot" for the best part of an hour, Keith making notes busily. In the middle the air navigator came in, greeted them, and stood listening in silence. They turned to the predominant winds and studied the picture for January.

"You should have a fair wind all the way, easterly." The First Officer laid his finger on the page. "A bit irregular on the Equator, in the Doldrums, but steady again as you get farther south. All easterly. I don't know how much leeway that ship makes, but just watch out you don't get set over too far to the west. Jack knows about that, I think. I'd keep edging up to windward, ten degrees at least. You're very unlikely to go much east of track, but you might get down a long way west of it."

They stood in consultation, Keith scribbling down notes. At last he said, "Well, that's

pretty clear. It's very kind of you to take all this trouble." He smiled. "The only thing remaining is to know how far one's gone." He laid his finger on the line that marked the track.

From behind them the air navigator remarked, "You've said it, chum."

Jim Fairlie said, "Jack Donnelly would probably say he knows how fast he's going from the look of the water, how many miles he does in a day. Take note of that and jot down what he says for each day. He may not be so very far wrong when you tot it up. But don't depend on him."

He paused. "You could trail a log, but then it's not your ship. He might not take to it — probably wouldn't." He paused again. "The proper thing for you to do would be to take a noon sight for latitude each day. As a matter of fact, we were talking about this last night."

The air navigator said, "It's dead easy, Mr. Stewart. You'd better let us show you how to do it. Once you've got your latitude upon this course you know how far you've gone, and no argument. Have you ever handled a sextant?"

Keith shook his head. "Well, you're going to handle one now." The First Officer was opening a polished wooden box upon the chart table.

Keith was torn between technical interest and practical considerations. "I haven't got a sextant," he said, "and I'm sure Jack hasn't."

"You can probably pick one up second-hand quite cheap," the air navigator said. "As a matter of fact, Dick King's off looking for one now, with Captain Fielding. Look, Mr. Stewart, we don't want to read in the newspaper one day that you're dead. This latitude sight's easy for a man like you. You'd better let us put you in the way of it, and then go off and buy a sextant."

They settled down to show him how the sextant worked. He was accustomed to precision instruments and had no trouble with it upon the stable deck of the fifteen-thousand-ton ship in harbor. In half an hour he was able to bring the sun down on to the horizon and read off its altitude with some accuracy.

"You'll find it a bit more difficult on Jack's ship because of the motion," the First Officer said. "It's a matter of practice on a ship like that. Or any other ship, for that matter."

They took him through the relevant part of the nautical almanac, and drew a little diagram for him to show what inclination meant. "You're behind Greenwich time," they told him. "When you're taking your noon sight you want to use the declination for ten o'clock at night on the same day. Twenty-two hundred. Look, I'll underline it for you each day so you won't go wrong. You can take this copy and we'll get another for the ship." The air navigator bent to the task.

At a quarter to twelve they took him out on to the bridge and made him start taking the altitude of the sun on the horizon over Sand Island. "Never go back," Mr. Fairlie said quietly. "Maximum altitude is what you want."

When they were satisfied that he had got it they took him back into the chart-room to do the figuring. "Height of eye here is about thirty feet," they told him. "With you — take about five feet." They underlined the correction for him. "Now — away you go."

He did the sum. "That seems to come to twenty-one degrees twenty-three minutes," he said diffidently.

"North or south?" He studied the figures. "North." "Okay. Now put a horizontal pencil line on that latitude, on the chart." He did so. "Not too bad," the air navigator remarked. "You're about three miles north of where we are, up in the suburbs somewhere. Still, it's not too bad."

Keith stared at them in wonder, and at his pencil line. "Is that all I'm wrong?"

"That's right. Twenty-one twenty is the right answer. I told you it was dead easy."

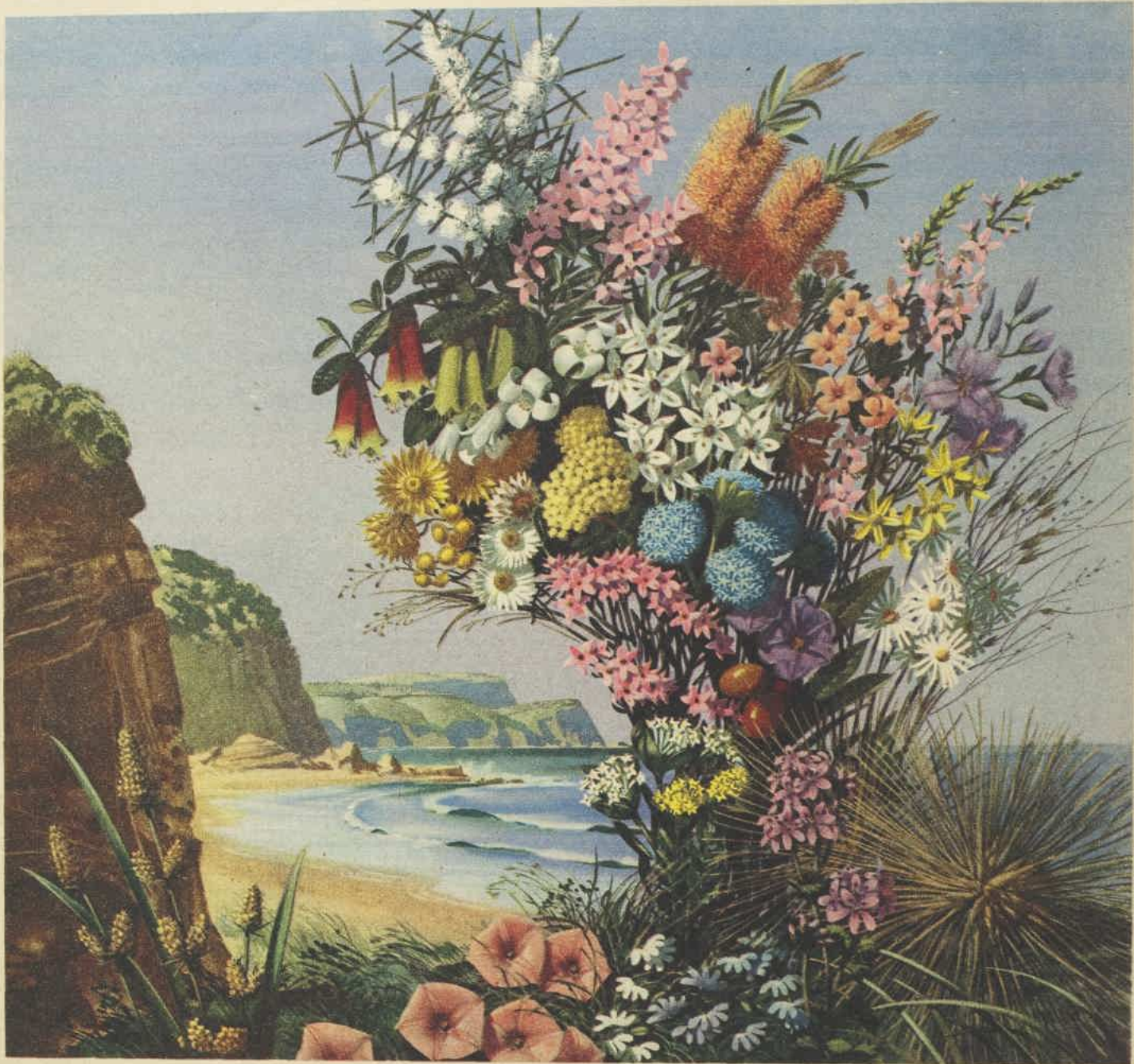
He was amazed and naively pleased that he had done this thing, that he, Keith Stewart, looking at the sun through a precision instrument, had established the position of Honolulu on the surface of the earth. He said something of the sort to his instructors.

"You're forgetting about longitude," Jim Fairlie said. "I'd like to teach you that, but there's not time. Anyway, it needs a watch and a wireless set and tables. It's not practical, I'm afraid. But learn this thoroughly and you'll be all right — on the way to Tahiti, anyway."

That afternoon he went off with Dick and the air navigator and bought a second-hand sextant for twenty-seven dollars and a depressed-looking flock mattress for six fifty. Back to the ship to show his sextant to Mr. Fairlie, who spent an hour trying to get out

To page 55





A reproduction of this R. Malcolm Warner painting, suitable for framing, is available free of charge on application to Shell Dealers only.

## VICTORIAN COAST, THE MAINLAND'S SOUTHERN RAMPARTS

Victoria presents a coastline of sharply contrasting moods; from flat, open surf beaches to precipitous, rocky shores. The breathtaking beauty of the cliff-hugging Great Ocean Road, the serene waterways of the Gippsland lakes—these attractive scenic features highlight this contrast. The 680 mile Victorian coast also provides a varying and wonderful show of native wildflowers which add colourful interest every Autumn and Spring. Australia is richly endowed with such tourist attractions, and people planning holidays or long-service leave will be well advised to seriously consider a motoring holiday in this interesting island continent in which we live.

**FREE TOURING SERVICE.** Shell offers you Australia's most complete range of touring literature to assist you in your motoring travels. This comprises clear, accurate road maps, general touring information such as road conditions, location of motels, camping and caravan sites, as well as tips on what to take, how to pack and even suggestions on how to keep the children amused. In addition, you will receive a personal introduction card to all Shell Dealers along the way. All you need do is apply to a Shell Dealer, telling him where you want to go. And remember, wherever you go throughout Australia . . . You can be sure of SHELL.

DISCOVER AUSTRALIA WITH SHELL



1. Dagger Hakea. 2. Pinkeye. 3. Scarlet Bottlebrush.
4. Cut-leaf Crane's-bill. 5. Trigger Plant. 6. Fringed Lily.
7. Milkmaids. 8. Red, Green & White Correa. 9. Everlastings.
10. Blue Pincushion. 11. Robust Daisy. 12. Kangaroo Apple. 13. Centaury. 14. Riceflowers.
15. Austral Stork's-bill. 16. Coast Spinifex. 17. Fan Flower. 18. Convolvulus. 19. Long Matrush.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - April 13, 1960



# RETURN TO BOHEMIA

A short short story

BY MARE  
CARTER

It was good to be in Kings Cross again. Alison sniffed excitedly the aromas of coffee, pickles, gas, and ripe fruit. With one hand tucked into Lance's arm, the other guiding Jumbo's stroller, she strolled along Macleay Street. Lucy held her father's hand.

The sun filtered down through the trees. The hurdy-gurdy crowd parted before their strong family wedge. "Shall we stop for coffee, now?" Lance asked.

Alison, locked in concentration, absorbing everything, could only nod.

Lance piloted them through the impatient traffic to a sidewalk table.

"Isn't this a treat? Oh, Lance, look at those girls . . . look at the length of their hair! And their red pants!"

Her husband's tone was strained as he replied, "Canberra was never like this."

"There are lots more New Australians about," Alison prattled on. Her coffee was before her, but she did not touch it. "Look at that chap! Straight out of an Italian film."

"Drink your coffee," Lance said gruffly. "It's getting cold."

"Don't be silly," Gaily she turned to him. "How could anything go cold on such a lovely warm day?"

Her smile faded when she saw the anxiety in his eyes.

"You're glowing," he told her. "You look more beautiful than ever."

"Naturally. We're on holidays. Don't be jealous, darling. This is like home-coming for me."

His eyes remained troubled. "I thought home was Ainsley Crescent, A.C.T."

Instantly, their street and their house flashed into her mind. It was so different from this noisy, cosmopolitan avenue. She saw the well-kept lawns, the white bricks, and their ivy-trellised door.

"Lance, forgive me," she said. "After six years away I'm being a bit sentimental today. I always loved The Cross, but I wouldn't live here now," she told him honestly. "Not for a million pounds." Lance smiled at last. Alison felt the tension leave him.

"Please, may I swing?" Lucy begged.

Alison looked questioningly at Lance.

He sent Lucy into the playground next door and scooped Jumbo out of the stroller, and the little boy settled down on his father's lap in the sun.

"Forgive me," Lance said. "I guess I was jealous. Remembering how I practically kidnapped you from this place, I wondered if you had any regrets."

Regrets . . . she had had regrets those first lonely years in Canberra. But there were no lasting regrets. What was the point? She was Mrs. Lance Windham now. She was a wife, mother, solid citizen. She was happy.



Illustrated by  
Boothroyd

Alison guided Jumbo's stroller and Lance held Lucy's hand as the happy family walked along the tree-shaded street in the warm sunlight.

"Thanks for kidnapping me, sir," she said. "If I had married—anyone I knew before—I'd never have had the security of being married to you."

I nearly said, "If I'd married Kelly," she thought dreamily. Kelly! Stocky, handsome, with music in his fingers and poetry in his eyes.

"Security is a great thing," he said.

And I'd never have had Lucy. Or Jumbo, she thought.

Lance's voice interrupted her musing. "That room of yours. Wasn't it around here somewhere?"

"Yes. Down that little lane."

Lance laughed. "That was a funny place. My one visit convinced me you were living in a mad-house."

Alison laughed, remembering. A rooming house full of bohemians. Friendly, noisy, quick to borrow or share. After years of boarding-schools and summer camps, it had been her first taste of "family" living. It had been like all The Cross—warm, alive, comfortable.

What fun she had had decorating that room. She laughed again.

"If I hadn't had that room to practise on," she told him, "our house would probably look like a madcap museum."

They smiled, thinking of their home.

"I love you," she said quietly.

He looked at her and his eyes told her she was a lucky woman.

Thank goodness he took me away from here, she thought, grateful for the maturity to appreciate what she had. Only recently had she learned to really appreciate her world. Before that she had often thought of Kelly.

But Kelly was in London, so she had heard. Someone had written that he was a great success. He and his guitar. "The Australian Troubadour." Passionately, she wished him well, then tucked him back into her box of memories.

She stretched, content and sun-warmed. Jumbo was asleep.

Suddenly a current buzzed through her.

She sat bolt upright. Her heart began to hammer. She stared along the footpath at the familiar figure crossing the road. Mechanically she rose. Don't be a fool! Sit down! she commanded herself.

But the compulsion was too strong. Her feet followed her gaze. Was he back living at the rooming house again? Inside her head voices argued and pleaded, but she hurried on.

What am I doing? Am I mad? Don't

let me spoil everything. Is Lance watching?

"Mummy, where are you going?" Numbly she changed direction and hurried across the lawn to Lucy.

Oh, Kelly, look at me, she had wanted to say. See my lovely children and my nice husband . . . this is why I gave you up. This was what I needed . . .

Her thoughts raced on, but her feet had stopped. There was a sharp pain in her heart. Over Lucy's head she watched the striding figure.

He turned suddenly. He came hurrying back the way he had come, absorbed with some impetuous decision. Typical Kelly. He rushed past them without even noticing.

Relief welled up in Alison. She swept Lucy into her arms and walked unsteadily back to the cafe. As she approached Lance her knees trembled. Had he been watching? He had met Kelly, that once when he called at the rooming house, and Kelly had been unpleasant, typically jealous . . . "I shall have to kidnap you," Lance had said; "it's too dangerous to leave you here" . . . she prayed he had not been watching.

"Well, hullo," Lance said lightly. "What made you rush off?"

"I thought Lucy would fall," Alison lied. "That slide is too high for her."

"Oh, was that all?" Lance nodded. He seemed satisfied. But his eyes were intently watching.

Alison realised, suddenly, that his eyes were looking past her across the street.

In the broad window behind them she could see the reflection of the opposite footpath. There was Kelly watching them.

Then he turned and hurried away.

Alison glanced at Lance. He had noticed, she knew. Kelly had noticed, too. They had all been aware at different times of each other. And they had each, independently, made the same decision.

"Well," Lance said, "have you had enough 'home-coming' for this trip?"

She sensed the effort he made to keep his tone light.

She said, "Enough to last another six years at least."

Tentatively she offered him a smile. His answering smile was wary, then warm.

Very gently he eased Jumbo back into the stroller. She smoothed Lucy's frock.

Then, tucking her hand in his arm, they moved off up the tree-shaded street, a solid family wedge in the heart of bohemia.

(Copyright)



"Jumping-Jacks" are designed from the inside out—not the other way round. There's roomy toe space for growing; the fit is orthopaedically correct; the one-piece sole and heel provide the right balance and support; the square back teaches correct walking habits right from the start. For the learning-to-walk period and those first formative years, little ones need the non-restricting comfort and unique flexibility of "Jumping-Jacks".

**"JUMPING-JACKS"**  
by "SAXONE"

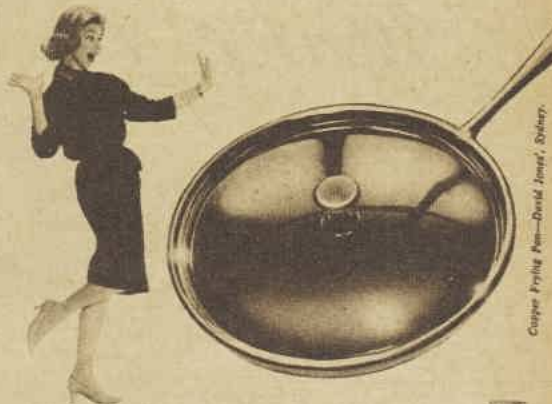
AT SHOE STORES WHERE THEY REALLY CARE

in white, brown, honey tan, red, beige, pink and blue—sizes 2-8.

Prices: From 33/11. Slightly less in S.A.

keep a lovely heartwarming shine on all your

**brass  
& copper**



**BRASSO**

— the shine that lasts and lasts



Copper Polishing Pen—David Jones, Sydney





An advertisement by  
AUSTRALIAN DAIRY PRODUCE BOARD

# Make the most of **CHEESE**

From earliest times, man has always relished cheese. Today, in the light of modern knowledge, we realise that this delectable food, this fabulous cooking ingredient, is our best and most concentrated source of the protein we need every day. A pound of natural cheddar gives you *twice* the protein in a pound of steak, and all the calcium and vitamins in *twenty* tall glasses of milk. Australian cheeses are high in quality, moderate in price — the best food-value your housekeeping

money can buy. Be adventurous with cheese: discover new varieties and taste what they can do for other foods. Flavour-up your meals with cheese, include it in packed lunches. For adults, as well as children, no day is complete without cheese — the magnificent protein food that transforms what it touches and is so good for your family. **CHEESE IS YOUR FAMILY'S PROTEIN INSURANCE** — have they had their cheese protein today?





### CHARACTERISTICS

**NATURAL CHEDDAR** is the versatile all purpose cheese, available in mild to very tasty flavours. It is firm in consistency, pale to creamy-gold in colour. For variety, other firm cheese types to try are: Edam (1), Gouda (2), Swiss (3) and Provolone (4).



**CREAM AND COTTAGE (5) CHEESES** are fresh, mild and snow white in colour. Creamy and moist or smooth and firm, they add a cool, refreshing touch to any dish. Delicate cheeses designed for the calorie conscious!



**OTHER COOKING CHEESES** include hard grating varieties such as Romano (6), Parmesan, Pecorino (7), (they range in strength in that order), and the soft, bland fast melting, Mozzarella (8).



**BLUE VEIN** is a semi-soft, rich slightly crumbly cheese, easily recognised by its marbled appearance and distinctive zippy flavour. Try the taste of other semi-soft cheeses — Limburger (9), and Feta (10).



### DELICIOUS WAYS TO USE IT

Enjoy natural cheddar as a table cheese, in salads and sandwiches and as a flavourer in all kinds of cooking, including soups and canned foods. Chomp cheddar any time for an energy pickup, or when you've missed a meal. Hygienic, new convenient film packs keep it moist and fresh in your refrigerator.

Use these delicious white cheeses in summer salads with fresh pineapple or tomato... as a base for savoury spreads... as a filling for omelettes and pancakes, in scrumptious cheesecakes. Keep refrigerated.

The grating cheeses add a very special flavour to all savoury foods, especially soups, sauces and spaghetti. Mozzarella — indispensable for pizza pie, is perfect for toasted sandwiches and makes a succulent last-minute topping for vegetables and meat dishes. The hard cheeses keep particularly well but best in your 'fridge.

Serve this exciting cheese with crackers and dark or crusty breads. Crumble it into French dressing for green salads. Combine it with butter and blander cheeses for savouries and sandwich spreads, or with pears — it's a new dessert surprise! Keeps best wrapped in foil in your refrigerator.

*So many ways to  
enjoy cheese  
— so many kinds  
to enjoy*





# Cashmere Bouquet

TALCUM POWDER

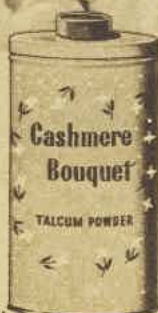
Keeps you *fresher...  
smoother...  
daintier...*

Surrounds you with romantic fragrance



## Make your life a bed of roses

Enjoy the satin feel of flowers on your skin as soothing Cashmere Bouquet Talcum Powder wraps you in a cloud of fragrance. You'll love the way this misty fine talc drifts on to your skin, then clings throughout the day to keep you fresh and fragrant always. Regular size: 3/6. ... Medium size: 2/9.



## Here is an extra comfort hint

Fragrant Cashmere Bouquet Talc helps girdles, stockings and shoes slide on smoothly... is so cooling and comforting to hot, chafed skin. Cashmere Bouquet Talc keeps you fresh and lovely always.

A luxury you can afford to use lavishly every day of your life

Buy the Big Regular Size and save money



## You Can Taste the Difference

Only Vencatachellum has that full, rich, spicy flavour. The big difference in flavour is worth the little difference in price. Buy only the best—

THE WORLD'S BEST **CURRY**

MADE BY: P. VENCATACHELLUM, MADRAS, INDIA

# LETTER BOX

• We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters signed for publication.

## Santa's under fire again

ISNT it time we stopped telling children there's a Santa Claus? It's heart-breaking for parents when their children ask Santa year after year for one particular present they can't afford to buy. Seeing the children's disappointment on Christmas Day is bad enough, but trying to explain to a bewildered child why Santa didn't bring the pram she'd asked for two years running when he gave one to Jeanie next door is far harder.

£1/1/- to Mrs. B. de Vries, Ashgrove, Brisbane.

## Two standards

RECENTLY I saw a constable going around our main street booking cars which were parked in prohibited areas. While he was doing this his motor-bike and sidecar were parked in another street too close to the bus-stop. Is there one law for the general public and another for the police?

£1/1/- to Mrs. F. A. Hessel, Five Dock, N.S.W.

## In-between fashions

THE only age groups really catered for by dress designers are the young and the old. The in-betweens must either make themselves look like mutton dressed as lamb or appear aged before their time. Smartening the middle-aged wouldn't be a difficult feat for a designer sufficiently interested in that vast section of the community.

£1/1/- to Miss I. Smith, East Melbourne.

## Dog of habit

FOR years the dog next door slept on our doorstep. A few months ago we moved a couple of streets away. After a week of searching he found our new house and comes over every evening as before, sleeps on our doorstep, and returns home in the morning.

£1/1/- to Mrs. G. Stewart, Gladsville, N.S.W.

## Plea for braces

AT a gathering recently the menfolk removed their coats as the day became warmer. Although they looked so nice and cool, they were continually hitching up their trousers. With the good old braces there was little fear of pants falling.

£1/1/- to Mrs. K. Green, North Perth.

## Steele pill

TO some Tommy Steele is a "pill." In one instance this is quite true. Two years ago while night nursing in a famous London hospital a dishevelled young man and his mother came to my ward asking to see a patient. A doctor had prescribed the young man as a type of pill for his patient—a girl with no spirit to get well. The young man was Tommy Steele; the pill was easy to take, and the result: the road towards health.

£1/1/- to Miss J. Halsey, Caulfield, Vic.

## He walks behind

IS it class distinction that requires Mr. Armstrong Jones to walk three paces behind Princess Margaret? Nothing looks nicer than an engaged couple walking "arm in arm" or even "hand in hand." Probably other engaged couples walking together are pleased they're free from class distinction and don't belong to royalty.

£1/1/- to Mrs. J. Shields, Creswick, Vic.

## Feat of memory

ON the twentieth anniversary of my husband's arrival in Australia he was stopped in the street and addressed by name. The little lady was a complete stranger to him, until she mentioned she had been his teacher in the infants' class on his first day at school. The school was in a small village not far from Sandringham, in Norfolk, England. And the meeting—40 years later—was in Northcliffe, 250 miles from Perth. A memory like that will take some beating.

£1/1/- to Mrs. A. Box, Manjimup, W.A.

## Reluctant Grandmas

• The large number of readers' letters sympathising with "Happy Mother" (Vic.) who found her mother most unenthusiastic when told the news of her coming grandchild, brought stories of similar—or opposite—experiences:

I REALLY believe the reason for these reluctant grandmothers is envy. The maternal instinct is very strong, and for someone else to be having a baby when they are unable to gives them a feeling of missing out on something.

£1/1/- to "Another Mother" (name supplied), Finchley Park, S.A.

WHEN having my first child nine years ago, my mother-in-law considered herself too young to become a granny, so wanted to be called "Auntie." When the baby arrived, however, she was thrilled, and although she still refused to be called Granny she agreed to "Nana." She is now a loving "Nana" to six.

£1/1/- to "Another Happy Mother" (name supplied), Nth. Bayswater, W.A.

I THINK most mothers dislike seeing their daughters burdened with a young family. Possibly they remember their struggle to rear a family with few conveniences. But wait until the baby is born, then see the open arms with which Grandma welcomes it.

£1/1/- to Mrs. C. L. Fletcher, Murwillumbah, N.S.W.

YOUR mother is not unique, "Happy Mother." Her first visit to the hospital after the birth of my first brought me down to earth with "I do hope this will be the last."

£1/1/- to Mrs. M. E. Davies, Coopers Plains, Qld.

# Ross Campbell writes...

ONE of the more risky things people with a family can do is to sell the cot.

I have known several cases where this shortsighted step has been regretted. The same is true of the pram, stroller, and highchair.

As a rule, the owners do not get a very good price for the cot.

The resale value of cots is disappointing. They depreciate fast, especially the mattress. You hardly ever see a cot advertised in "as new" condition.

I have in mind the unfortunate case of the Dobsons.

They wanted to sell their cot, but found they could not get it out of the bedroom. A new built-in cupboard blocked the way. They had to take the cot apart and sell the pieces at a sacrifice price.

The trouble was they were mad keen to get a transistor radio. So they disposed of the pram and the stroller as well.

Then, only six months later, they learned that they would need the whole outfit again.

## COT NAPPING

They would have been in a spot if it had not been for the Potters.

The Potters have not sold their cot and pram. You never know, they say. But they lend them cheerfully to anyone who asks.

It is an unselfish thing to do, because the goods suffer a lot of wear and tear.



One person who borrowed the pram, Mrs. Goole, was seen pushing it away from a supermarket with a load of groceries in it. There was no baby among them.

Asked by Mrs. Dobson for a loan of her cot and pram, Mrs. Potter said: "Take them by all means!"

Pass them on to someone else when you've finished. I don't want to see them back."

She offered to lend her purple-striped poplin maternity dress as well. The offer was snapped up at once.

This dress, which is sturdily constructed, has gone: the rounds of several ladies in the district.

"It's not quite the color I would choose," said Mrs. Dobson. "But who cares? I'm not going to look so hot in any case."

The pram needs a few things doing to it. The brakes don't work, and it will be dangerous to drive until they are fixed. Still, one shouldn't look a gift pram in the brakes.

The problem that will face Mrs. Dobson later on is this: Can she, in fairness, borrow her former stroller from Mrs. Fitch, to whom she sold it for £2? Or should she offer to buy it back?

That is something she must work out for herself. She took the risk when she sold too much too soon. She should count herself lucky to be getting away cot-free.



# MAX FACTOR *stirs up a fashion furore* café espresso colors

*lipsticks spiced with rich shades of coffee!*



In creamy, moist HI-SOCIETY lipstick in oval mirror case 14/11 and in long lasting hi-sheen HI-FI 12/6 . . . and regular priced refills.

Lipsticks  
in six new  
tawny  
tempting  
colors

*...real coffee aroma  
in this shade, too!*

The continent inspired it! America adores it! And it'll be love at first sight when you see Max Factor's new CAFE ESPRESSO Lipcolors. These are the colors that Paris is talking about . . . out-of-this-world colors ranging from cool to vibrant that are a new *concept* in the art of making you lovelier through lipcolor. For a new experience, choose the shade aptly labelled "Café Espresso" — a warm, glowing shade with a real coffee aroma! Choose *any* Café Espresso shade . . . it's the look of this fashion year.

*New pastel mist  
eye-shadows, too!*

Offset Max Factor's Café Espresso lipstick colors with one of the new pastel mist eye shadow shades . . . 9/11



Blue Mist  
Azure Mist  
Green Mist  
Lilac Mist



Capuccino Royale Orange Liqueur Café au lait Crème de Cacao Peach Brandy Café Espresso

FOR THE MOST EXCITING NEW PRODUCTS IN THIS FABULOUS WORLD OF BEAUTY . . . LOOK TO MAX FACTOR



# BOND'S

Australia's Greatest Name in Cotton

bring you the warmest winter of your life

with new, wondrous "Fleecy-Bond"



and cosy

## Interlock Cottons

One day's wear will demonstrate that this underwear is different—invitingly cosy to slip into, and promoting constant body warmth even on the bleakest wintry days and nights. "Fleecybond" is knitted from super-quality cotton, brushed to a downy softness which stays sleek, even

after repeated washings. This fleecy lining keeps you snug. The outside is smooth and exceptionally white. A study of the garment in the individual poly-pack at your favourite store will convince you that "Fleecybond" is the underwear for you this winter.

### BOY'S SHORT-SLEEVE SINGLET

"Fleecybond" comes in a hard-wearing short-sleeve singlet. Nylon-reinforced neck-band and arm cuffs. 22-24, 10/9. 26-28, 12/6. 30-32, 14/6

**BOY'S KNEEPANTS.** Tailored, roomy fit. Bailproof elastic waistband is guaranteed to last the life of the garment. 22-24, 10/3. 26-28, 11/3. 30-32, 12/6

### Man Reading Newspaper—

**SHORT-SLEEVE SINGLET.** In snow-white "Fleecybond" with patented seamless shoulder styling. The Crew-style neck-line is strengthened with split tube binding. 34-40, 18/11. 42-44, 21/-

**"FLEECYBOND" "KNEEPANTS.** Added length for extra warmth and comfort. Roomy, tailored fit prevents annoying "ride-up". Launderers easily, no ironing. Vertical fly. 32-40, 14/6. 42-44, 15/6

### Man with briefcase—

**BUTTON-FRONT SINGLET.** In "Fleecybond" for the man who prefers the three-button neck-opening. Set-in sleeves with ribbed cuffs. 34-40, 21/6. 42-44, 23/9

### ANKLE-LENGTH UNDERPANTS

Featuring Bond's exclusive horizontal fly and comfort pouch. Great for the outdoor man. Bailproof elastic waistband. 34-40, 22/6. 42-44, 25/6

### Conductor—

**INTERLOCK SHORT-SLEEVE SINGLET** Soft, suede interlock in famous Kapart style. Seamless shoulder construction. Neck strengthened with split tube binding. Superfine cotton, launderers well. 12/6

### BOXER-TOP INTERLOCK KNEEPANTS

There's real comfort in the roomy, tailored cut and "wrap-around" elastic waistband. Fully absorbent. Bailproof elastic in the waistband, no ironing. All sizes, 11/6



# DRESS SENSE by Betty Keep

● This week my fashion mail has been full of requests for a simple dress to make in soft wool. The one I have chosen (right) is an excellent design for autumn-into-winter.

THIS letter is typical of many requests:

"Would you please design me a soft woollen frock to wear now and later to go under a winter coat? I am married and in my early twenties, and have light brown hair and a fair complexion. I want a high-necked style that is not too difficult to make. Would you also advise me about a smart color choice? I will need a paper pattern in size 36in. bust."

The design I have chosen in answer to your letter (see picture at right) is high to the throat, prettily shaped, and has a soft skirtline finished with twin pockets.

Red, deep olive, green, golden-beige, and chestnut-brown are all shades you might consider.

A paper pattern for the design is obtainable in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Beside the illustration are further details and how to order.

"WOULD you please suggest a color accent for a navy wool suit? The color is to be for the blouse. I feel like something a bit newer than the usual navy and white."

Mauve, beige, and cream are three fresh and unexpected colors that combine beautifully with navy.

"PLEASE suggest a style for a suit in one of the new wool materials that have the appearance of fine machine-knitting. I take SSW."

I suggest a cardigan suit with the addition of a big stole in matching material. Have the cardigan collarless and single-breasted and the skirt slender. Finish the stole with a wide wool fringe matched to the color of the material.

"I HAVE a nice piece of woven glen plaid in a wool-rayon mixture. The material is for some sort of outfit to wear in the week-ends. I am 16 and like something a bit smart."

I suggest a scoop-neck vest, long-sleeved shirt-b blouse, and knife-pleated skirt. Have the vest and skirt in plaid and the shirt-b blouse in white silk.

"I NOTICED a few weeks back you advised a reader to wear black accessories with winter-white. I am having a winter frock in a bone shade like a creamy-beige and wondered if I should wear black with it."

Bone and all blond shades look best worn with matching colored accessories. For an accent, add gold or gold and turquoise jewellery.

"WITH the coming of the dance season I would like a suggestion for a frock. I am 17 and I admit I like to be noticed. I don't mind if the style you suggest is really short or ballerina-length."

A scarlet velvet top and white nylon net skirt could be combined to look very striking on the dance floor. Have the top sleeveless, with an oval neckline, low at front and back, and the skirt reaching to just below the knee and made in two tiers.

"I WOULD like some advice about suitable beach clothes for a holiday up north. My figure is fairly good, but as I am in my mid-forties I don't want to wear anything that looks too young."

Resort clothes for your age-group include a one-piece form-fitting swimsuit, plus a straight-cut beach-wrap in a becoming color. A sunsuit with a matching front-buttoned skirt will be more than useful. The skirt can be added for outdoor lunches, etc., and will be more flattering to sit around in than anything too abbreviated. A shirtwaist dress is another useful resort dress. Again choose a color to flatter your eyes and hair.

"MY query is a color for my going-away suit and a hat. I thought of bright blue for the suit and white for accessories. Would these shades be smart together?"

A bright blue suit worn with a white turban and gloves, plus blue handbag and shoes, could look very effective.

"WHAT would be the best design for my age? I am 16 years old and want to buy a suit or separates. Is a fitted suit out, and would red be all right?"

A short jacket, whether demi-fitted or boxy, far surpasses all other designs for the teenage group. These cropped jackets look fresh and new worn with a pleated skirt—box- or knife-pleated. Red wool would be a good color and material choice.

DS400. — One-piece dress in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 54in. material. Price 4/6. Patterns obtainable from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.



Every time  
your hands are  
in water  
they lose a little  
natural beauty

now

You can give your hands

MORE EFFECTIVE PROTECTION

with exclusive new-formula

**Softasilk**

HAND BEAUTY LOTION

Natural beauty instantly restored to your hands.

Modern household cleaners, soaps and detergents dry out the skin's natural oils, leave hands rough and tender — making more effective protection necessary. So science has evolved this miraculous new Softasilk formula to keep your busy hands beautiful. New-formula

Softasilk Hand Lotion restores hand beauty instantly, soothing tender, dried-up skin. Softasilk goes on guarding your hands, too — SILICONE in the formula sets up a smooth invisible barrier against water and grime.

4/-



DON'T LET YOUR HANDS SAY 'Housework'... keep them romantically lovely with new SOFTASILK HAND BEAUTY LOTION



## DRI-GLO TOWELS

so beautiful you'll wish you could wear them...



How lovely you'll look draped in Dri-Glo towels! Those rich, glowing colours . . . that plushy, deep-pile luxury. Only Dri-Glo could look and feel as luxurious as this. So glamorous in your bathroom, keep their beauty longer. Yet, come to think of it, they cost no more than ordinary towels. How fashion wise, how budget wise to choose beautiful Dri-Glo from good stores everywhere.

# Dri-Glo TOWELS

AUSTRALIA'S FINEST TOWELS—

DRI-GLO TOWELS AND NAPS ARE PRODUCTS OF THE FAMOUS **BOND'S** INDUSTRIES GROUP

1/PP.32

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — April 13, 1960



# WOMEN TAUGHT HIM SO MUCH

● "The chief function of women is to see their menfolk twice lifesize and to tell them, at least once a day, that they are twice as good as they really are."

SIR Frederic Hooper's double chin shook like a new blancmange when he added: "I think Virginia Woolf said that—and I agree entirely."

Sir Frederic, who has been visiting Sydney from London, is a big, shambling, wise old sophisticate of nearly 70 who as managing director of Schweppes Ltd. and a member of the Council of the Royal Academy of Art and Royal Dancing Academy, combines business with a lifelong interest in all cultural subjects.

But it wasn't culture he talked about—at least not directly. "It was women. And on that subject, philosophising in his slow, ripe voice, he soon proved himself much more than a casual student."

"My interest in reading and the arts began when I was a very young man," he said. "I don't know what started it—certainly not my parents—but I can think of two or three women who strongly influenced me."

## New world

"Older women, of course. You don't learn those sort of things from women of your own generation."

"Because these women influenced my interests and tastes and helped me discover a new world in painting and music, my advice to young

By  
**RONALD McKIE,**  
staff reporter

men is to listen carefully to older women who have a cultural background."

Sir Frederic brushed ash from his double-breasted blue coat and studied his dark blue socks.

"Make no mistake," he said, "it is possible to learn a great deal from women, but what the young man must realise—and realise early—is that he can't rely completely on a woman for his judgments and decisions."

"A woman's judgments are intuitive, emotional. They generally lack maturity."

"A young man must not fall into that trap, however attractive it seems. He must make intellectual judgments, because they are more correct and more lasting."

"Older women approach the arts with immense enthusiasm often based on wide knowledge, but this can be so infectious that the young man must be over-careful."

"He must learn to distrust the emotional, and female, appeal of any of the arts, and to depend on his own intellectual decisions."

"By all means use older women as an introduction to wider fields—but only as an introduction. Otherwise the young man will fall into the



SIR FREDERIC HOOPER . . . he's more than a casual student of women.

trap of intuition and emotion, and will never be able to climb out."

But Sir Frederic wasn't finished about women. After shuddering at the thought of drinking any of his own products, talking fondly of claret, and then explaining proudly that he is one of only five Englishmen who are members of a 600-year-old French wine guild near Bordeaux, he returned to his theme.

"I often talked about women with my old friend H. G. Wells and found we agreed on many points," he said.

"Their emancipation has been an outward thing. Fun-

damentally, they haven't changed a bit."

"Women are good dancers—and so are men. Great women writers are rare, and great women painters and composers don't exist."

"The reason is obvious. Their creative ability is strictly limited. Their function is different. They are creative in another way."

"Modern life—say the past sixty years—doesn't seem to have made any alteration in them, despite the dramatic changes in clothes, habits, attitudes, and so on."

"Deep down women are the same. They haven't changed and become creative. I don't think they ever will and I hope they never will. "It would be a terrible day if they ever became naturally creative, for then they would lose their greatest asset—their charm and beauty as women."

## Art of living

Sir Frederic brushed more ash, lit another cigarette, hitched the bags under his eyes, and added:

"One of the greatest benefits of old age for a man is that he gradually gets outside the influence and the power of women."

"It is even possible to think of them no longer as wives or mistresses, but as companions."

"Surely the real art of living is to live the sort of life suited to your age and generation. That is why I find grandmothers who still want to kick their heels and even fathers who want to beat their boys at games quite offensive creatures."

"I once heard Lord Samuel say: 'For me yesterday was interesting, and today is exciting, but what I really look forward to is tomorrow.'"

"He was then 86, is still alive, and still a very wise man."

## YOUR BOOKSHELF By JOYCE HALSTEAD

### "A Wreath of Water-Lilies"

Pat Flower (Ure Smith).

A murder mystery, continuing the Australian author's "Floral" series, set in the South of France, near Marseilles. The action takes place around a chateau with vineyards, where a young Australian artist has a job as companion to the alcoholic chatelaine. Plodding stolidly through the story is a detective from Sydney, in France to do a job for the Australian police and by chance a guest at the chateau. He becomes involved in solving the murder of a fellow guest whose body is found half submerged in the water-lily pond. The story builds up too ponderously for any real excitement, but the mystery untangles credibly and resolves with a clever twist.

### "Don Chato"

Anne Sinclair Mehdevi (Gollancz).

The hero of this novel is the only physician in Negresco, a small Spanish fishing port. Poor Don Chato has ideas which he thinks befit his station, but are not, alas, supported by his precarious financial position. Money is seldom mentioned among the townsfolk, who give credit according to status. It is a tribute to Don Chato's standing that his debts are allowed to grow so large. He is proud,

false to himself and others (he has never properly qualified in medicine), arrogant with inferiors, shy and diffident when at a disadvantage, comic in his futile aspirations, pathetic in his despair. The one real opportunity, provided by the American girl, Eva, which promises to translate illusion into reality, is his final undoing. Quaintly Spanish in feeling, this book is a clever caricature which emphasises human failings inherent to some extent in us all.

### "Advise and Consent"

Allen Drury (Collins).

This intimate, keyhole view of political life in Washington makes powerful reading. The author, a long-time Washington newspaperman (for whom book sales and film rights have already earned half a million dollars), has built high drama from the events that develop when powerful forces in the U.S. Senate decide to oppose the President's nominee for the important post of U.S. Secretary of State. The background is the deep fear that official Washington feels at the political and military advantage Russia has gained with her space triumphs. The characterisation is excellent.

(Review copy from Dymock's.)

Crochet is fun!



Tablecloth Edging from "Penelope's Laces and Corners"

At right: Table Mat from "Penelope's Household Crochet"

Crochet is a delightful hobby that gives hours of pleasure, whatever you make. Blouses, handkerchiefs, table mats . . . they're all charming in crochet. Easy, too, if you work with Penelope Crochet Booklets containing the very latest crochet designs, lavishly illustrated and complete with easy-to-follow instructions. If you're a beginner there's one booklet you must have . . . it's "Learn to Crochet", and it shows you how to crochet designs ranging from evening bags to luncheon sets.

Always use Coats Mercer Crochet for best results. It's a strong, smooth cotton and comes in a wide range of fast-dyed colours. And it's perfect for tatting and knitting as well as crochet.



COATS  
Mercer-Crochet

## POST COUPON NOW

To A.W.W., Box 2573, G.P.O., Sydney

Please send me these books, for which I enclose cost of book (as below), plus 5d. postage per book in stamps or postal notes:—  
HOUSEHOLD CROCHET N39 (2/6) ☐ LACES AND CORNERS (2/6) ☐  
LEARN TO CROCHET (1/6) ☐ Tick which required.

NAME

ADDRESS

CASH/104

SEE WHAT YOU  
CAN DO WITH . . .  
**JELLIES**

### GOLDEN CREAM

I packet lemon jelly crystals, 1 egg.

Dissolve jelly crystals as directed; leave until thickening slightly. Beat egg and beat through the jelly. Place in a serving bowl. Top with ice cream or cream. Serve sprinkled with nuts or shredded chocolate.

a little hint  
for you to try!

### TO SET A JELLY QUICKLY!

Dissolve the jelly crystals in some hot water and make up to the required quantity with iced water. This method cools the mixture and enables you to chill it quickly.

inserted by DAVIS GELATINE (AUSTRALIA) PTY. LIMITED  
in the interests of JELLY MANUFACTURERS J14



## Expert's technique with hair . . . .



BETTY PHILIPSON, Paris mannequin chosen for our Fashion Festival, arrives at the Luzic salon in Paris.



AFTER SHAMPOOING Betty's hair and accenting the highlights with a color rinse, it is set on big rollers.



BIG LOOSE CURLS are brushed out when hair is dry. M. Luzic says a good, but not tight, perm is a necessity.

# BASIC SET AND

● "Make the most of each hair set," says world-famous hairdresser Rene Luzic. "Don't always wear the style the same way—change it for different occasions."

"It is not necessary to rush out for a new shampoo and set for each hairdo. One good set can be dressed in many ways."

At M. Luzic's salons in London and Paris, they have been creating new styles specially for the L'Oreal of Paris Fashion Festival.

The Australian Women's Weekly, in conjunction with Marigny, is presenting the Fashion Festival, beginning in Perth early next month.

M. Luzic is flying out to demonstrate the latest techniques in hair grooming and coiffure.

In Paris, M. Luzic showed Marcelle Poirier, of our Paris staff, just what he meant by "making the most of each set."

Betty Philipson, one of the top Paris mannequins M. Luzic is bringing to Australia, arrived at his hairdressing salon with her "everyday" hairstyle.

M. Luzic shampooed her hair, and gave it a color rinse to bring out the highlights. He set it into loose, manageable curls on big rollers.

Then, when it was dry, he dressed Betty's hair into a

series of styles — suitable for daytime or evening. The styles are photographed here.

M. Luzic says there are some golden rules to follow in good hairdressing.

The basic treatment is a good "gonflante" perm (a perm which gives volume and shape to the hair without curling it tightly), good trimming to give different lengths to the hair at the front, sides, and back, and a good set on large roll curlers.

Back-combing is a very important part of hairdressing these days.

It helps to give "body," so the hair stays in place and gives a well-shaped headline.

Back-combing means taking strands of hair and fluffing down the back of the strand towards the head to form a cushion on which the top layer will rest.

Rene Luzic spends more than 15 minutes on this stage when he is creating or dressing a new style.

Then the hair can be brushed with soft, swirling motions around the head to give impressions of short or longer hairstyles.

Another of Rene Luzic's golden rules concerns color.

"It is a far cry from the old-fashioned dyes to today's lovely coloring tints," he said.

"Soft, warm blond shades are the most becoming to the majority of women, but, with the help of science, there need be no monotony. The range of shades from platinum to a warm auburn is so wide.

"Hairstyling and color these days are designed to look youthful," he added.

"Out of the hairdresser's salon, every woman is responsible for the good grooming of

**FOR DAY WEAR** (left) Rene Luzic likes a simple and disciplined style, brushed off the face.

**FOR EVENING** the hair is brushed forward into a tiny fringe. Added are frothy, flower-spattered veiling and ribbon.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY





**BACK-COMBING** is essential to give volume to the hair. It is combed and given the volume strand by strand.

## VARIATIONS

• The three winners of our Model Quest — the Color Queen and Color Princesses—will tour Australia with Rene Luzic and the L'Oreal of Paris Fashion Festival. The latest Paris look is color, color from top to toe. And our "royal" trio will wear dresses, accessories, and make-up matched to their exotic hair coloring.

her own hair. This means keeping it scrupulously clean and gleaming by constant brushing.

"Every day or two the strands can be back-combed again to prevent the style from becoming flattened. A touch of spray-lacquer keeps the hair tidy and weatherproof."

During his tour of Australian capital cities Rene Luzic will demonstrate his theories so that Australian women and hairdressers can achieve an up-to-the-minute Paris look.

In each city he will demonstrate hairdressing techniques at a glamorous gala dinner and fashion parade — proceeds of which will be given to charity.

The fashion parades will be an exciting combination of the best in Parisian and local couture.

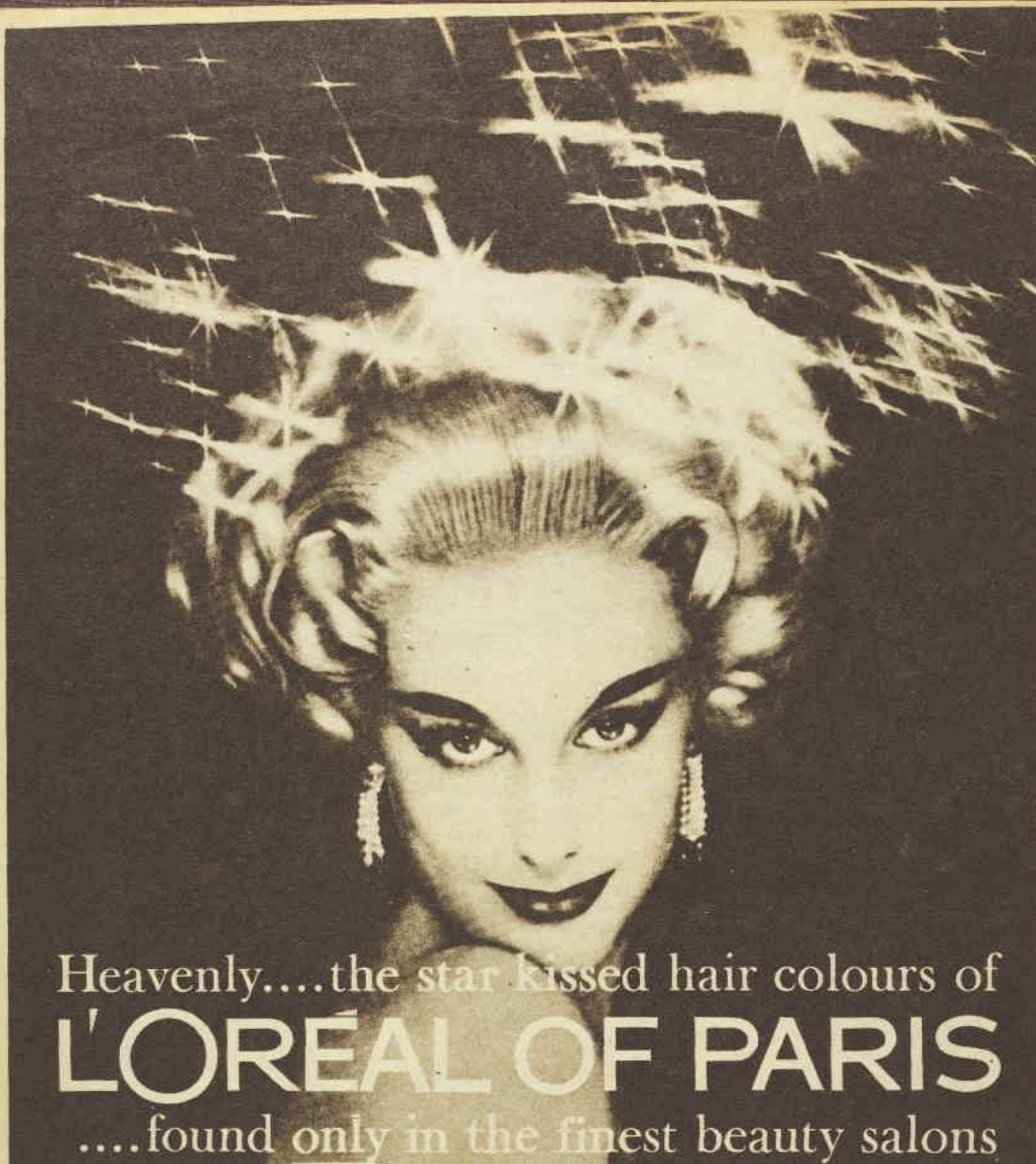
Leading Paris couturier Maggy Rouff is sending out ensembles from her latest collection. They will be shown with a high-fashion selection from the Australian Wool Bureau.



**FRONT VIEW** of the evening coiffure shows the fringe over the brow. The hair is brushed up at the back and then pinned into a hidden chignon.

**FOR COCKTAILS** and formal afternoon occasions, Betty's hair sweeps smoothly across her forehead, and is brushed high into a flattering topknot.





Heavenly....the star kissed hair colours of  
**L'OREAL OF PARIS**  
 ....found only in the finest beauty salons

It's an internationally well-known secret that only L'Oreal of Paris hair colourings can give every woman just the hair colouring she desires. Which is the shade you seek? A radiant new pastel . . . a deep darkling tint . . . a colour exclusively your own . . . a shade to blend those greying hairs with your natural hair colour to retain your youthful beauty? And what type of hair colour will be your choice? A temporary rinse for special occasions . . . ask for Coloral. A semi-permanent colouring to last through several shampoos . . . ask for Rege Color. Or a beautiful permanent tint to banish those grey hairs . . . ask for Imedia Creme 'D'. Visit any fine salon and have a colour expert show you how truly *you* your hair colour can be . . . glowing, lustrous, alive with new, vivid beauty.

In Australia the name of L'Oreal is linked with another equally famous for hair cosmetics — Marigny, the House of Hair Beauty. In conjunction with The Australian Women's Weekly, Marigny will present in May the L'Oreal of Paris Fashion Festival — Australia's first-ever international "coiffure et couture" fashion parades. These parades will co-ordinate hair fashions with the latest Parisian dress fashions — and create the look which every woman will want . . .

The L'Oreal Look . . . the Lovely Look! When you change the colour of *your* hair — make it a change for the best . . . ask your hairdresser for L'Oreal!

marigny

L'OREAL OF PARIS HAIR COLOURINGS ARE AVAILABLE IN AUSTRALIA ONLY FROM MARIGNY, THE HOUSE OF HAIR BEAUTY.

Continuing . . .

## WHO WANTS WORDS?

from page 19

allied it in her mind with a good-luck charm.

Perhaps it was because that morning she had seen the young man passing the train window and he was alone, for once, that she had forgotten about the book on her knee. Perhaps because she had been looking unhappily at the empty seat beside her when the train moved off, that the book had jolted off her knee. And, as she bent to pick it up, she had blushed in confusion because the young man, moving along the aisle, had bent his long frame even more quickly than she had.

His warm hands had brushed hers as she reached for the book, then he had straightened and his smile had sent little shivers and tingles racing each other over her cool white skin.

"Here we are," he had said, and decorously handed her the book. Then, almost absent-mindedly, and certainly not in any way to embarrass her, he had sat down on the empty seat beside her. For a moment she had held her breath. Now—now was the time when she so much needed the language! If only she could talk to him without the halting English that was all her sluggish tongue could manage.

But she knew she would be shy and stammer, and forget even the words that she had learnt—and he would never know just how much she wanted to be friends.

"When you bent down," the young man had said dreamily, "you looked just like a wonderful box of candy someone gave me when I was a child. Your hair was all golden. And you had that great big bow perched right on top." He had turned his head and smiled at her. "It was the prettiest thing I'd ever seen, that gold-tinsel box and the pink ribbon."

Her hand had instinctively gone to the top of her head. Every day that ribbon worried her. At home, in the little wall mirror, it looked so pretty, so gay. But in the train and at work in the shop it seemed somehow out of place, different to the other girls with their short, cropped hair. It looked—what was it?—Odd?

"No, don't touch it," the young man had said quickly. "Please leave it. It's beautiful—and it brings back such pleasant memories to me."

She had smiled shyly at him then. He was nice. But still something had hold of her tongue and she could say nothing—not one of the things that welled up inside her when she looked into his eyes and at his firm mouth.

"Now, what's your name?" the young man had asked gaily. Once again, not in any way that could offend her own or Mama's sense of decorum. "I'm sure you must have a sugar-candy name to go with that pink bow."

"I am called Gertrude," she had said in her soft, little voice that Mama scolded about, and said it was no wonder she made no friends. People could not even hear her let alone understand her.

"Ah, I knew it." The young man had nodded approvingly. "Gertrude. A little pink rose of a name." She had blushed again, as pinkly as any rose, and wondered how he had guessed Mama's own pet name for her.

"Well, my name's Bill," he had said matter-of-factly. "Now that we're introduced maybe you'll tell me about yourself."

Sadly she had shaken her head. "I cannot speak to you very properly," she had said. And her mouth had drooped. Bill had looked at her gravely, although she had half-thought

that a smile hid at the corners of his mouth.

"That's nothing to worry about," he had said. "I don't talk like the Oxford Dictionary myself. As long as you know enough to make yourself understood."

Trudie shook her head. "Papa said that language is the important thing. I will never make friends if I do not know the language."

"Well—I guess Papa's right. But do you know what I think? I think there's another, easier way. Make friends first."

And that was what Bill had done for her, Trudie thought wistfully, as she dressed herself for Patrice's party. Just that. Arranged for her to meet people and make friends. And now she didn't want friends if she couldn't have Bill, too.

Why did there have to be Patrice, her heart cried, as she slipped on the soft frock Mama had managed to save and bring with them? It would be easier, she thought, if she was sure that Bill loved Patrice. She would know what to do then.

But, because she was so miserable, half-superstitiously, half-defiantly, she took the little book on language out of her basket. It was an old friend. It just fitted inside the evening bag that Mama had given Trudie for the party, so Trudie left it there.

Then Mama called: "Gertrude. There is here a young man for you." And all at once the whole evening was warm and sweet, and somehow scented like apple-blossom.

"How's the sugar-candy girl?" Bill said. He crooked her arm protectively through his, but in a way that was friendly and should not have made Trudie's heart beat so much faster.

"I am well," said Trudie gravely. "Will it be a nice party, this one?"

"I hope so. Patrice knows lots and lots of people. Just remember to be yourself and nobody could help liking you. Don't sit with a gag in your mouth because you think you don't know English."

"It is hard," she said and sighed.

At first Trudie felt very bad. She saw at once that her dress was wrong. It was of soft, pastel-colored silk that would crush to nothing in your hands, and it billowed in folds from her waist. The other girls looked like Patrice. They wore clinging black or silver-grey or a swishing, sequined green.

Trudie sank into a chair. Her cheeks and her ears felt like fire when she thought of the bright pink bow, so conspicuously tied on the top of her hair. She looked around anxiously for Bill's long, lean frame and cheerful grin. Then he came over to her and her happiness flowed back. He brought with him three other young men. But straight away, almost from nowhere, Patrice appeared behind them.

"Darling," Patrice said to Bill, and Trudie's glow evaporated like mist. "Bill, darling, I must have you on the drinks. Nobody mixes that special cocktail quite like you do."

Trudie thought that for a moment Bill hesitated. But she was not sure. Then he grinned at her. "Ho, hum," he said. "The price of fame."

And Trudie watched unhappily as Patrice put her smooth, white hand on Bill's arm and they walked together right down to the other end of the long room. Then she dragged herself back to her own

To page 53



# New Maternity Patterns

● Patterns are now obtainable for these comfortable, up-to-date maternity clothes. Send orders to Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney, stating the pattern number. Order according to bust size before pregnancy, for all patterns are drafted to allow room for expansion.



F5725. — Maternity slacks and smock (pictured above left). The smock has useful pockets. (Pattern details of blouse are below.) Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 54in. material. Pattern 4/6.

F5727. — Maternity suit (above, right). Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 1½yds. 36in. material for skirt, 2½yds. 36in. material for smock; or 3½yds. 54in. material for whole suit. Pattern price 4/6.

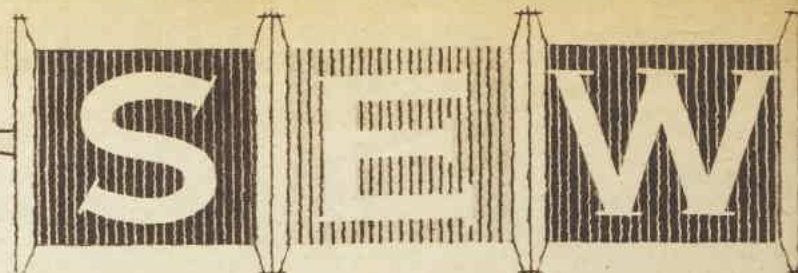
F5726. — Blouse, in formal, front-buttoned shirt style, for wear with the maternity slacks and smock (pictured above left). Sizes are 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 36in. material. Pattern price 3/.

F5724. — Maternity dress (pictured at right) on Empire-inspired lines has a self-bow trim just below the bustline. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material or 3½yds. 54in. Pattern price 4/6.





● This four-page feature about making loose covers is the first in a series in which Mildred Parrott, expert sewing demonstrator and director of U.S. home decorating classes, tells how to...



## You can make loose covers

**FIRST**, remember this important fact: making a loose cover like the one shown at right is easier than making a dress.

Many women who make all their family's clothes say they could not make loose covers. They don't realise—and perhaps you don't, either—that when you make a dress you have to allow for movement and stretch in every inch of it. But when you make a loose cover for a sofa or chair you are covering something that stands still.

The only movable part of a chair or sofa is the "give" in the springs. (The way to get around that movement is simply to make a little pocket about 4in. deep to tuck around the springs.)

Here's all you have to do to make a loose cover: (1) lay fabric smoothly on chair or sofa; (2) draw with tailor's chalk the outline of piece you are covering; (3) cut round outline; (4) pin pieces together; and then (5) stitch them.

**Choose the right fabric:** Buy a tightly woven, fast color and preshrunk material, so your cover will launder and look good as new after it. You'll save money by using 48in. fabric rather than 36in. The 48in. width is likely to have two repeats of the pattern running down both sides of the fabric. A repeat on 36in. fabric usually runs

down the centre. So if you're making a cover for a three-cushioned sofa, each 24in. cushion gets one of the design repeats. You can cut 48in. fabric down the centre, but with 36in. fabric you must use the full width to get the design in the centre, leaving two wasted side strips.

A solid color is the very easiest fabric to work with; an overall pattern is almost as easy. A single repeat fabric or a double repeat affects the amount of yardage you buy, because these fabrics look best when repeats are centred and straight. Stripes must be matched exactly at all seams, and you're in real trouble if you get pattern pieces upside down. Wait until you're a real professional before making striped loose covers!

**Test it at home:** It's a good idea to buy 1½yds. of the fabric you like best in the shop, take it home, and live with it for a day or two. Tuck it over the furniture you've decided to cover. If your original choice is right for the room, you need only buy total yardage, less 1½yds. And if you decide against it, you can always use the fabric for aprons and cushions, so you won't have made a fatal mistake.

**Measure carefully:** The most accurate way to get the required yardage is to measure your furniture yourself. This also saves money, because you buy only the amount you need.

A chart to help you measure your yardage requirements is on page 39. Use this and write in the measurements as you read them off the tape measure.

Do all the cutting and fitting at one time, if possible, so the cover is finished in one session. Then all is ready for the sewing, which can be done in snatches of time.



### FABRIC BLOCKS MAKE CUTTING EASIER

**BEFORE** you begin to cut, it's a good idea to lift the chair on to a strong box or coffee table about 20in. high. Let the scraps fall where they may—and clean up afterwards.

Cut the fabric wrong side out into blocks to fit each section of chair. This is usually the first and last fear one has in making covers.

**Inside back:** This is the most conspicuous part of a chair, so cut that block first. Centre pattern, not too high or low so the cushion will hide part of it. Fold up 8in. for tuck-in at back of seat. Run fabric over seat and down front of chair. Mark fabric block at top seam and lower frame of chair. Cut this block off 1in. above seam line and 2in. below frame line.

**Outside back:** Cut block for outside back in same manner. Allow 1in. for seam at top and 2in. below frame.

**Outside arms:** Although seam line on original upholstery is down under bulge of arm, make line for cover higher and right at turn of bulge. As you cut, leave each block pinned to its section.

**Inside arms:** On these blocks remember to allow 4in. for tuck-ins at seat. The other 4in. will be cut at side of seat block.

For arm panels, boxing at back of chair, etc., be sure the design matches.



### MEASURING FOR CHAIR FLOUNCE

**THERE** is no rule for depth of the flounce, provided it is below the seat-spring "give" allowance.

**Tailored, straight flounce,** with kick pleats at corners: A double fold of the material is best, because it will be self-lined and needs no bottom hem. For this you'll need twice the flounce depth. Allow one total width of 48in. material for each four sides of chair. If you want a 9in. flounce, then double it to 18in. (for self-lining) and measure four depths.

**Pleated or ruffled flounce:** Take depth of flounce and add 2in. for hem at bottom and seam at top. (This type of pleat is too bulky to sew in double material for self-lining.) Measure circumference of chair at place where flounce will start. Multiply by 2½. Now divide this figure by width of material (48in.). You will need five strips of material as deep as the flounce.



### ASSEMBLE EQUIPMENT

**BUY** everything you'll need before you start cutting and sewing.

In addition to fabric, scissors, pins, and tailor's chalk, you'll need: Two 27in. zip-fasteners, one for cushion, one for chair. (If not available ready made, most furnishing department in city stores will have them made for you.) Two reels of linen thread for chair, three for sofa.

Covering cord for welting is a long job. You can save time and add to the professional look of your cover by using ready-made welting or fringe. You'll need about 15yds. for a chair.

### ... AND HERE'S HOW TO CUT FABRIC

**CUT** and pin the fabric with the wrong side out. Otherwise you'll have to unpin it, reverse it, and pin all over again.

Leave 1in. seam allowance until after the fitting, so that any slight irregularity in height of arms can be adjusted. Centre design on inside back. Smooth fabric and anchor it with pins to chair upholstery. Make 8in. fold for tuck-in at back of seat. Anchor it on seat and down front panel of chair. With tailor's chalk, mark exact outline of this section of chair.

Now start cutting 1in. beyond line until you come to tuck-in, where you swing the scissors out to 4in. from line for tuck-in. Follow this same procedure for outside back, outside and inside arms (see picture at left).

If your chair has a boxed back like that in picture at right, see if width of material is enough to fit in one piece over top and down sides. If back is higher or broader than average, cut boxing in three pieces as shown at right. Because top of boxing will be noticeable when cover is finished, be careful to place design so that it matches design on back.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—April 13, 1960



# for Your Home

By  
**MILDRED  
PARROTT**



## Here's a new idea for seams

### ← PIN CORDING AS YOU PIN THE ARM PIECES

HERE'S a wonderful new idea: Pin the welting into the seams as you pin the cover together. This is a radical departure from custom, but it works perfectly. It saves time and confusion and often improves the fit of the cover.

Cut length of cord for complete seam line, allowing an inch or so extra at each end. Hold cord by lip or raw edge. Place cord exactly

on seam or chalked line of section. Stretch the two pieces of fabric smooth with cord between. Pin vertically through the two sections of fabric and lip of cord as tightly as possible against cord itself.

Practise on long, straight seams first and leave tricky pieces like arm panels until last. Pin (1) inside back to boxing, (2) outside back to boxing, (3) outside to inside arms, (4) inside arms to inside back, (5) tuck-ins, (6) arm panels.

If you are working with preshrunk fabric you can make the cover fit as tight as a glove.



### NOTCH AT BACK SEAM ↑

IF there is no tuck-in on chair where the arm joins inside back, pin the two sections together on seam line. To give material more flexibility, notch fabric with scissors at intervals as you would do to fit a sleeve into a dress.



### ALLOW FOR TUCK-IN... ↑

PIN tuck-ins at the edge, rather than on marked line, in order to form pocket to tuck down into upholstery. The chair above has a square seat, so the inside back and seat are one piece, eliminating pinning the back tuck-in.



### ... AND "BOUNCE" AT ← FRONT SPRING

PUSH tuck-in down at side of chair. Anchor front panel of block with pins to front of chair. Pin and mitre seat tuck-in to back tuck-in. Be careful to leave arm tuck-in free from mitred corner. Push down on springs to see there will be no strain on inside arm. Pin arm panels with cord in seams to arms of cover. At tuck-in, be sure you don't get mixed up with mitred corner for seat of chair.

When doing this work at the front seat spring, don't forget, after leaving the arm tuck-in free from the mitred corner, to push down well on the springs as a test.



### MARK EACH PIECE CLEARLY ↑

ONCE the cover is off the chair, it is just a great mass of material full of pins and you will have no idea of which section is which unless, to avoid confusion, you mark off each section before taking the cover off.

### LEAVE OPENING FOR ZIP-FASTENER →

AN opening or placket at side of chair is less conspicuous than in centre back. Remember, when cover is right side out, placket will be on opposite side of chair. Pin cord to seam line on arm side of cover. When cutting, allow 1in. for all seams, except 2in. for placket, because 1in. extra is needed for fold to conceal fastening.



Continued on page 39



*You can now take  
colour snaps with  
any camera!*



*Load with*

# Kodacolor Film

*and take  
pictures  
like these!*

If your camera is 127, 120 or 620 size, you can now take glorious, full colour snapshots. No tricks . . . simply load your camera with Kodacolor Film, aim and press the button as you've always done . . . but now, instead of black-and-white pictures, everything you take will be in glorious natural colour! Your Kodacolor Prints are Super-Size, too . . . from cameras producing oblong negatives, Kodacolor Prints measure 3½ x 5 inches; from square negatives, 3½ x 3½ inches. Get out the family camera — load it with Kodacolor — and enjoy the thrill of full colour photography — NOW!



Actual size  
Kodacolor Prints  
Left:  
3½ x 3½ in.  
Right:  
3½ x 5 in.



## Kodak

KODAK (AUSTRALASIA) PTY. LTD.  
BRANCHES IN ALL STATES

*From Kodak Dealers Everywhere*



Continuing

## Loose covers

### BIAS STRIPS TO COVER WELTING →

BIAS casing strips for self-covered welting are cut from the true bias of the material.

An extra yard has been bought for this purpose. First fold material at right angles and cut along bias to form triangle. A scissors gauge is useful for this job. Slip it down to widest point at 1 1/2 in. and place in scissors. Lace bias edge of fabric into gauge and cut enough even 1 1/2 in. strips to cover about 15 yds. of cord. Of course, you'll skip this job of covering cord if you've bought ready-made welting or fringe.



### PIN ALL CUSHION PIECES CAREFULLY ↑

CENTRE the fabric and anchor it with pins to the cushion top and bottom.

Draw the outline, then cut, allowing exactly 1/2 in. for seams. For the closing section at back, cut a piece 2 in. longer than zip-fastener and 2 1/2 in. wider than depth of cushion. Split this piece lengthwise for inserting zip-fastener. The pattern design on front boxing of cushion is important. Cut this piece as long as circumference of cushion, minus length of zip-fastener. It should be 1 in. wider than depth of cushion to allow for seams. This strip can be extended with seams at sides where they will never show. Pin these pieces together and set aside.

Now all the cutting is finished and it's time to start sewing.

Lay all bias strips for covering cord right side up at left of machine. Trim points each end so they all point in same direction. Pick up first strip and face it on second so points overlap. Set machine to short stitch and stitch the two strips together. Without cutting thread or raising pressure foot, pick up next strip, overlap points, and sew. Never twist strips or they will tangle.

**Sewing the cover:** Do all straight stitching first, then change to zip-foot of machine for sewing cord into seams. (1) Wind two bobbins and thread machine with linen thread. (2) Set machine for long stitch. (3) Stitch mitred corners at front seat spring. (4) Stitch tuck-ins. Remove one pin at time and drop it in pin-box as you sew.

### ↑ MEASURE AS YOU SEW THE PLEATS

STITCH flounce sections together. Be sure the design on these sections is right side up. The pattern does not have to match because the pleats will break up pattern.

Turn 1/2 in. under and stitch a 1 in. hem at bottom of flounce. This entire hem can be sewn on the blind-hemmer on your machine.

Pleats 2 in. wide and spaced 1 in. apart look best. Here is a quick and easy way to make them: Set machine to its longest stitch. Start first pleat 3 in. from end of flounce. Make fold 1 in. deep and stitch 1/2 in. from top of flounce until you catch the fold. With 6 in. ruler, measure 2 in. for pleat, fold back fabric to meet fold on under side and stitch to edge of pleat. Measure 3 in. from this pleat, pinch up a fold and lay it back 1 in. from first pleat, and stitch. You can hide all joining seams under pleats.



### ↑ COVER CORDING ALL AT ONCE

CHANGE to zip-foot of your machine. (The bias strips of fabric you have already sewed together earlier will be looking something like a long, irregular fringe after this earlier job.)

Set zip-foot to right of needle. Place "fringe" of cord-covering on floor at your left and cord on floor at your right. Snip thread between first two or three covering strips, fold strips right side out and round cord, and stitch it fairly loosely in place.

As you come to seams, press them open with your fingers. Stitch a length of this welting along top of pleated flounce. Stitch cord upside down, with its lip or raw edge right next to raw edge of top of flounce.

Continued on page 42

### USE THIS CHART TO MEASURE FOR YARDAGE

What to measure	How to measure.	Totals
Outside and inside back, seat, and deck (the panel enclosing the spring) plus 8 in. tuck-in.	From 2 in. below the frame of the chair measure up the front, over the deck, over the seat, add 8 in. for the pocket or tuck-in at the back of the seat, up the inside back, down the outside back to two inches below the back frame of the chair.	.....
Right arm — inside and outside, plus 4 in. tuck-in.	Measure from 2 in. below the frame up the outside arm, down the inside arm and add 4 in. for the tuck-in at the side of the seat. (The other 4 in. for the tuck-in will be allowed on the side of the seat cover.)	.....
Left arm — inside and outside, plus 4 in. tuck-in.	Measure just as you did for right arm.	.....
Cushion top and bottom.	Measure from front to back of the cushion and add one inch for the seams. When using 48 in. material, one half will cover the top of the cushion and the other will cover the bottom.	.....
Flounce.	It is most economical (with few exceptions) for the flounce to be made on the up and down of the material. Read detailed instructions on page 36.	.....

#### TOTAL INCHES

DIVIDE BY 36 for the number of yards.

PLUS ONE YARD if your pattern has a large design.

PLUS ONE YARD if you plan to cover cord yourself.

TOTAL YARDAGE.



Does your toothbrush look like a "shaggy dog"?..?

...time to buy a sparkling

new

**Tek**  
\*ANTI-GERM  
TOOTHBRUSH



\* The only toothbrush with built-in GERM FIGHTING action.

### Like Walking on Pillows



LUXURIOUS WALKING EASY Soft Latex Foam Insoles, 3/4 pr.  
1. Relieve painful callouses.  
2. Give feet soft bed to rest upon.  
3. Cushion tender heels.  
From all Chemists & Stores  
**Dr. Scholl's**  
AIR-PILLO INSOLES

### MICKEY MOUSE CLUB BOOK

All about the famous TV MOUSEKETEERS

On sale at all Newsagents and Booksellers for

15/-



# Easy sewing for autumn

● The six smart autumn designs here are chosen for the home dressmaker to make from a pattern. Each pattern has an accurate and easy-to-follow instruction chart, with full details for drafting, sewing, and finishing. Patterns may be obtained from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. Address mail orders to Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Please state size. No C.O.D. orders accepted.



**No. 5596**  
Self-material bands and flat tailored bows are used for a trim on the one-piece afternoon dress (left). The bodice is semi-fitted and soft-skirt fullness is released from the uneven hipline. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 54in. material. Pattern price 4/6.



**No. 5599**  
Ideal design for soft wool is seen in the one-piece dress above with its pleated skirt. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 54in. material. Price 4/6.



**No. 5597**  
Smart one-piece dress (left) designed on figure-flattering lines. The dress features a moulded bodice top, fitted midriff, and slender skirt. Two self bows are the trim. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 54in. material. Price 4/6.

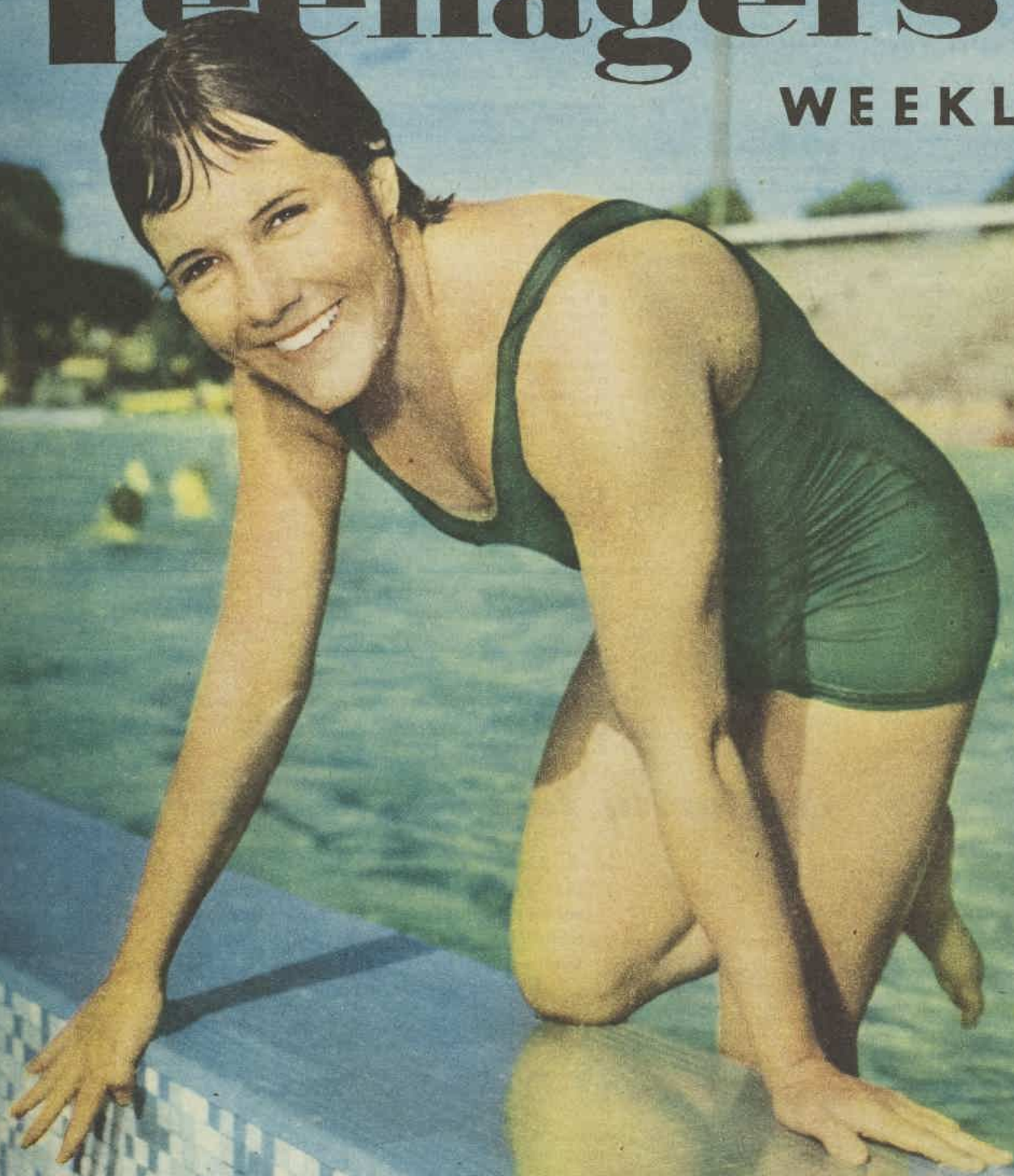


THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

April 13, 1960

# Teenagers

## WEEKLY



**JAN HOGAN**  
*Story page 5*

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly Not to be sold separately



# LETTERS

## Call for new winter fashions

TEENAGERS' winter fashions of today are just an out-of-school uniform. The girls wear tartan skirts, colored stockings, and sloppy jumpers; the boys wear cords, desert boots, and sloppy jumpers. Nearly every teenager wears this everywhere and has done so for about three years. Why doesn't someone start a new fashion?—*Barbara Purdy, Chatswood, N.S.W.*

## Take him home

WHY sneak out with boys behind your parents' backs when you can so easily avoid it by bringing your boy-friend home and introducing him to your parents? Last year I used to sneak out until my conscience pricked me, so I brought my boy-friend home and introduced him to Mum and Dad. Now I am allowed to go almost anywhere with him.—*"Be Sensible," Red Cliffs, Vic.*

## New etiquette

ETIQUETTE says that the boy must pay for the girl when going dating. My opinion is that until the age of 18 years the girl should pay her own way, because the boy is the one who has to save for the future, even more so than the girl. But they should agree beforehand on the idea. If this were done more often, etiquette would eventually accept it.—*Jann Ingram, Bundeena, N.S.W.*

## School socials

FOR three years I attended a city technical school for girls, and had no chance of attending any school socials until we moved into the country last year. What a difference they make to school life! Many mothers will not allow their children to attend school socials, but I consider it a necessity for all girls and boys. My sister was only 12 when she started high school, and going to the socials gave her a chance to mix with boys as well as girls.—*Yensie Vine, Murray Town, S.A.*



YENSIE VINE  
... necessary for all.

There are no holds barred in this forum. Send your snaps, too, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Send them to Box 7052 WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

**Our pin-up:** Tommy Sands, who topped the bill of the "Super Show" tour of Australia, by American singers last month. He was able to make the trip because the film industry strike in Los Angeles interrupted the shooting of "The Devil at Four O'Clock," which he is making with Spencer Tracy.

## Early marriage

IF an "old married woman" can intrude, I would like to give a little advice to teenagers who are anxious to rush into marriage. I was married at eighteen and now, at 23, have four children (including twins) whom I wouldn't part with for the world. But I often think of all the fun of parties and dates I missed out on because I married so young, and the many ambitions I had which, because I won't have a spare moment for years now, will never be realised. Because we had our family straight away, my husband and I have not been able to save for a home of our own.

## For . . .

I AGREE that English should not be a compulsory subject, though not for the same reasons. Even bankers have to know how to write and speak, though they may not have to write "flowery essays." Students gaining five subjects, but failing in English, should be passed, as they have studied English for two years and this should be sufficient, unless they intend to become authors or poets.—*Coral Hillier, Port Victoria, S.A.*

I AGREE with Jane, but think a little grammar should be taught at high school, otherwise Australian people would be using all slang. I, for one, can speak English well enough and I can understand what I read. I feel sorry for any Intermediate or Leaving student who is not confident of passing in English. I am one of them.—*Susan Drake, Port Lincoln, S.A.*

## . . . and against

SURELY the first aim of all English-speaking people should be to be able to write, read, and express themselves well in their own language. The

and consequently must pay a very high rent. Of course, we'll both be young still when our children are off our hands, but is it worth all the striving and sacrifices we must make just because we didn't put our marriage off for a few years until we had more savings and a lot more fun?—"Blondie," Elsternwick, Vic.

## Bay cooks

"HUNGRY SCHOOLBOY" (T.W., 16/3/60) complained that there were no cooking classes for boys. I think it is a good thing boys can't cook whenever they're hungry (which is always). My brother knows the elements of cooking, but whenever he tries to make a cake, he inevitably leaves a trail of broken egg-shells, butter paper, and dirty dishes for me to clean up. Down with boys cooking!—"Girl Chef," Southport, Qld.

## The hunters

ONCE it was boy chases girl; now it's girl chases boy. These days boys don't have to worry about asking girls for dates; it's usually the girl that rings up and asks the boy to go to a local dance or party. I suppose this is not so bad, but the boy usually likes to be the hunter, not the hunted. Next it will be the girl who proposes marriage. Girls might argue that it is Leap Year, but this also happens when it is not.—*"Hunted," Cremorne, N.S.W.*

## Happy at school

I AM in 4th year this year, and although there is a lot of hard work to do, and not very much time for entertainment, I really like it and I am sure it will be well worth it. Except over the weekend, I do not mind doing homework and there are wonderful school excursions. In the May holidays this year the 4th and 5th years of our school are going to the Snowy Mountains. Last year they went to Jenolan Caves.—*Beverly Nicholls, Marrickville, N.S.W.*

## Family favorites

MANY parents criticise half the family and praise the other half. In our family of five, the eldest and the two youngest are always getting praised, while my sister and I are always getting criticised or into trouble, sometimes for things we have never done. Even though the eldest is a boy, no matter what he does, it is always right. If parents go crook on one child for something, the same should be done to the next one when that child does something wrong.—*"Riverina Girl," Grong Grong, N.S.W.*

## Politics

THE indifference of most teenagers to politics worries me. One would think from their attitude that the the sporting columns constitute a newspaper. Items on national and international affairs receive a bare glance at the heading. The teenagers of today, as the citizens of tomorrow, will have to make big decisions, like it or not, and I fear that lack of knowledge will prevent them making wise ones.—*Frank Harman, Inglewood, W.A.*

## Majority favor compulsory English

● Jane Perry (T.W., 16/3/60) urged that English should not be a compulsory subject in public exams. "Our country needs technicians, bankers, tradespeople, and scientists — not poets and authors," she said, but she doesn't get much support.

"flowery essays" are part of the training required to express oneself well. Australia does need technicians, etc., but if you think that any of these positions are obtainable without a sound knowledge of the English language, as well as a pass in the subject at a public examination, you are mistaken.—*Rae Fox-Ashwin, Tottenham, N.S.W.*

SO Jane Perry doesn't think we need poets and authors! I'd like to know what we'd do without them. There would be no books, no songs, no newspapers; in short, no facilities with which to learn. And if it comes to that, why must we learn geography, geometry, history, French or German if we want to be engineers, for instance? English might be our national language, but most New Australians, after a while, speak better English than the average



ROBYN COSGROVE  
... senseless accusation.

## Not spoilt

PEOPLE who say that an only child is spoilt are most unfair. Undoubtedly some only children are, but to accuse them all of this is senseless. Any child can be spoilt if the parents allow it to be so.—*Robyn Cosgrove, Kogarah, N.S.W.*

## Good music

THE new feature by Martin Long telling of easy-to-listen-to classical music is a very good idea. There are dozens of guides about the latest "pop" records and the latest recording stars, but it is very rarely that better-type records are discussed. If classical enthusiasts banded together and appointed an enterprising manager to give artists really good build-ups and publicity, it would not be long before teenagers would be flocking around to hear classical music, just as they now flock to hear popular music.—*Winsome Evans, Lane Cove, N.S.W.*

not worthy of a good career if he can't pass his English examinations.—*Heather Robby, Hobart.*

## HOW I disagree with Jane!

She says that English is spoken fairly well by most students, but the "most" would soon become "few" if English were not compulsory. Just think how many people speak badly today through lack of good training.—*Margaret Bray, Wembley, W.A.*

## ONE reason why we must

learn English is so that we will be able to express ourselves correctly in exams in other subjects. If it were not compulsory some students would fail in other exams because of their weakness in English.—*Marjorie Jacka, Glenfyne, Vic.*

THE fact that English is our "national language" doesn't guarantee that all students can speak and write it proficiently. Quite the contrary. Words are the servants and implements of the mind, and a brilliant mind performs no better than a mediocre one if its means of expression is undeveloped.—*William Jennings, Austinmer, N.S.W.*



# Do YOU

*MARY wanted pink for her first evening dress — ever since she was a little girl. But now pink was hopeless. It would clash with her face. She'd blush crimson at the dance, for sure . . .*

*ROBERT found the telephone the worst. He simply couldn't bring himself to ring up a girl for a date. He'd always stutter and say the wrong thing . . .*

*JILL hated herself every time she laughed that high affected giggle. It would slip out all the time, even at things which weren't funny . . .*

**W**HY do some teenagers have to suffer, really suffer, from nervousness? Why does life have to be unbearably colored by a blush, stammer, nervous twitch, or laugh?

They grow out of it? It's just a phase of development? That knowledge really doesn't help when you're standing on the dance floor feeling that sudden warm flow of "blush" creep up to your temples. You desperately want to do something about it NOW.

Consult a doctor? It hardly seems serious enough for that. You feel he'd think you were stupid, it would be too embarrassing. And would he really be able to help?

Well, prepare yourself for a shock. It's not simple. An eminent Sydney physician I consulted said that the overcoming of blushing, stammering, or twitching mainly depended on the sufferer's mental state — on his absolute determination to banish the habit.

"No one," he said, "clings to a habit that doesn't return him some sort of reward or compensation."

But surely no one **LIKES** blushing, stammering, or any of the other things? There's no obvious advantage in it. It's just terrible when everyone notices your awkwardness.

That's just the tragedy, according to the doctor. Everyone notices, and you stand out from the crowd as "the girl who blushes" or "the boy with that nervous, incessant nodding of the head."

"Everyone," he explained, "and especially teenagers — who are in the throes of mental and physical adjustment — wants to be noticed by others."

"Blushing or nervous awkwardness are ways of being noticed — a sort of identification tag."

Normally, well-adjusted people discard these nervous habits — if they ever had them — in favor of being noticed and observed in other ways, on their own merits.

But the teenager who is very insecure, unsure of himself, perhaps with older people and girls, tells himself that he doesn't want to be noticed. He wants to slink away — and that contradicts the law of nature. Despite his efforts, subconsciously, something gives him away and makes sure that he IS noticed.

The doctor likened the blushing of girls to the way girl pigeons ruffled their feathers to make themselves more conspicuous to boy pigeons.

But surely, I argued, ruffling feathers isn't nearly as painful to a pigeon as blushing is to a girl?

He agreed. It was a desperate paradox. By being noticed the girl, who subconsciously has achieved just what she wanted, feels more uncomfortable and miserable than ever.

But is there any cure for this nervousness? The doctor considered for a moment. "We

can't generalise," he began. "This problem strikes at the inner roots of personality and we have to analyse the character of each person, delve back into family and personal history."

"But it's all a matter of helping them become well adjusted."

The cure then, I asked, boiled down to a teenager becoming as well adjusted and confident and unselfconscious as quickly as possible?

That was right.

I thought back on how my own blushing had suddenly vanished. It seemed to tie in with what I knew now of the subconscious reasons for blushing.

At every dance, every time I anticipated meeting with crowds, I used to blush.

The first time I remember not blushing was one night when a group of unblushing vivacious girls were talking to the chap I'd just been dancing with. I made a gigantic effort to join them, to be just as vivacious and confident.

Everyone seemed to listen to me and laugh — WITH me. I felt none of the usual hot clammy redness, and yet people were interested in me.

This was the reward, and I realised I could do without the blush.

Also, I noticed that when anything really spontaneous and important was demanded of me, I had no time to think or worry about blushing. And I didn't.

But I didn't stop blushing suddenly. It was a gradual thing and I was amazed at what was happening — more amazed than ever when I noticed that other people blushed and showed other signs of selfconsciousness.

Funny that I hadn't noticed it before — but then I'd been concentrating so much on my own problem and hadn't had time to notice anyone else.

It dawned on me then that everyone, just everyone, had some sort of nervousness, some sort of complex, which was troubling them.

They were probably not noticing my trouble. All the things that I'd thought were so conspicuous were just preoccupying to me — no one else.

Forgetting about myself seemed to be the clue to my new-found composure — and, my goodness, it WAS rewarding.

Firstly, on any occasion when I would blush, I used to practise relaxing. I'd tell myself that nothing I'd say or do would be of much importance to anyone.

I would try, to the best of my ability, to make things easy for everyone else, to be interested in them, and to help make them relax. Life was much more fun.

Having the doctor's explanation of these habits, I now understand why outings were so much more fun without my blush. It was just the subconscious knowledge that I didn't need the blush, and that made me confident.

Confidence is really the key. It enables all of us to lose some consciousness of "self" and gain an awareness of others.



**stutter,  
giggle?**

**Try thinking  
of others,  
not of yourself**



# Men's wear fabric suits these girls

● Hot news in suit fashions for girls is a turn to men's wear colors and fabrics. Smooth gabardines, worsteds, flannels, and houndstooth checks hit the winter headlines. Jackets are predominantly short-cropped to just below the waistline. And fresh as the season itself is the new-again look of a suit worn with a small hat.

— Candy Hardy.



SMOOTH worsted wool is the fabric choice for this two-piece suit (left). The single-breasted jacket has a one-button fastening; the slim skirt is made with trouser pleats.



ALL READY to move in for winter are two suits (above) with smooth fitting jackets made in check tweed. Bonus for chic — the two head-hugging hats.

KEYED to the day-in-town look, these two suits (left) are made in flannel, one in pearly-grey and the other in charcoal. Both are worn with "basin" hats in soft felt.



# WATER BABIES READY TO CONQUER WORLD

By Cynthia Strachan

● In June this year two shy, unsophisticated Sydney teenagers will slam shut their schoolbooks and hurry off to conquer the world. Given just a little luck they could succeed.

FOR their names are Jan Hogan and Kevin Berry, and they're members of the most sensational team of swimmers ever selected to represent Australia in the Olympic Games.

It's a team packed with teenagers, but Jan, who is 15 on the tenth of this month, and Kevin, just two days younger, are the "water babies."

Though the Games don't start in Rome till August 25, the big adventure begins for Jan and Kevin in June, when they leave with the team for a spell of intensive pre-Games training in Townsville, Queensland.

Pretty Jan, who hopes to notch a medal in the breaststroke division, probably has a sister's illness to thank for her place in the Olympic team.

Lynne Hogan, now 18, is an asthmatic, and when she was a child one of her lungs was specially weak. As one bad attack followed another, the Hogan family doctor suggested to the girls' mother that swim-

ming lessons, with instruction in correct breathing, might help strengthen Lynne's lung and improve her health.

Mrs. Hogan took Lynne to coach Frank Guthrie and the experiment was a great success.

Lynne — who recently married Western Australian swimmer Maurice Junk — became an accomplished swimmer, and her health improved so much that she now has only an occasional mild attack of asthma.

There was nothing wrong with Jan's health, but that doctor's decision years ago has certainly played a big part in her young life.

## "Best of three"

Mrs. Hogan was so impressed with the results of Lynne's swimming that she decided it would also be good for Jan to learn. And so she took her to be trained by Frank Guthrie.

Since then Jan's other sister, 12-year-old Elizabeth, has also become a Guthrie pupil, and according to him she could be "the best of the three, includ-

ing the brilliant Jan, if she were really interested."

Frank Guthrie says: "Elizabeth is without doubt the only child I've even seen — and that covers thousands — who has swum right from the word go with the correct breathing and stroke."

Jan Hogan says: "Elizabeth would be a beaut freestyler if she really tried."

But Elizabeth says: "It's beaut that Jan's in the team. She's a neat sister to have. I don't want to swim, though. You have to get up too early in the morning, and I don't like getting up. Anyway, I like basketball best."

A trip to Rome and the chance to represent Australia seem exciting rewards for a 15-year-old, but Jan has certainly earned them.

During training in summer, swimming is her life.

A typical day — in which she swims about five miles — begins at 4.55 a.m., when her mother wakens her to a breakfast of orange juice, eggs, and toast. Then she heads for the Canterbury pool for two hours' training before going to Bankstown High School, where she's doing a commercial course.

From school it's back to the pool for another two hours, and then home to dinner, homework, TV, and bed. And it has to be a really exceptional occasion to keep her out of bed later than 8.30 p.m.

## Parties taboo

In the winter she keeps fit by playing softball at school, and she enjoys an occasional rock-'n-roll dance, which her local church group organises. But in the summer months dancing and parties are taboo.

The only outings she's had this season have been to official functions arranged by the swimming associations. Otherwise it has been swimming, swimming, and more swimming.

"You get a bit sick of swimming towards the end of the season usually," Jan told me. "And you get specially tired of getting up so early. But this season is different."

"All I want to do is swim all day and all night to try to get my times down so that

**KEVIN BERRY, who won his Olympic selection as a butterfly swimmer 18 months after specialising on the stroke.**



JAN HOGAN (centre), 15-year-old breaststroke champion, with sisters Lynne (left) and Elizabeth and Frank Guthrie.

I've got a chance of winning a medal in Rome."

Jan, who'd like to be an air-hostess when she grows up, is the sprat in Australia's school of Olympic fish. A brunette, with sparkling grey-green eyes and a mischievous smile, she's just 5ft. 1½in. and 8st. 8lb.

Blue-eyed, well-mannered Kevin Berry is another swim star who thought there were so many other fish in the sea that he didn't have a chance of winning a blazer to Rome.

"All I hoped to do this year was to make the N.S.W. State team and I didn't even think I'd do that," he said.

In fact, Kevin thinks he's lucky that he's still able to swim competitively and he has a large scar on his left thigh to remind him.

He collected the scar on Guy Fawkes' Day, 1958, when some fireworks exploded in his pocket.

"I was really worried that my leg injury would interfere with my swimming, but luckily it didn't affect it," he said.

Kevin, who is 5ft. 8½in. and 10st. 12lb., is a student at De La Salle College, Marrickville, where he passed his Intermediate last year.

His favorite subject is maths, and he hopes to be an accountant. But, he says firmly, this is one year when school efforts will come a very poor second to swimming.

Kevin began swimming on family beach excursions when he was six, but this is only the fourth season he has been swimming seriously.

And, more amazingly, it's only his second season as a butterfly swimmer, though that is the stroke that has won him Olympic selection.

The credit for discovering his swimming ability goes to the Brothers at his school, for they noticed his style in swimming

class and arranged for him to be coached.

Kevin's greatest dream was to become school champion — a dream he has long since achieved and outswum.

Coach Don Talbot saw him swimming at an inter-club meet last season and persuaded him to take up butterfly training seriously at the Bankstown pool. From there he hasn't looked back.

## 7 miles a day

To achieve his success, Kevin, one of a family of seven, has worked hard. He's been swimming about seven miles a day during early-morning and late-afternoon sessions.

His curfew hour is 8.30 or 9 p.m., and though Kevin likes rock-'n-roll music, and likes dancing to it, he has little time to spend on such pursuits.

Blushingly he claims to have "no girl-friends really, but the usual fans."

Naturally, Kevin hopes to come home from the Games with a gold medal. But he'll be more than satisfied with a silver one — provided Neville Hayes is the swimmer he is second to.

Neville — a "veteran" of 16 — holds the 220yds. world butterfly record and swims with Kevin at Bankstown.

"I think Neville is the reason I've improved so much," says Kevin. "He's paced me, and we've really helped each other along. I'd be proud to be second to him in the Games as I was in the Australian titles."

Whatever Kevin Berry and Jan Hogan lack in age and experience at the Rome Olympics, they'll make up in determination to win.

But win or not, these water babies should still be the most in any teenager's book. The most, not only as swimmers, but as unassuming, likeable teenagers, too.

Teenagers' Weekly — Page 5.



Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — April 13, 1960



# The girls I go for

By Ricky Nelson

● No matter what I do about girls and dates, it's wrong. Maybe a lot of other guys my age have that experience, too.



IF I date a lot, I'm getting wild. If I don't date much, I'm getting moody. If I date a chorus girl, that's wrong. If I date a schoolgirl that's wrong, too, because I'm not a typical schoolboy.

But I guess the only difference between this and what other guys get from their so-called friends is that I get my criticisms in print so everybody can read it.

My view is that the only way to learn about girls is to date as many as possible!

What basis of comparison will a fellow have when it comes to choosing a wife if he hasn't known lots of girls?

Me, I don't intend to get married until I'm twenty-five. That was the age my mother and dad were when they got married, and it sure turned out well for them.

But until then—I'm nineteen

now—I'm going to keep on dating lots of girls.

For instance, at first I went for girls with short hair, and then all of a sudden I realised it was girls with long hair who sent me.

It used to be that blondes were very big with me. But after I dated a few redheads, not to mention some stunning brunettes, I changed my mind.

I like pretty girls. But through dating them I learned that some very pretty girls can be terrible bores or have unpleasant characters.

## Personality

A girl's personality is much more important than looks.

Lately I've been criticised for dating such Las Vegas love-lies as Yellow Bird and Shizuko Yagi.

But if a girl has to make her living in a Las Vegas chorus line it doesn't mean she can't be a nice, decent girl.

Experience has taught me that you have to look further than a person's background or position in life.

What do I look for?

I suppose it's not really im-

portant, but I like girls of average height, say, about 5ft. 5in., mainly because I like a girl who can keep up in all the sports I enjoy, like tennis and riding. I figure a tiny doll wouldn't be able to do that.

I think the most important thing for a girl—and boys, too, for that matter—is to be natural. There's nothing that bugs me more than girls who put on an act, who are affected in the way they talk, dress, or in their manner.

I'll shy away from a girl who is too overbearing and aggressive, too. They're too much for me.

But on the other hand, I like it if the girl is a little bit aggressive. I used to be terribly shy, and to some extent I still am. So I don't mind in the least if a girl calls me, instead of waiting for me to call her. In fact, I'm kind of relieved.

I like girls who are sensitive about people's feelings, too.

An insensitive girl hurt me very badly once. It was a couple of years ago, and we were driving in my car with the radio on. I said, "Isn't that number great? I'd like to make a record of it." Well, she laughed as if that was the funniest idea in the world.

## Turning point

In a way, I'm grateful to that girl because I made up my mind then and there that I would become a singer. Not to get even with her, but just to prove to myself that I could do it.

Being sensitive includes having a little thought for a guy's financial status, too. A guy can really get clobbered by a girl who doesn't consider how much money's being spent on a date.

Girls who think they're playing hard-to-get by turning up



RICKY NELSON with one of his favorite blondes before he started dating red-heads and brunettes. Left, he serenades two of the long-haired girls who now "send" him.

date not just once but several times.

If you're infatuated with the person the chances are that after a few dates you'll see the little defects, and the infatuation will wear off.

When that happens I think it's the worst thing in the world to drag it on, for fear of hurting the person's feelings. It's going to hurt, anyway, but the quicker the better when it comes to breaking off.

That's one reason why I don't believe in going steady.

What's the hurry? I'll only be nineteen once!

## Test for air pressure

IN 1654 Otto von Guericke carried out an experiment which soon became world famous. Two hemispheres—now known as the Magdeburg hemispheres, after the town where he did it—were placed together and the air inside was pumped out.

Sixteen horses, attached to the hemispheres with ropes, could not pull them apart!

Air is a mixture of gases: oxygen (about 21 per cent.), nitrogen (78 per cent.), and the inert gases argon, neon, helium, krypton, and xenon (1 per cent.). A cubic foot of air weighs about 1 1-3rd oz., so that a room 15ft. square and 9ft. high contains about 170lb. of air.

Because of its weight, air presses on everything it touches. At sea level this pressure averages about 14½lb. on every square inch, or very nearly one ton on every square foot.

Here is a simple but very impressive experiment to prove that this enormous pressure exists, even though you can't feel it.

You will need a one-gallon rectangular tin with a tight-fitting screw cap. If you have any suspicions at all that the can has ever held any inflammable liquid, like petrol, make sure that it is thoroughly washed out beforehand so that not the slightest trace of the smell of the liquid remains.

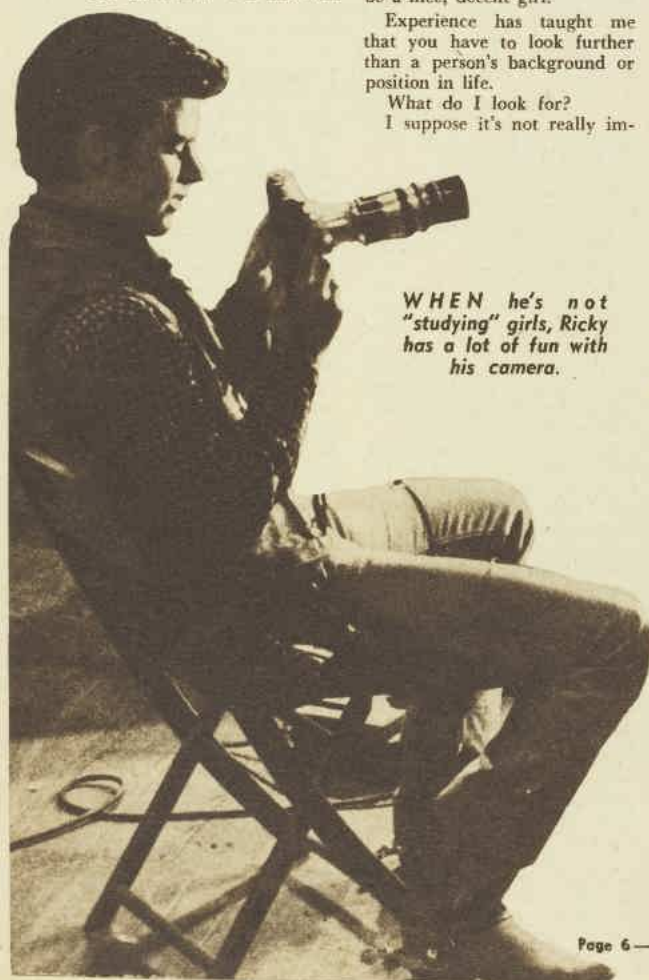
Pour into the can a good cupful of water, leave the cap off, bring the water to the boil on the stove, and let it boil vigorously for a few minutes. The steam forces most of the air out of the can.

Now take the can off the stove (mind, it's hot!) and quickly screw the cap on tight. Stand the can under a tap and let cold water flow over it.

The steam in the can condenses to water, leaving a very low pressure of air inside.

With loud groans and creaks the can crumples up, squeezed and crushed by the gigantic forces of the air on the outside of the can.

• From "The Book of Experiments," by Leonard de Vries, by arrangement with the publisher, John Murray.



WHEN he's not "studying" girls, Ricky has a lot of fun with his camera.



# LISTEN HERE

— with Ainslie Baker

**Local talent:** An exceptionally impressive debut on a Lee Gordon 45 is made by **The Fauns**, a two-brother-and-sister team who are said to have had a classical training before turning popular.

Though neither "Dance With Me" nor "Don't Take the Stars" is handled with outstanding originality, both are of surprisingly high standard. The trio are given a great kick-off by Eddie Cash Jnr.'s Orchestra.

"**LITTLE** Boy Lost," the song co-composed by singer **Johnny Ashcroft** and dee jay Tony Withers, could easily get into an Australian folk repertoire. It's got the legitimate theme and a melody that fits like a glove.

Johnny pairs it with his own "My Love is a River" on a Columbia 45.

**HUSBAND - AND - WIFE** team **Johnny (Tex)** and **Mary Croft** (both from Perth) have re-recorded their first version of "On Our Selection," this time with a rocking beat. It's used as the title for their Rex EP.

Other tracks are "Kiss, Kiss, Kissin' in the Corn," the shearing-shed favorite "Charlie Mopps," and "The End of the Pub With No Beer."

**Pops:** What seems to me easily one of the best and most widely attractive LPs of a long time is "The Early 'Fifties" (Festival).

A dozen great original hit performances include **Louis Armstrong** ("A Kiss to Build a Dream On"), **Peggy Lee** ("Lover"), **Bill Haley** ("Rock Around the Clock"), **Sammy Davis Jr.** ("Hey, There"), and **The Weavers** with **Terry Gilkyson** ("On Top of Old Smoky"). A fabulous all-star concert.

**MITCH MILLER**, bearded egghead of popular music, has amended his "sing along" theme to "Sing and March With Mitch" for his latest Coronet LP. With such appealing tracks as "March From the River Kwai," "Who Will Kiss Your Ruby Lips?" "The Bonnie Blue Gal," and



MINDY CARSON

"Jubilation T. Cornpone," you can react as the mood takes you.

**NAT "KING" COLE** is heard in the dual roles of singer and pianist on a versatile Capitol 45. He sings the haunting ballad "Time and the River" and on the flip plays a jazzy piano solo "Watcha Gonna Do?" With Dave Cavanaugh's Orchestra.



GENE KRUPA

**EVEN** though **Neil Sedaka** couldn't make the tour with the Super Show, there's consolation for his teen fans in the R.C.A. LP issued in expectation of his visit.

All 12 songs were written by Neil in collaboration with his old schoolmate **Howard Greenfield**. Included are "The Diary," "Stupid Cupid," "I Go Ape," "I Ain't Hurtin' No More."

**AND** if you didn't have the chance to hear **Freddy Cannon** or **Jack Scott** for yourself, Top Rank's "The Explosive Freddy Cannon" (LP) gives you just about all the Cannon hits on one disc, and Jackie's big "What in the World's Come Over You?" and "Baby, Baby" on a 45.

"**WAKE** the Town and Tell the People" (W and G 45) brings singer **Mindy Carson** back with a bang. It's an electrifying treatment. On the flip **Mindy** changes to the slow-romantic for "When I Fall in Love."

**Instrumental:** Top Rank has a 45 well worth mentioning. The delightful "Tracey's Theme," with the always - appealing "Misty." Played by **The Knightsbridge Strings**.

**Instructional:** If you've ever idly wondered how a symphonic composer goes about his work, "The Composer and His Orchestra" (Mercury LP) will interest you a lot.

U.S. conductor-composer **Howard Hanson** is the man who does the enlightening,

with the Eastman-Rochester Orchestra and selections from his own pleasing "Merry Mount" by way of illustration.

Hanson's voice may be a little hard on the ear, but he's a clear, down-to-earth lecturer, and makes what he has to say easily understandable.

**Swing:** When the movie based on **Gene Krupa's** life is released in the not-too-distant future there's certain to be a renewal of interest in the most famous of swing drummers.

"Gene Krupa Drum Beat" (R.C.A. EP) presents a rather subdued Krupa, playing for three tracks with bands of his own.

But the swing's the thing here: "Bonaparte's Retreat," "Sheik of Araby," "Walking With the Blues," and "Honey-suckle Rose."

**Classical:** A composer goes to an exhibition of paintings, and afterwards sets out to express what he saw and felt in a series of piano pieces. The idea interest you? Russian composer **Moussorgsky** did that in 1874 and "Pictures at an Exhibition" was the result. Celebrated Russian pianist **Vladimir Horowitz** gives a recital of the Moussorgsky work on an R.C.A. LP.

**VOLUME 2** of "A Night in Vienna" (Ace of Clubs LP), through works of the Strauss brothers **Johann** and **Joseph**, re-creates a nostalgic glimpse of a Viennese ballroom of the last century. **Clement Krauss** guides the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra through an enchanting evening of waltz, polka, and galop.

## Plan to make jazz a school subject

● A young Australian musician has set himself an unusual task—to introduce jazz into schools.

**HE** is Mr. Peter Cawthorne, president and founder of the Modern Jazz Society in Adelaide.

"Every school should give time to the study of jazz history and jazz development," he said, "with a special jazz band to give point to the lectures."

As a start and to lend weight to the arguments he will put before school authorities, he is now forming a teenage jazz group.

"Teenage members of our society are all terribly keen fans," Mr. Cawthorne said, "and most of them play one or more instruments."

"But there are no teenage groups or bands who play together regularly in Adelaide."

"They have lacked the initiative and outside guidance to push them into groups."

"I hope to alter all that within the next two months."

"Rock-'n-roll has had such a stranglehold on everybody for the past eighteen months that jazz couldn't get a look-in."

"Now rock-'n-roll is on the way out and the trend is definitely towards modern jazz, which I think will be more permanent."

The Modern Jazz Society, established in 1957, meets every first Sunday in the month in a city building.

Members sit in groups at small tables facing the stage, and can have coffee and sandwiches while they talk and listen to other members play.

## WORTH HEARING

### DEBUSSY: Nocturnes

**DEBUSSY** wrote these three orchestral impressions just before the turn of this century—a period that marks a rough dividing-line between traditional and "modern" music.

A Parisian who wrote most of his music in the two decades surrounding 1900, Debussy was the leading pioneer in the movement away from traditionalism.

But although he was, in questions of musical technique, a revolutionary, you must not look for anything turbulent in his music, which has a very French subtlety of color and refinement of feeling.

Why he called these three pieces *Nocturnes* (that is, *Night-pieces*) is not clear, nor does it greatly matter: the impressions they are meant to convey are indicated by the sub-titles—*Clouds*, *Festivals*, and *Sirens*.

There is a recording of the *Nocturnes* by **Eduard van Beinum** and the **Amsterdam Concertgebouw Orchestra**. (Philips.)

—Martin Long



MEMBERS of the Modern Jazz Society have formed a band which plays regularly to teenage audiences. From left: **Bruce Gray**, **Billy Ross**, **Fred Van der Worp**, **Ted Nettlebeck**.





CROWNING GLORY of your wardrobe will be one of these hats.



STEP LIVELY in the new feather-light, Italian-style casual shoes.

● Buying a suit this year? Your first? Well, step this way, sir, we've got just the goods for you. And we're glad you've brought Dad along. Having the advice of an older and wiser suit-wearer is a good idea; a suit costs real money.

**Y**ES, money. Say £25, so you want to make the suit work for you, like an investment. Each wearing should pay a dividend for that hard-earned cash.

It will, of course, if you buy quality.

A good solid worsted cloth will fit the bill. You'll really be able to thump it round the town for a couple of years before it shows any signs of shabbiness—and it should last four years.

Now, if it's going to give you a good return, this suit must fit. Really fit! It'll have to have that little thing called "cut."

Dad's a help here. He can stand off and view the suit for you and tell you what impression it's making.

Don't feel you've got to flatter him and try the sort of suit that would suit him. You've got a different physique—or you should have—so you have to buy a different line.

Try the special Collegiate type, specially tailored for the more athletic young feller. It's built for the broad shoulders, slim waist and hips physique.

You want fashion built into that suit, too. The latest.

Don't get us wrong, though. By fashion we still mean something that's not too jazzy for work. Something comfortable that will give you confidence—the junior-executive look.

And don't worry that the fashion will wear out before the suit. Men's fashion moves more gently than women's. It moves in approximately four-yearly cycles, so you're set.

So, what fashion would you like?

The one that's in now? The three-button style? High-buttoned coat with narrow lapels and slim-tapering, cuffed trousers?

Or the newer modification that's coming in fast, according to Ron Bennett, a men's-wear authority, of Newtown, Sydney?

### New style

This is the Continental style. The coat has two buttons and it's slightly more cut away in front. It's shorter than the three-button style, too, and has two natty little side splits, which show the coat lining in sombre club stripes.

The trousers are 17 inches wide at the bottom and are cuffless.

Now the color question. What

about one of the new burnished colors? Still conservative, like that ubiquitous banker's grey, but they have more warmth—a touch of yellow, brown, or olive-green in the weave of the material.

And these tones run through all the accessories that go with the suit.

What's news in accessories?

**SHOES** are Italian inspired. Pointed toes are edging into fashion, and the leather is suede or a dull-finished crinkly goatskin. Soles are leather, light and flexible.

It's a more elegant, less clumpy shoe than last year's, and there's more of it.

It creeps right up to cover the arch of the foot. This gives extra support, and it also gives a better look with the new, cuffless, tapered trousers. The old, more-open type of shoe would show too much sock.

And **SOCKS**, what we can see of them, are conservatively colored, blending with the buff, burnished shoe tones.

The new **SHIRT** fashions are American influenced, with the pin-through collar or the Ivy League button-down style.

Plain colors are going out, and coming in are the small, neat check patterns or the fine stripes—all conservative and tasteful.

**TIES** tie in with the shirt fashion pattern. They're the good old regimental stripes, or they may have small, all-over designs. The fabric is a pure, good-looking silk.

Ties and shirts call for jewellery—masculine, workmanlike jewellery. Instead of the tiepin or slide, the ultimate this season is the tie tack. This is a stud-like affair, a small tack which fastens the tie unobtrusively to the shirt.

The motif—and this usually matches the cufflinks—is heraldic, with horses, lions, rampant or couchant, and fleur-de-lis.

The finishing touch is the **HAT**. Just a little hat in felt, with a Tyrolean touch in the small, turned-up brim, and band of brilliant feathers.

### Sportswear

You're going to buy sportswear, too? Watch out, then, for the new student-style cavalry-twill trousers. The good thing about these is that they're not meant to have creases. The same applies to the new suede-finished cotton trousers and all those fine corduroys.

Just the sort of shirt to wear with them is the new shirt-sweater. This combines the look of a shirt, with its button-to-the-

neck collar, and the sweater: warmth of banlon or wool and mohair mixture.

You still prefer the old separate shirt? That's O.K. They're in a looser-weave cotton nowadays and can be worn with a vest—a cross between a waistcoat and a cardigan.

You'll need a sporting hat to go with all this. The suede-finished cloth cap, with an Ivy League buckle at the back, is tipped top favorite.

Hats go with coats, and the coats which go with a bang this season are the three-quarter-length car coats or the Continental-type knee-length raincoat. Light as a feather in proof-finished poplin, it has built-in warmth in Tattersall-check linings.

Raincoat colors are clear-cut: black—especially black—or off-white.

What about dressy occasions?

Forget about the tuxedo. They're so hard to clean and they're going out fast. The replacement is the silk suit in a dark blue or dark grey.

An ordinary silk lounge suit will fit in almost anywhere, but if you've got the cash and a steady stream of big social outings you're better off with the new draped-lapel silk dinner jacket.

And don't forget the shirt to



# NEW FASHIONS FOR YOUNG MEN

GOING EUROPEAN?  
Smart young men are  
already "gone" on this  
two-button Continental-  
style suit. Note the shorter  
coat, the slanting pockets,  
the cuffless trousers.



THE VEST is best under a  
junior-executive-style suit  
this season. It combines  
the comfort of a cardigan  
with waistcoat smartness.

to with it. A white shirt,  
please, but you can let go with  
the design of pleats and ruffles  
down the front.

But, hey! You only came in  
to buy one town-going suit. No  
matter. Just remember, if you  
succumb to the temptations of  
the well-stocked shop, buy  
quality if you want a good re-  
turn for your money.

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — April 13, 1960

Teenagers' Weekly — Page 9





Louise  
Hunter

## Here's your answer

### Shy at 17

"I AM 17, and recently a girl moved in next door to my cousin, who lives about 10 miles away. Each time I visit my cousin's place I have seen this girl, but I have never spoken to her. Her mother knows me, but the girl hasn't been introduced to me. I know she knows my name, because her mother has spoken to her about me. The girl is 15 and is still going to school. She is fairly tall for her age and she looks about 16 or 17. It seems that I am shy and she is shy. I would like to speak to her, and, if possible, to get to know her, so I can perhaps take her out on a date. She is not very good-looking, but she fascinates me. What I am afraid of is opening my mouth and getting the cold-shoulder treatment. Of course, if her mother said she was too young to go out with boys I would leave it at that. I've been chewing this problem over for months. I haven't got a teenage crush, I've got a feeling of 'Well, that's a decent girl I'd like to know.' I have never had a date or a girl-friend. Do you think I should make a move towards getting to know her with the object of getting her out on a date in the future or leave the situation be?"

"Shy," Qld.

I think you should try to get to know her better, with the object of taking her out after she is 16 and finished school.

Any serious romantic attachment is a bad thing before a girl is 16, and at 15 a girl's schooling is the most important thing in her life. I don't believe her mother would allow her to go out on solo dates with you at

her age. I wouldn't. I think at her age outings with boys should be restricted to those at which it is necessary to have a male escort at, say, a school dance, or to outings with a group of young people.

Don't misunderstand me. I do not see anything but good for a girl of her age in a friendship with a boy. But it is very hard today, where such emphasis is put on romance, to keep a friendship a friendship. Boys worry if they are not more than friendly with a girl in case they are not like everyone else they read about; girls do the same. It is a difficult situation.

If you can get round it on a friendly basis that would be admirable. I don't think you'd get the cold shoulder. Girls like boys.

### Will it be love?

"I AM 18 and my boy-friend is 21.

We were very attracted to each other when we first met and we get on extremely well together. He is the only boy in whose company I feel relaxed and natural. We are not in love with each other, but both feel as though we've known each other for about six months, although it is only a month since we met and started seeing a lot of each other. We both admit we miss each other very much when we go a couple of days without seeing each other. I don't even feel as if I have a crush on this boy. But I feel he is just what I've always dreamed of. The main part of what I am trying to say, and ask you, is that I have thought of other boys over the past few years, and somehow always something about them annoyed me, or there was always something about them I could pick fault

with. However, with this boy-friend there is nothing whatsoever about him that I dislike, and to my surprise he said the same thing about me. He has told me I am just the type of girl he would like to marry and he is very sincere. Do you think this sounds just like a friendship that will break up in time, or do you think from what I have told you that we may grow to love each other? I certainly hope that you can help me, as I don't seem to be able to come to any sort of conclusion myself."

"Jonnie," S.A.

It is very flattering of you to ask me, but I have no power that allows me to foretell the future. The only thing I have is more experience than you.

From my experience, the two of you sound as if you are in the midst of a friendship that could well be the big thing in your lives. But you never know. Six months from now everything could be quite different and you could feel the same, only more so, about another boy. What I am saying is that only time will give you the answer to your problems. I hope it gives you the answer you want.

### Longing for kiss

"I HAVE been going with a boy for two months, and we go out regularly about twice a week. I am 18 and he is 23. I like him very much and I am sure he likes me, but the only trouble is he hasn't kissed me yet. We enjoy each other's company very much, and if he didn't care for me I don't know what I would do. Do you think I could take the first step? If so, just how would I go about it, or do you think it would make me look forward? Please help me if you can, as I can go out with other boys, but I only want the one I have. If only he would kiss me I would be sure."

"Worried," Vic.

You'd better leave that first kiss to him. You are such a worrier that if you took the initiative you'd probably think he'd never have kissed you unless you started it.

It is a bit hard to get a kiss off your mind, but you'll have to try, because while you're dwelling on it the way you are it just won't happen. When you stop thinking of these things they happen. I'd go on the way you are for a bit and see what happens.

But kiss or no kiss, you can be sure he likes you. Otherwise he wouldn't be around the way he is.

### That first smile

"AT the church and school I attend there is a boy who seems very nice, but I know him only by sight. My mother and I both know his mother slightly, but so far I don't seem to be able to get introduced to him. When he is alone at church, etc., and I notice him, he always blushes and avoids looking my way, yet when he is with his boy-friends he shows off in front of them and acts like he doesn't even care or want to know me. Do you think he does care? And why does he act so strangely? I would give anything to know him properly, but I'm not sure if I should smile and encourage him. Is it my place to smile first, or should I wait for him to break the ice?"

"Pondering," N.S.W.

You should smile at him if you want to know him better. It is the girl's place to smile first. If she doesn't, convention says she doesn't want to know the boy any better. Indeed, the lack of a smile is regarded as a silent but quite plain message that saves a girl from the embarrassment of unwanted attentions, if there are any such things.

## A WORD FROM DEBBIE

HOW is your letter-writing know-how? It's a great thing to know the rules; they're easy, and once known are easily remembered. Here are a few basic ones:

**Personal Letters:** Write them on anything in any colored ink, and these days it really doesn't matter. BUT if you're mixing in circles where Doing the Right Thing is The Thing, use paper that is so restrained it is hardly noticed. A double or single sheet of notepaper in white, off-white, grey, or blue, with the address written by hand or engraved in the top right-hand corner, is correct. Fancy touches like deckled edges, initials, or colored borders are not done.

"Dear So-and-so" starts any letter, no matter how personal. Endings are different. Letters to acquaintances are generally closed with "Yours sincerely," to people you know well "Yours," and with "Love" to close friends and relatives.

When you address the envelope, the first rule is legibility. These days when addressing a man never use Esq. It belongs to a different age, not ours, and if used is also regarded as rather pretentious.

A man is addressed as Mr. X. Y. Zee, his wife as Mrs. X. Y. Zee, his son as X. Zee (Master has joined Esq. as out of date), his daughter as Miss Y. Zee, or if you are writing one letter to his two daughters you address them as Misses X. and Y. Zee. Right?

You can write or type a personal letter. The days when a typed personal letter was beyond everything are gone. A typewritten letter is considered to be friendly and correct, except on such occasions as a letter of sympathy or acknowledging the most formal invitations.

The Duchess of Windsor has all her letters typed, but she writes the beginning, "Dear Debbie," and the ending, "Yours, Wallis," by hand.

I shouldn't think this boy cares for you. How could he? He doesn't know you yet. But I think he obviously would like to know you better. Try the smile routine and leave the rest to him.

Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.





# Beauty for beginners

By Carolyn Earle

● When the tomboy turns teenager, the beauty business takes a whole new turn. Now comes the fun and the questions—dozens of them—about everything under the sun that's so important when you are 13 or 14-going-on-15 and eager to look as pretty as possible. Here, then, are some of the questions on grooming that young girls ask, together with our answers.

**Q. Should I wash my face with soap and water?**

**A.** If your skin is dry, wash it once a day with a bland soap and lukewarm water. If it's fairly oily, wash it thoroughly several times a day with soap and warm water. Hard scrubbing is not needed, indeed it may even be an aggravation. If your skin shows any pimples or irritations, apply an antiseptic lotion. For normal skin wash well once daily with suitable soap and lukewarm water, always ending with a cool rinse.

**Q. How can I tell my skin type?**

**A.** Oily skin is easy: symptoms—shiny nose, blackheads, or pimples. Dry skin: flaky surface, tight feeling. If you own a healthy, normal skin, well, you're lucky and probably know it.

**Q. How can I help keep my skin free of blackheads and bumps?**

**A.** Thorough cleanliness is the first requisite. Wash two or three times a day with medicated soap (your chemist will recommend one) and warm water, and invest some pocket-money in beauty grains for once-in-a-while treatments. Give lots of thought also to the food you eat, exercise, sleep, and emotional upsets—all common causes of skin that tends to "break out."

**Q. Should I use cream on my face?**

**A.** A good general rule for the young is—no face creams. However, if you are one of those rare young girls with a smooth, rather dry or sunburned complexion, you may want to use a little nourishing cream occasionally after washing. There are special light tissue creams for young skins. Smooth on cream with an upward sweep and remove with tissues.

**Q. How can I get rid of freckles?**

**A.** I know of no preparation that will remove freckles while you wait. Light freckles usually fade of their own accord once the heat goes out of the sun, and if you like you can help them fade by using sour milk as a mild bleach twice weekly.

**Q. Should I use any make-up?**

**A.** It's a burning question and rather depends on your age, your circle of friends, and your mother's opinion. Generally, no make-up is needed before you're 13. After that a bit of pale lipstick and maybe nail enamel for special occasions keeps a girl happy. You can either use a little powder to take the shine off your nose, or follow the lead of our smiling teen-model at right and let your lipstick pick up the young, shiny look of natural skin.

**Q. Should I match my lipstick to my costume?**

**A.** No. Choose pretty pale colors that accent your own coloring and "go" with everything you wear.

**Q. Should I use eye make-up?**

**A.** No. No pencil, mascara, or eyeshadow, but, if you like, brush your eyebrows and lashes with oil or light pomade.

**Q. Should I use a deodorant?**

**A.** Yes, indeed. Your daily bath is not enough to check perspiration, which starts again the minute you step from the tub. And you'll find that you're apt to perspire more at times when you are emotionally disturbed, either happily or unhappily. So do play safe and make a deodorant a "must" for grooming.

**Q. Should I pluck my eyebrows?**

**A.** It's usually not necessary, but if you feel they are straggly pluck if you must and always from underneath. Never disturb the natural line or you'll destroy all your best expressions.

**Q. How can I have nice nails?**

**A.** Wash your hands as often as they get dirty. Keep your cuticles well pushed back from the nail by using an orange-stick dipped in oil or cream. Never cut the cuticle. Be sure your nails are clean, buffed, and neatly filed at all times.







AT 18 MONTHS Janet Prance was taking her first steps to success . . .



AT NINE YEARS she was a ballet dancer and actress

# MODEL SUCCESS AT 14

By Don Lipscombe

● A long leg sheathed in tartan toreadors came around the door, followed by a beautiful girl who looked as if she were playing peep-bo, not modelling for the exacting precision of the television cameras.

"WOW, who's this?" whispered a technician, echoing the question being asked all over Perth since Janet Prance first appeared on commercial television a few weeks ago. Janet's new look is her most striking feature.

She has the standard modelling attributes of grace, poise, and beauty — the grace perhaps from years of dancing, and the poise could be the product of a rigorous deportment course.

This time last year she was a second-year student at Mt. Lawley High School. Now she is a successful model, working her way to the top.

And that could be the end of the story if it were not for one fact: Janet is only 14 years old.

Many people, after seeing her modelling and hearing her age, have said:

"She'll be old by the time she's 21."

But when you meet Janet—or, perhaps more important, when you meet the people she works with—you realise immediately how wrong this assumption is.

Janet is completely unaffected and unspoilt.

Mrs. Isabel Ramsay, head of the mannequin academy where she works, said:

"Janet is the sweetest girl you could meet.

"She has a lovely figure and we're all very proud of her,

but she is the type of girl who will always be beautiful.

"I've seen so many girls who are outstanding in their teens lose it all in their early twenties. But I'm sure that won't happen to Janet.

"Janet is fresh and poised, and that makes her look a lot older than she is. But she's not overdeveloped, and the things that make her so outstanding can't be lost."

Long-limbed and slim, Janet gives the impression of tallness, although she is only 5ft. 5in.

She has big blue eyes, clear skin, beautifully white teeth, and brown hair in a semi-bouffant style.

## "Really good fun"

On any beach you could probably find a girl to match her for physical beauty, but it's Janet's favorite expression — "It's all really good fun" — that is the key to her success.

What shows when she is working is a subtle blend of rigorous training spurred by sheer determination, and an attitude that seems to say: "I'm having a wonderful time."

Janet has no gimmicks — no cute nose or spectacular hair or coy smile. Her secret is just that: She IS having a wonderful time, even though she has to work hard.

Her salary on normal jobs is about £8/10/- a week, although by the time she turns 15 in September she may be earning more like £30 a week.

A recent typical working week went something like this:

**Monday:** Fitting and preparations in the early morning followed by a parade through the city on a float, dressed as a milkmaid, holding up bottles for more than an hour and smiling to the crowd.

**Tuesday:** Coaching six- to 16-year-olds in deportment at the academy in the morning and doing the academy's secretarial work all afternoon.

**Wednesday:** A buyers' agency parade of new-season underwear, where women buyers from the bigger stores come to see what's new in fashions.

**Thursday:** A repeat of Wednesday.

**Friday:** Back to the academy on office work in the morning, with a trip to the photographer in the afternoon.

Into this schedule add two nights at business college, to brush up on shorthand-typing, time out for dancing lessons, and perhaps one evening job a week, and there you have the picture.

Janet still has time for "great fun" socially, too. With other teenagers she gets plenty of surfing and dancing on the no-steadies-and-early-curfew arrangement.

Perhaps the only line that

can be drawn between Janet Prance the model and Jan the teenager comes about 5 p.m., when she goes home, takes off the heavy make-up needed in so many of her jobs, and changes into a pair of jeans or shorts.

But even then it is a fine line, for each is as sweet as the other. The youthful freshness and lack of affectation make Jan both a successful model and a nice girl.

## Long training

This, too, has guarded her against what is often considered to be a ruthless business.

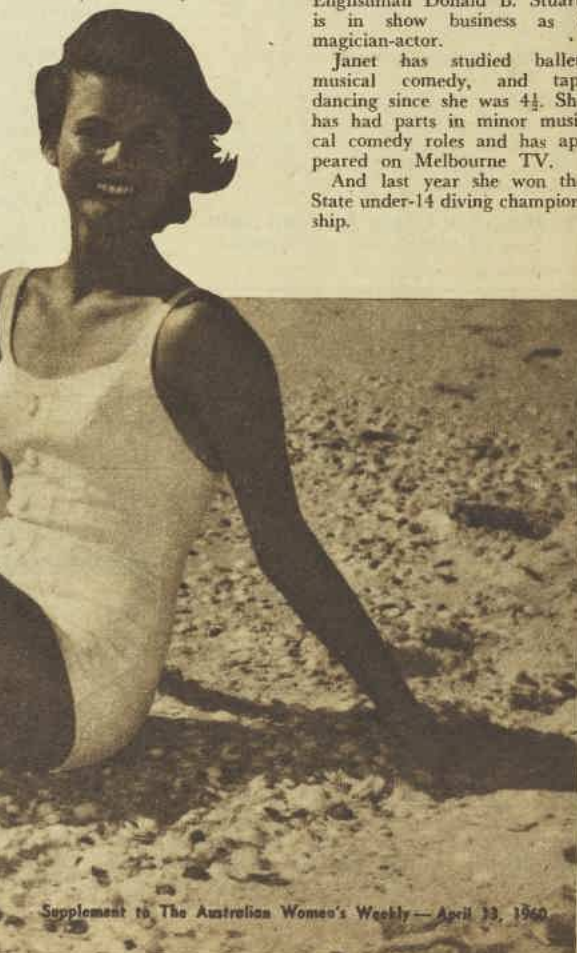
She is sincere when she says: "I've never had any trouble with cattiness in my job. All the girls seem to be helping me."

A combination of training and inborn grace and beauty made it almost inevitable that Janet would become a girl people-turn to look at a second time.

Her father and mother are both physical-education teachers, her 26-year-old brother, Bruce, was an outstanding tower diver, and an uncle, Englishman Donald B. Stuart, is in show business as a magician-actor.

Janet has studied ballet, musical comedy, and tap-dancing since she was 4½. She has had parts in minor musical comedy roles and has appeared on Melbourne TV.

And last year she won the State under-14 diving championship.



... AND AT 14 (below) she is a successful model — and champion diver.



# So you want to go on the land!



● Walk down the streets of any big Australian city and you can't miss him. You know him by his hurried, short-stepping walk, his big slouchy hat perhaps, or his weather-beaten face. He is the man on the land.

TO thousands of young Australians he is a symbol of freedom—of life in wide, open spaces untroubled by the petty irritations of city life.

He spells adventure and independence. His is the kind of life that city folk envy, but few encourage their sons to follow.

But perhaps you are the sort that can't be discouraged by talk of isolation, floods, and drought, tough living conditions, long working hours.

The wide, open spaces have shrunk, but there is still room for you if your heart is set on a career on the land.

The "shrinking" has meant closer settlement and scientific land development—undreamed of by the farmer of yesterday.

Researchers have found how to turn desert wastes into lush pastures—by putting into the soil the minerals it lacks. They have discovered grasses that will thrive in almost rainless areas.

Science in the world's workshops has turned out fantastically powerful machinery that makes scrub land into fields—all ready for fencing and planting.

Engineers have put their skills to irrigating thirsty land.

## Experience needed

All over Australia hundreds of thousands of once-useless acres are sprouting farms.

Land tenure of the new farm land is no longer limited to

ex-servicemen. But it is limited to experienced people.

There are established farms, too, on the market—many of them getting a new look—thanks to science.

All the time opportunities for young farmers are growing. But don't expect to get rich quick.

How does a lad learn about farming, whether it be sheep, wheat, pigs, poultry, cattle, fruit, rice, tobacco, lucerne, fat lambs, dairying, or what have you?

## How to start

An Agricultural College education would be an enormous help. The days of farming by instinct are gone. You need some sort of specialist knowledge, then a few years' experience on the type of farm you want to own.

A boy who takes a job as a farmhand straight from school—when he's 15—will earn about £6/15/ a week. The award goes up year by year.

With some experience behind him he may become a share-farmer. He may even own a tractor by then.

Next step, if he has kept his nose to the grindstone and saved, is to become his own boss.

What this will cost depends entirely on the kind of farm he wants, and where.

Land costs up to £40 an acre on Queensland's Atherton Tableland. River-flat country in New South Wales may cost £100 an acre. An acre of ground can cost £1000 if you want to grow wine.

You can own your own

By Jo Williams

farm without being a millionaire; but you will need a few thousand to buy "the dirt."

Then you may call on banks, insurance companies, stock and station agents, pastoral companies to help you buy stock and equipment.

And you may call on Government experts for free advice on soil, stock, and crops.

What about the boy who hankers after life "in the outback," in the big, endless country where people think in miles, not acres?

The outback can offer an interesting, exciting, and sometimes profitable, career, and his best starting point is as a jackeroo.

Vast areas of the Kimberleys, the Northern Territory, far North Queensland, and some parts of New South Wales are controlled by big

companies which take on jackeroos every year.

Generally, the bigger the pastoral company he joins the better. There is more room at the top and less chance of finding himself with nowhere to go at 40.

## "Can you ride?"

If you decide to go jackerooing in the cattle country, the first thing you will be asked is, "Can you ride a horse?" The boy who can't ride at all is a risk that most employers would rather not take.

He starts his new life on £5 to £6/10/- a week in far northern areas. In New South Wales his wage is set by mutual agreement with the employer. His keep is thrown in.

A young man may climb to head stockman in five or six years, with wages of £15 to £16 a week, plus a cottage for wife and family. They are kept, too.

Then there are overseer's and manager's jobs. A manager may start at £1000 a year and go up to £2000 or more, with a home and staff and full keep for the family.

To buy into a sheep or cattle station today would require enormous capital—say £20,000 to £30,000 for a one-man living area with sheep; cattle could run you into £100,000.

You might be lucky and win a ballot. You'd still have to spend thousands AND thousands, but experience could buy you financial backing.

Going bush without buying a property can lead to a dead end, but you can find a way round it if you set out equipped with a reasonable education—Intermediate standard at least.

Then there are lots of things that you can do.

Work with a stock agent could be the answer for a boy who's looking for a compromise between town and country, and a job where his country experience would be invaluable.

The younger he is when he makes the switch the better, of course.

He would go from "junior" to stock salesman to assistant manager of a country branch. In New South Wales he would be earning more than £1000 a year minimum by the time he was 27.

Another way of going bush is to do an Agricultural Science course at a university. Then you could take your pick of dozens of jobs.

You could work with the C.S.I.R.O., a Government department, private industry, go farming on your own. The opportunities for a man with an Ag. Science degree are enormous.

## Scholarships

If you cannot afford the course, work hard at school and try to win a Government traineeship or Commonwealth Scholarship to take you to the university.

Finally, if you want to go on the land, find out all you can about it first.

Ask farmers and graziers for their advice—and listen to it. Go to see your local agricultural officer, stock agents, read everything about the land you can lay your hands on.

The career you want could be waiting for you—if you don't mind hard work.



# TEENNA BY Lilla Teug



## A GUY on dull dolls whispers . . . SWEET NOTHINGS!

● Girls are traditionally great talkers, who chatter so much they make radio announcers seem at a loss for words.

**M**AYBE that's so — when they're among themselves. But, in many cases, when a girl is out with a boy it's like Christmas—a Silent Night!

Yes, it's a decided failing of too many girls that their conversations don't match their other social graces.

And, because I believe that girls' mouths should be used for a purpose other than being smeared with lipstick, let's look at some typical offending lasses (whose verbal contributions are so slight that I call them "sweet nothings") in detail:

A familiar figure in my collection of girls whose lips are really sealed is *Soft Shoe Sue*.

Sue is the quietest dancer in the history of the light fantastic. She may dance like Cyd Charisse, but her tongue isn't anywhere near as active.

She usually refuses to say a word

to her partner. And even when she does open her mouth her small (really small) talk would bore Simple Simon to tears.

Another girl who spoils her cuteness with muteness is *Diner Unsure*, who won't talk, let alone sing, for her supper.

Diner is a really quiet eater—and I'm not referring to her soup-sipping habits. She is, in fact, so quiet on a dinner date that she makes the soft music sound like a brass band!

I've become so desperate on a date with a Diner that I've purposely hogged all the condiments just so she'll break the ice with "Pass the salt!"

Yet another girl who fits into my Silent Service, even though she manages to say a few words regularly, is *Deadpan Anne*.

Anne's conversation is devoid of all emotion — and consequently upsets her escorts because she never sounds enthusiastic about anything they do together.

Here's an example of Anne's unflattering patter:

Anne's Man: Man, the surf is terrific!

Anne: Hlikeittoo.

But she says it as if she were discussing the taste qualities of castor oil!

A lass in the same verbal boat as Anne is *Monosyllable Sybil*, who is a kind of girlish Gary Cooper.

Sybil makes things short and not so sweet.

"Enjoying yourself?" her boy will say on a date.

"Yup," says Sybil.

"Anything I can get you?"

"Nup."

And so it goes on: a mumble of "yup" and "nup" — until he gives her UP!

Of course, an explanation for all these girls balking at talking is shyness.

If that is the answer, then it's unfortunate, but still something must be done.

For just as a bloke's faint heart ne'er won fair lady, the faint (voiced) lady ne'er wins the bloke!

But shyness isn't always the explanation. Often it's just plain

dumbness—in the mental, not the physical, handicap sense.

Many girls don't speak up for themselves because they really have nothing to talk about.

So when a bloke says to his girl, "Bad train crash the other day, wasn't it?" she doesn't answer him because she hasn't read anything except the latest issue of "True Mush."

She thinks Fidel Castro is a brand of motor oil!

So please, girls, speak to me—and to all the other fellows whom you cut off with a wall of silence or, at best, half-hearted natter.

Silence may be golden—but it's not for mine!

Of course, I wouldn't like my dates to talk all the time we're out together.

At the front door, for instance, after the brawl is over, the less said the better.

For I agree that in those circumstances actions DO speak better than words.

—Robin Adair





other people's jobs . . .

## Meet a VETERINARY'S ASSISTANT... a Basset Hound . . . and the Telegraph...

Our photographer—a friend to man, beast, and the “Daily Telegraph” alike—mentioned that this *Other People's Jobs* series hadn't yet included anyone who works with animals. “I happen to know,” he said, “a charming girl who works at an animals' hospital . . .”

“Does she read the ‘Telegraph’?” we asked.

“Doesn't everybody?” he countered, raising both eyebrows over an innocent expression that we should have learned to mistrust on sight by now. So off we went: to an animals' hospital at North Turramurra, where we met Linda Miller and one of the veterinary surgeons for whom she works. Linda was helping to arrange a large heap of basset hound puppy into a position suitable for X-raying his shoulder. We started off with question No. 1 as usual: What are the qualifications for this job?

“Well, there are two obvious requirements,” said Linda, “you have to like animals a lot—and they have to like you. However, you must be very sure about what's involved in liking animals enough to care for them when they're sick or injured—you can't be much help, for instance, unless you can control squeamishness. The rest lies in learning by experience, and as I've only just finished my first three months here I've got an awful lot to learn!”

We digested this and fired question No. 2: Do you read the “Daily Telegraph” every morning? “No,” said Linda.

We threw a bitter glance of reproach at our photographer. He was loading film. We looked at the basset hound. He was asleep.

“Of course,” said Linda. “I get the ‘Telegraph’ pretty often, but some days are so busy they just whiz by!”

Better. But not good enough. Do you know, we asked Linda, that everybody should read a daily newspaper? **Daily!** And that the “Daily Telegraph” is the **brightest** of daily newspapers with a happy gift for being as entertaining as it is informative?

“Yes,” said Linda, “you're quite right.” We left it as that and walked out to the car wagging our imaginary tails.

PEOPLE AT THE TOP TOMORROW  
READ THE TELEGRAPH TODAY

# Daily Telegraph





**TOMMY SANDS**

Page 16 — Teenagers' Weekly

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — April 13 1960





**No. 5598**  
Classically tailored dress (left) is firmly belted at the normal waistline. The cross-over collarless bodice top is finished with three-quarter-length sleeves. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 54in. material. Pattern price 4/6.



**No. 5723**  
Figure-moulding slender-line sheath dress (right) is accented at the normal waistline with a shoestring belt. The bodice has a bateau-shaped neckline. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ yds. 54in. material. Price 4/6.



**No. 5722**  
Chanel-inspired cardigan suit (left). The jacket has wrist-length sleeves and a single-breasted fastening finished with a self-material band trim. The skirt is straight cut. The blouse is not included in the pattern. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 54in. material. Price 4/6.



she enjoys  
every  
weekend



For freedom unlimited  
on difficult days, she chooses Meds.  
Meds is the safe, absorbent, internal  
protection that ensures complete  
comfort, for even the most active girls.  
Enjoy company with confidence—with Meds.  
(Packet of 10, 2/6—with applicators, 4/-.)

**Meds**  
tampons



For free informative booklet  
mailed in plain wrapper,  
write to—

NURSE REID, JOHNSON & JOHNSON  
BOX 3331, G.P.O., SYDNEY, N.S.W.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

STATE \_\_\_\_\_



WW 13-4-60

PRODUCT OF JOHNSON & JOHNSON—THE MOST TRUSTED NAME IN SURGICAL DRESSINGS

Start the weekend  
well with

**Weekend**



1/- from  
your newsagent

♡♡♡♡♡  
**Staisweet**  
Stay as sweet as you are with  
**Staisweet**  
The Deodorant you can trust  
**Staisweet**  
♡♡♡♡♡

—SEW for Your Home—

Continuing

## LOOSE COVERS

### STITCH CORDING INTO SEAMS →

NOW you are ready for the home stretch of sewing the welting into the seams.

First practise on the short, straight pieces of corner boxings on back of chair. Next stitch top of arms and round the back. Stitch as tightly as you can against the cord. Stitch the length of a pin, pull it out, drop it in box, stitch again, pull pin out, and so on to end of seam. When one cord collides at right angles with another, such as where top arm cord meets cord round arm panel, catch the cord itself in your fingers and pull. Ruffle casing and whole seam back on itself and snip off cable cord where it meets exactly the cord from opposite direction. This will avoid a lump. Pull seam straight again, and there is a smooth, tailored corner.



### ← SEWING ON THE FRINGE

IF you've decided to trim the cover with fringe instead of welting, the whole procedure is different. You cannot pin the fringe into seams because there's no bulky, hard cord to guide your fingers.

First, notch both edges of fabric at intervals. Later these notches can be matched to join pieces as originally fitted. Then place a row of pins about 2in. back from seam line. Remove original fitting pins. Fold back top layer of fabric and stitch fringe to right side of bottom section on chalk-marked line. Fold top layer back over fringe, match notches, and stitch in place, as shown above. For even an irregular piece of furniture, such as a single-arm sofa section, the procedure for stitching on the fringe is the same.



### ↑ SEWING FLOUNCE ON THE COVER

TRY the cover on the chair and you'll see it is now beginning to look like a professionally made cover.

Tuck cover in, fit carefully and pin placket closed. Examine every seam carefully. If there are any slight bulges or the cord is too loosely stitched in place, don't be discouraged. Unpick and re-pin any error, because if you don't do it now you never will, and your eye will always catch the slight fault to dampen your pleasure.

While the cover is on the chair, mark with tailor's chalk the exact line for zip-fastener at placket opening. With yardstick, mark on cover the line for frounce, making sure it's the same height from floor on all sides. For frounce 9in. deep, the frounce line should be 9 1/2 in. from floor. Frounce will then just clear floor to hang properly.

Remove cover from chair and re-sew any mistakes. Press frounce pleats firmly. With frounce upside down and facing cover, stitch them both together, following frounce line in chalk as guide. The frounce hangs better if pleats are eased at corners so the space between, instead of a pleat, falls at the corner.

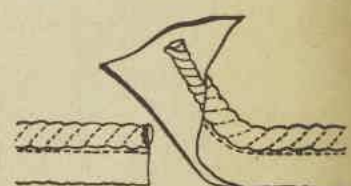


### ↑ STITCHING IN ZIP-FASTENER

IF cord at top of frounce does not match exactly on both sides, unpin one side and raise frounce so both sides match perfectly. Have placket opening 1in. longer than teeth of zip-fastener.

Place tab end of closed zip-fastener 1in. above bottom of frounce. Notch each side of fastener tape at spot where it covers cording at top of frounce. Above cording on cover's arm side, place closed fastener with its right side facing cover's right side. Place fastener on top of cord. Notches on fastener tape should match frounce cord and tab should match frounce hem top. Stitch seam closely as possible to fastener's teeth and cording.

For other side of fastener, again match tab with frounce hem and notch with frounce cord. Pin fastener tape to back of cover and stitch along outside edge of fastener tape. This stitching should be 1/2 in. outside fastener line you marked on back of cover. Turn cover right side out and then pull. Pin fold to cover teeth of fastener and meet cord on opposite side. Turn cover wrong side out again and tightly stitch fold you just pinned in place against fastener's teeth.



### ↑ JOINING CORD FOR CUSHION

BEGINNING at centre back of cushion cover and leaving 1/2 in. of cord end free, stitch cord round cushion's outer edges, both top and bottom.

Snip a couple of notches in edge of cord tape to make sharp, square corners. Overlap 1 1/2 in. of cord at back, cut off remainder. On one side, unpick cord casing for 1 1/2 in. and cut out cable inside so it meets exactly the other cable end. (See top sketch.) Fold open casing in half on bias and lay it down on cover, as shown in second sketch. Place covered cord on top of this fold. Now pull open casing together over cord and stitch in place.

Stitch zip-fastener in centre of boxing strips cut for it. Pin boxing on front of one cushion top so design is centred. Stitch in place tightly against cord.

Centre zip-fastener section at back and stitch it to within 2in. of ends of zip-fastener. Stitch sides of cushion and make 1/2 in. fold over zip-fastener section where they meet. Open fastener part way so cover can be turned right side out later.

Match and pin bottom cushion cover to boxing at four corners. As with top side, stitch first the front of cushion, then back, and, lastly, the sides.

Now all the work on your cover and cushion is almost complete. However, to make it look a really professional piece of work, take time to give it a few finishing touches.

The panel at left gives hints on how to do this, and how to wash and iron the cover when it needs it.

### TAKE TIME TO NEATEN OFF THE COVER

AFTER you have finished all the fitting and sewing of the cover, take just a few more minutes to tidy it on the wrong side. Trim off all loose threads and ends of cord. Because it fits perfectly now, all seams can be trimmed down to 1/4 in.

If you have a machine that will sew zig-zag stitch, set the machine to longest and widest stitch and overcast all seams. You will find that the cover fits even better after this clean-up job.

Washing and Ironing: Washable fabrics should be damp-dried. Press the frounce pleats, then fit the still damp cover on chair to finish drying. Persistent wrinkles can be pressed out right on the chair.



# Simple cheese dishes

● Add the distinctive flavor of cheese to your family-style recipes. It will give a lift to easy-to-make dishes for breakfast, lunch, or dinner.

**SELECT** cheese according to your taste. Some like it soft and mild, some prefer it matured and tasty, and others like to give their foods a Continental touch by using the new, richly flavored cheeses now being made in Australia.

Use level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup for all these recipes. They are sufficient for a family of five or six.

## OLD-FASHIONED MACARONI AND CHEESE

Half pound uncooked macaroni, 2oz. butter or substitute, 1 finely chopped onion, 2 tablespoons flour,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoons salt,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon cayenne,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon dry mustard, 2 cups milk, 1 tablespoon sherry, 1 egg,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups shredded tasty cheese.

Cook macaroni rapidly in saucepan of boiling salted water until tender. Drain and rinse. Melt butter and fry onion until soft but not browned. Add flour and seasonings; cook 2 or 3 minutes. Gradually add milk and sherry, stir constantly until boiling. Stir in egg and macaroni. Pour into casserole, sprinkle with cheese, bake in a moderate oven 20 to 30 minutes.

## CHEESE-AND-BACON PIE

**Pastry:** One and a half cups flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon salt, pinch garlic salt, pinch cayenne, 3oz. butter or substitute, 1 egg-yolk, 2 or 3 tablespoons water.

**Filling:** Six slices lean bacon, 4oz. sliced Swiss cheese, 4 eggs, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 large tin evaporated milk, salt, cayenne, parsley.

**SATISFYING and nourishing luncheon, tea, or supper dish is this tasty noodle casserole.**

**EVER-POPULAR** macaroni and cheese—try giving it your own individual touch by adding a pinch of oregano, a dash of chilli sauce, a little tomato paste, or slices of sauteed bacon or tomato.

Sift flour, baking powder, and seasonings together. Rub in butter with tips of fingers, and mix to firm dough with combined egg-yolk and water. Knead lightly, roll out and line an 8in. pie-plate. Decorate edge, brush with remaining egg-yolk and water.

Cut five slices bacon in small pieces and fry lightly, drain and spread over base of pastry-shell. Cover with cheese slices, pour over carefully a mixture of beaten eggs, flour, milk, and seasonings. Place in hot oven 10 minutes, reduce heat to moderate, cook further 30 minutes or until set. Garnish top with remaining bacon rolls or pieces and sprigs of parsley.

## EGG-AND-NOODLE BAKE

One 8oz. packet egg noodles, salt, 1 tin tomato soup, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, pinch cayenne,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup finely diced onion,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup diced parboiled celery, 3 eggs, 1 cup shredded tasty cheese.

Cook noodles in boiling salted water until barely soft, drain, and set aside. Combine tomato soup with Worcestershire sauce, salt, and cayenne. Hardboil the eggs; shell and slice. Arrange layers of all the ingredients in a greased casserole, finishing with egg slices and cheese. Place

in a moderate oven until well heated through (20 to 30 minutes).

## SALMON STRATA

One cup flaked salmon,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup diced shallots, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, salt, pepper, 6 slices day-old bread, 2oz. butter, 1 egg, 1 cup milk,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon mustard,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup grated processed cheese, 1 small tin cream of mushroom soup.

Combine salmon, shallots, and lemon juice together. Season with salt and pepper. Butter bread slices generously, make two triple-decker sandwiches with salmon mixture. Cut each diagonally, place in greased loaf-tin. Mix egg, milk, mustard, and cheese together, season and pour over sandwiches. Place in moderate oven 25 minutes. Heat mushroom soup, thinning with a little milk or water if necessary, and pour small quantity over each wedge before serving.

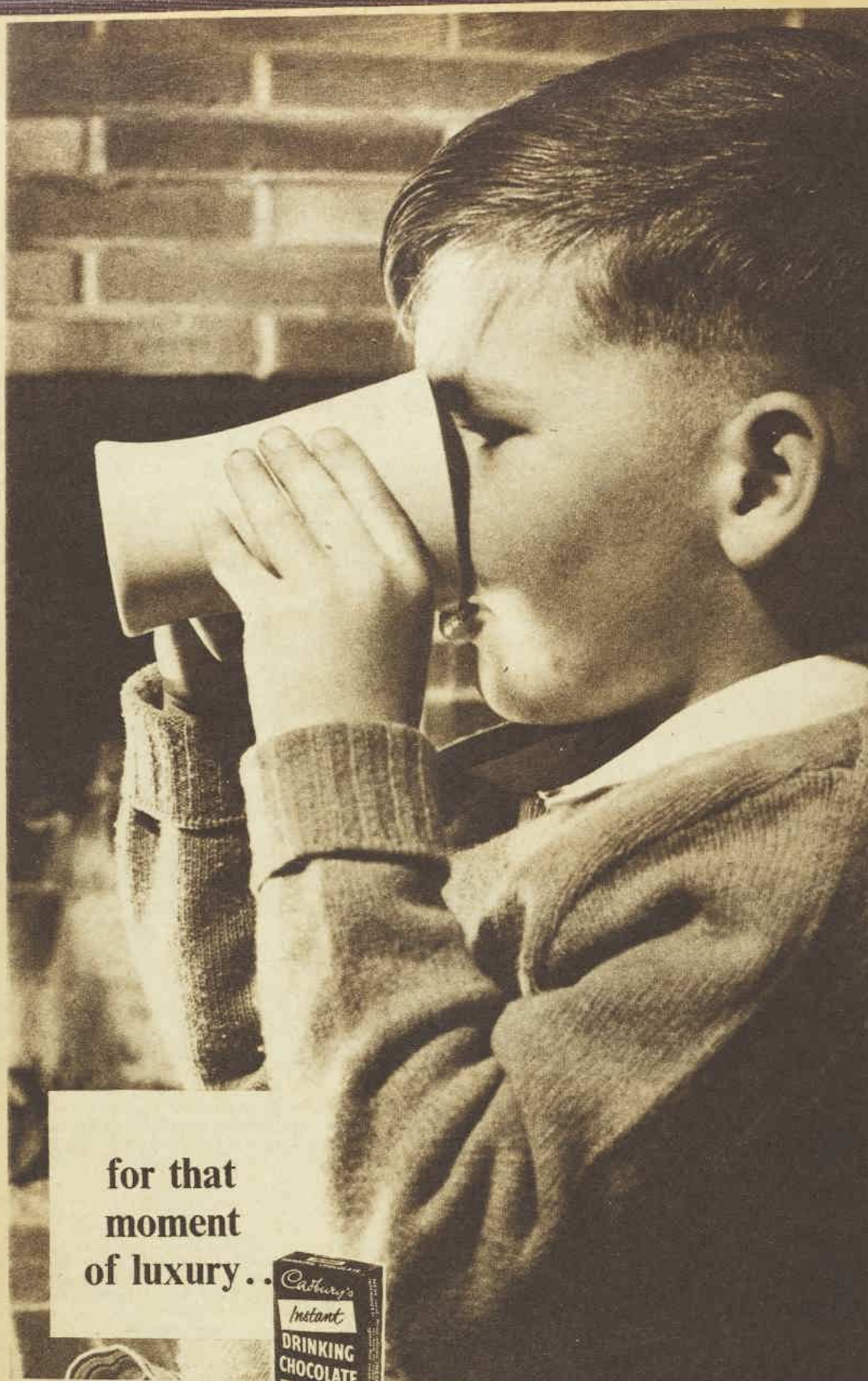
## RICE ITALIENNE

Three cups cooked rice, 2 tablespoons olive oil, 1 cup chopped green pepper, celery and onion medley, 1 cup diced skinned tomatoes, salt, pepper, oregano, 1 cup grated tasty cheese.

*Continued overleaf*

By LEILA C. HOWARD, OUR FOOD AND COOKERY EXPERT





for that  
moment  
of luxury..



... when he says, "Thanks, Mum,  
for remembering my Cadbury's".

Mum knows that the smooth, milk-chocolate taste and  
exquisite aroma of Cadbury's Drinking Chocolate creates  
moments of luxury for children. She knows, too, that  
Cadbury's does little tummies good and creates that  
mood of contentment which enhances every childhood activity.



## Cadbury's Drinking Chocolate

In ½-lb. and the 1-lb. economy packs. SO EASY TO MAKE . . . SO GOOD TO DRINK



**EGGS IN SALMON JACKETS** are a variation of a traditional Scotch recipe, and make ideal lunch packets for schoolchildren. The prizewinning recipe is given in the section below.

## Eggs in jackets win £5 prize

● This week the first prize of £5 is awarded for an egg-and-salmon recipe which can be served hot or cold.

As well as being simple to prepare, the main prizewinning recipe is easy to pack in the children's lunch boxes.

Consolation prize of £1 is for a recipe for a simple yet interesting way of making a cold chocolate dessert.

All spoon measurements are level.

### EGGS IN SALMON JACKETS

One 16oz. tin cooking salmon, 6 hard-boiled eggs, 1lb. potatoes, salt, cayenne pepper, grated rind of 1 lemon, 1 tablespoon finely chopped parsley, seasoned flour, egg-glazing, fine dried breadcrumbs, fat or oil for cooking, lemon wedges, parsley.

Drain salmon, remove bones, and mash or flake finely. Shell eggs, boil and mash potatoes. Combine salmon, potatoes, salt, cayenne, lemon rind, and parsley, and mix well. With lightly floured hands mould a coating of salmon mixture around each egg. Pat firmly into shape with flour, brush with egg-glazing, and roll in breadcrumbs. Lower in a basket into deep pan of heated fat or oil and fry until golden brown. Drain on absorbent paper and serve piping hot with thinly sliced potato crisps, lemon wedges, and parsley sprigs.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. L. Dew, c/o "Kippilaw" Past. Co., via Goulburn, N.S.W.

### CHOCOLATE FLUFF PUDDING

One pint milk, 2 tablespoons sugar, ½ teaspoon vanilla, 4 tablespoons cornflour, 2 egg-whites, 2oz. melted chocolate (or 3 tablespoons cocoa).

Blend cornflour and cocoa (if used) with some of the milk, add balance of milk and sugar. Stir over medium heat until very thick and smooth. Continue stirring until boiling, then simmer 3 or 4 minutes. Beat slowly until slightly cool, then beat in melted chocolate (if used),

and fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites and vanilla. Turn into wetted mould, cool, and chill. Serve with marshmallow sauce and whipped sweetened cream.

**Marshmallow Sauce:** Half cup sugar, ¼ cup water, 1 teaspoon gelatine, pinch of cream of tartar, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Place sugar, water, gelatine, and cream of tartar in a saucepan and boil steadily for 10 minutes. Cool. When beginning to thicken, add vanilla, and beat until white and fluffy. Serve immediately.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. J. Archibald, Box 6, Lockington, Vic.

## Simple cheese dishes

(from page 43)

Rice should be cold, in separate grains and reasonably dry. Heat oil, add diced pepper, celery, and onion; cook, stirring frequently, until vegetables are soft. Stir in tomatoes, seasonings to taste, and rice. Cover and cook slowly 15 to 20 minutes. Add cheese, mix through, and continue cooking until cheese is partially melted. Serve at once.

### CHEESE MUFFINS

Three-quarters cup flour, 2 teaspoons baking-powder, 1 teaspoon salt, 1½ tablespoons sugar, 1½oz. butter or substitute, ½ cup rolled oats, ½ teaspoon caraway seeds, 1 egg, 2-3rds cup milk, 2oz. soft-spreading processed cheese cut into twelve ½in. dice.

Sift flour, baking-powder, salt, and sugar into basin; rub in butter. Add rolled oats and caraway seeds. Mix to batter with beaten egg and milk. Spoon a little batter into 12 greased deep muffin-tins, place a piece of cheese in each, and then three-quarter fill tins with remaining batter. Bake in hot oven 20 minutes. Serve hot with butter.



# QUARRELS IN ADOLESCENCE

By RONALD McKIE

● Most people know a family or two where adolescents and parents snarl and nag and pick on each other. It's not a pretty sight or sound.

SOME quarrelling families don't even restrain themselves in front of visitors or strangers.

Father and Son clash—over Son's coming home late, his attitude to study, or perhaps his use of the car. Or, Father and Daughter gang up on Mother. Or Mother tries to dominate Daughter or over-protect Son.

There are many variations on the theme.

Some conflict in a family is healthy and inevitable. It would be dreary without it.

But there are families where life is hell.

Growing up is an important matter in any family, even

## Youth

when the members live together in reasonable amity.

But it involves so many changes and other factors that it can present serious problems.

Adolescence is a time of sudden and rapid physical change, with mental development advancing at a slower, more fluctuating pace.

The adolescent has to face a bagful of new problems—sexual development and adjustment to the other sex; growing independence of parental authority and family ties; choosing a career; working out a philosophy and a moral code.

### Overwhelmed

The real snag is that the adolescent—he or she—has to postpone the satisfaction of many of his wishes for the simple, exasperating reasons that he is still not much more than a child, and inexperienced, and still dependent.

A psychiatrist, who is primarily concerned with the mental health of children, explained it this way:

Behaviour in adolescence depends largely on the relationship between parents and child in the formative years (up to six or seven).

The child who, in these early years, is coddled by Mum, or overwhipped by Dad, or who feels unwanted, ignored, rebuffed, who is afraid of or lacks confidence in parent or parents, who feels he can't talk to them, stores up these unpleasant impressions.

But not for immediate use. Between the ages of seven and about 12, these early childhood feelings remain latent. This period is generally calm emotionally, with the relationship between child and parents reasonably stable.

But—and this is where the mayhem can begin—glandular changes at puberty intensify an adolescent's feelings, and emotional problems that have been dormant flare.

Almost anything can happen—and does.

The awakening child rebels against parental orders, or becomes hypersensitive towards criticism or correction.

Behaviour can range from hard-to-live-with impatience, impulsiveness, or assertiveness to just-as-hard-to-live-with moodiness, boredom, indifference, or daydreams.

At times the adolescent will behave like a small spoilt child, yet demand the independence and privileges of an adult without adult responsibilities.

And mixed up with all this, like an indigestible pudding, can be feelings of wild enthusiasm, tremendous physical and mental activity, and often a surprisingly idealist outlook or religious preoccupation.

If a child, in his formative years, feels that his father is

## needs

indifferent towards him, then this is likely to show out in adolescence.

Friction, so strong that it can lead to lifetime dislike, develops between the two.

On the other hand, if over-coddling by a mother of her son persists into adolescence, it can undoubtedly damage the boy's personality in such a way that he feels guilty about his close relationship with his mother.

He either becomes interested only in much older women, or he develops disgust towards sex, fears and dislikes girls, and ends up a social misfit.

In much the same way a highly emotional father-daughter relationship can be equally destructive.

If it persists into adolescence, the daughter may become so emotionally attached to her father—and antagonistic to her mother—that she can never find a man equal to the father ideal.

In an extreme case she may forgo marriage and children.

Psychiatrists also told me that the problems of adolescence seem to be increased nowadays, because children stay dependent on their parents longer.

Also, moral codes and standards of behaviour are not so clearly defined as formerly.

### Cultist groups

Child training, from being too strict, may have become too indulgent, or even lax, over the past few decades.

With the slipping of standards there is a strong tendency for adolescents to behave as a cultist group behaves.

This is fine if the group has good standards of its own, but leads to serious maladjustment in adolescence, and sometimes also to delinquency and crime if the group has low standards or none.

Young people need standards to measure their own behaviour, and proper standards ensure that they will feel guilty about things they know are wrong or shoddy, and so avoid them.

Standards come from parents, and if those standards are good the child acquires a sort of built-in parental control, which helps adjustment at adolescence and for the rest of life.

At the same time he can take a fair amount of discipline and correction if he feels he is loved and helped by his parents and if the demands on him are not excessive or capricious.

Although rebelliousness is one of the characteristics of adolescence it is in most cases a good thing, because it is part of the individual's progress to independence, including independence of thought.

Adolescents, the experts say, prefer calm, firm hand-

## kindness

ling. But parents must be sympathetic, tolerant, and must listen to reason.

They must also respect the growing independence of their children.

But most get through successfully, and some almost uneventfully—which is reassuring to the vast majority of Mums and Dads now coping with the tantrums of Tommy or the sulks of Eloise.

Feel that TACT GLOW from top to toe  
**FEEL REALLY CLEAN**



**Tact** soap  
keeps perspiration **Odour-Free\***

### GENTLE TACT LATHER

leaves you feeling glowing clean, exhilarated... and you keep that wonderful feeling all day long! Only Tact contains miracle deodorant G11 which destroys up to 95% of the germs that cause perspiration odour... keeps you feeling shower-fresh all over. Mild Tact lather protects all day, even under make-up. Ideal for teenage skin blemishes, it cleans deep down into the pores, leaves your skin radiantly clean. Begin now to enjoy that refreshing, exhilarating Tact feeling.

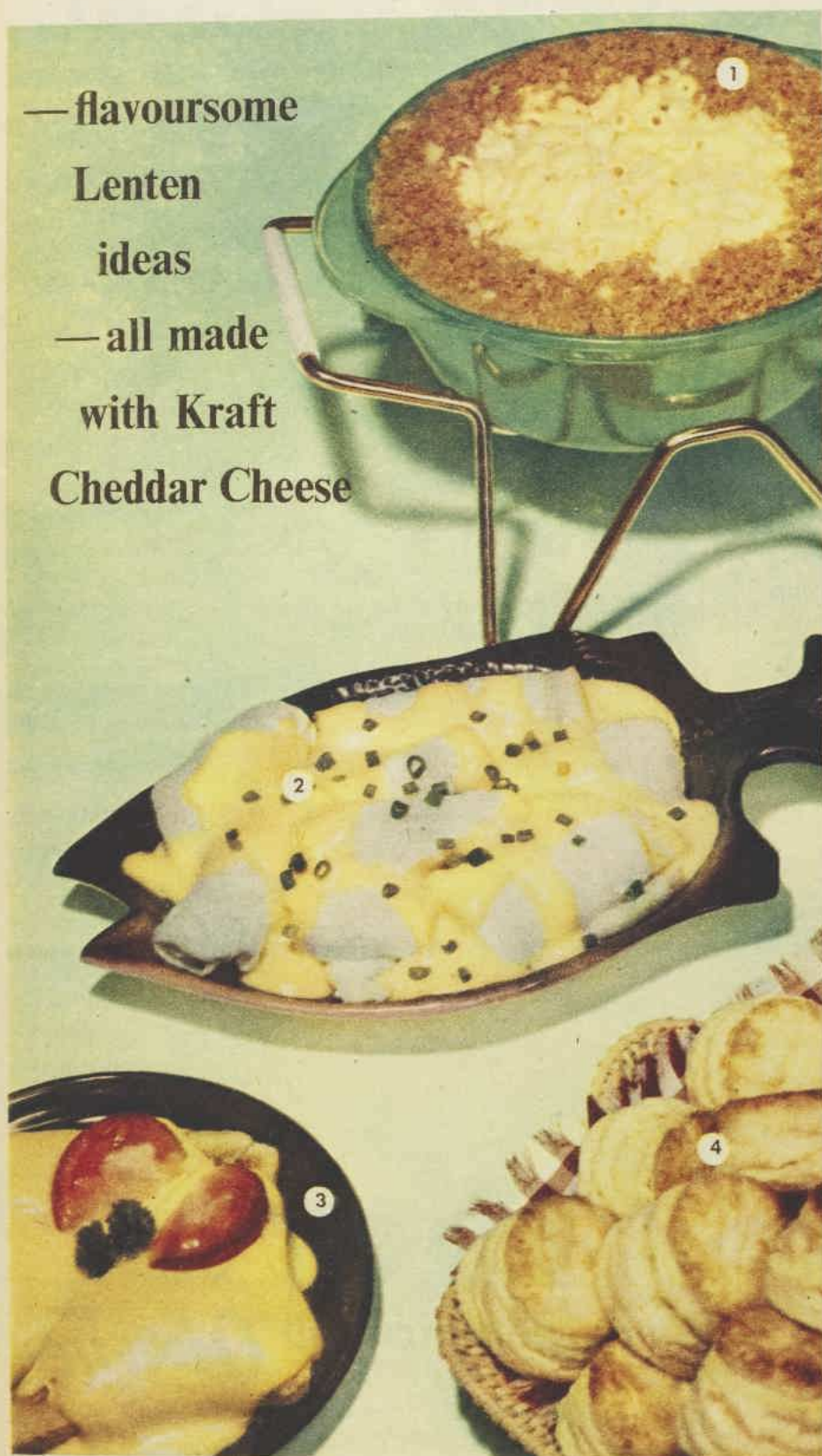
\*Proved by laboratory tests to wash away 95% of germs which cause perspiration odour.





# 4 classic recipes from **KRAFT**

—flavoursome  
Lenten  
ideas  
—all made  
with Kraft  
Cheddar Cheese



Always your best cheese for cooking — golden Kraft Cheddar. Kraft Cheddar melts smoothly, and never loses its fine mellow flavour in cooking. And Kraft Cheddar is rich in strengthening protein, vitamins and minerals, too, because it takes a whole gallon of milk to make every pound of this fine cheese.

**K** Cheese is a wonderful food — and **KRAFT** makes wonderful cheeses

## 1 MACARONI CHEESE

**Ingredients:** 1 cup macaroni; 1 medium-sized onion, chopped; 2 pints boiling salted water;  $\frac{3}{4}$  cup soft breadcrumbs; 3 ozs. butter; 2 tablespoons flour;  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon salt; pinch cayenne pepper;  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups milk; one 8 oz. packet Kraft Cheddar Cheese, shredded (or, if you prefer a stronger Cheddar cheese flavour, use Kraft Old English Cheese).

**Method:** Cook macaroni and onion in 2 pints of boiling salted water until tender. Drain and rinse. Keep hot. Melt half the butter and add the breadcrumbs, toss until well coated. Heat remaining butter in a saucepan. Stir in flour. Let cook for a few minutes. Gradually add milk, stirring constantly. Add salt, cayenne and the shredded Kraft Cheddar Cheese (or Old English). Continue cooking over a low heat until cheese melts and the sauce is smooth. Mix in the macaroni lightly, then pour into a greased casserole. Sprinkle top with the buttered breadcrumbs. Bake in a moderately hot oven,  $375^{\circ}\text{F.}$ , for 25-30 minutes. 4-5 servings.

## 2 FISH MORNAY

**Ingredients:**  $1\frac{1}{2}$  lbs. fish fillets;  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup white wine or water; 6 spring onions, cut into rings;  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt; pinch pepper; 1 bayleaf.

**Sauce:** 1 oz. butter; 2 tablespoons flour;  $1\frac{1}{4}$  cups milk; 6 ozs. (threequarters of an 8 oz. packet) Kraft Cheddar Cheese, shredded.

**Method:** Skin the fillets and form into small rolls. Place in a casserole with the bayleaf and spring onions. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Pour over the wine or water. Cover and cook in a moderate oven,  $325^{\circ}\text{F.}$ , for 15-20 minutes. Remove bayleaf. Drain off liquid and reserve.

**Sauce:** Melt butter in a saucepan. Add flour and cook for a few minutes. Gradually add milk and liquid from fish, stirring constantly. Bring to the boil. Add Kraft Cheddar Cheese and stir until cheese melts and sauce is smooth. Pour over the fish. Return to oven for 10 minutes, or until heated through. 6 servings.

## 3 WELSH RAREBIT

**Ingredients:** 1 oz. butter; 2 tablespoons flour;  $1\frac{1}{4}$  cups milk; one 8 oz. packet Kraft Cheddar Cheese, shredded (or Kraft Velveeta, roughly chopped); salt; pepper; 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce;  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon dry mustard; 4 slices of hot buttered toast.

**Method:** Melt butter in a saucepan. Add flour and cook a few minutes. Gradually stir in milk and bring to the boil. Add mustard and Worcestershire sauce. Sprinkle in the shredded Kraft Cheddar Cheese (or Velveeta) and stir until cheese melts. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Pour over hot buttered toast and serve at once. Garnish as liked. 4 servings.

## 4 CHEESE SCONES

**Ingredients:** 2 cups of self-raising flour; 1 oz. butter; half an 8 oz. packet Kraft Cheddar Cheese, shredded;  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon salt;  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup milk, approximately; a little milk to glaze.

**Method:** Sift flour and salt into a basin. Rub in the butter. Add shredded Kraft Cheddar Cheese. Stir in enough milk to mix to a soft dough. Turn onto a floured board and knead lightly. Roll out to  $\frac{1}{2}$ " thickness and cut into rounds with a small scone cutter. Place on greased baking trays and glaze with a little milk. Bake in a hot oven,  $450^{\circ}\text{F.}$ , for 8-10 minutes. Makes approximately  $1\frac{1}{2}$  dozen.



Get Kraft Cheddar in the 8 oz. packet, 1 oz. portions, 1 lb. packet, the family-size 2 lb. pack.

KR286

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — April 13, 1960



## EMBARRASSING HAIR GONE!



Superfluous hair spoils glamour. But don't remove it the harsh way. Avoid razor rash and scratchy stubble—use new formula Veet cream. New Veet is whiter, daintier than ever—faster, too! It's the modern cosmetic cream which stops quick regrowth by dissolving hair below skin level. Apply Veet, leave, then simply wash the hair away. Feel how soft, how smooth your skin becomes! Don't be without this special beauty cream. Get Veet—the fast depilatory at all chemists and stores, 3/6 a tube, large size, 5/6.

## NEW VEET

## Quickly break up uncomfortable Winter Colds and Bronchitis

For soothing relief and penetration deep down into congested bronchial tubes—cuts phlegm—clears breathing—insist on

## Woods' GREAT PEPPERMINT COMPOUND

ONE OF THE OLDEST BUT STILL THE BEST FAMILY REMEDY

Always keep a bottle in the home



FOR LOVELIER HAIRSETS Concentrated Curlypet gives you 15 fragrant hairsets for 4/10 So-Quickset with Curlypet! **Curlypet**

# When life gets rough

● It can happen in any family. Little Johnny yells: "If you pull my hair I'll pull yours!"—And sister Susie pulls with all her might and main.



THE baby screams in anguish to be carried away from the fracas.

When life gets rough among the younger fry, it usually falls to mother or perhaps an older sister to restore order and quiet.

Almost anything a mother does when the children play up is a relief.

She is often the main sufferer, but, usually, some means of getting away from the howling or pestering youngster is an ideal calmer.

If none of the children is in any danger of injury, mother can step outside and stand on the porch or verandah for a few minutes.

Weather permitting, she can then send them outside.

But she mustn't just shovel them out of the house. She must get them to leave willingly, and calm everyone down by giving them all an interesting project to do.

### Easy, useful tasks

Suddenly she remembers she would like some flowers for the dining-room table, and they collect flowers or leaves. Perhaps she wants some earth for new flower-pots (they will love this task).

Almost anything that gives a child something to do outside will help.

Something simple, useful, but unusual to do in the house can turn devils into angels, too.

A small daughter may be allowed to wash mother's powder-puff, or a small son turn out the pockets of a coat going to the cleaner's. (He might even find a penny.)

A walk or a trip to the butcher's or grocer's helps to cool tempers.

Tough times, however, most often develop when it's difficult to get away or to spend extra time with the youngsters.

For such occasions be prepared with a distraction box.

This may seem like bribery, but it isn't, really. The children simply get something extra to make up for something lacking—mother's attention.

Lollipops, a whistle, foreign coins, a magnifying glass, a pipe for blowing bubbles, a prism, a box of dominoes to build with, magic tricks, puzzles, and magnets—these are the kind of things kept in the box.

Another tip: Hair-pulling, hitting, biting, spitting, and block-throwing are quite impossible when children are in separate rooms with separate things to do.

# MOTORING

By BETTY McKAY



Holden Special Station Sedan

A PART from being a multi-purpose vehicle, the Holden is one of the easiest for a woman to drive.

Perhaps the designers consulted a woman, for everything is within easy reach: steering wheel, pedals, and gear lever. Also, two-toning with bright, bold colors manages to make the Smiths' and the Jones' sedans look different—important when almost every second car is a Holden.

The 1960 version, at first sight, isn't nearly as attractive a wagon as its predecessor. The rear styling seems clumsy, but I soon got used to it.

By using the Holden car's rear doors, instead of wagon-type, square-topped ones, production costs have been kept down, so we won't complain.

The new Holden has increased horsepower and—more important—increased torque.

This means that the engine pulls better in top gear and "hangs on" longer going up a hill before a gear change is necessary. (Not that I advocate forcing your car up a hill

in top when you should be in second.)

### I liked:

- The feeling that I was driving a sturdy, reliable family vehicle designed with Australian needs in mind.
- The knowledge that service and spare parts are both cheap and easy to get.
- The comfortable driving position, which gives good forward vision, and therefore confidence.
- The ease of handling, particularly in traffic, with that useful second gear and small turning circle.
- The washable upholstery and quickly swept rubber floor coverings.
- The large area available for storage or sleeping, with the rear seat folded down. Some rear seats are awkward to fold, but the Holdens are not.
- The accessibility of the engine and the silence and smoothness of its six cylinders.

### I did not like:

- The ridiculous position of the dipper switch—it should be under the left foot, not in between the clutch and brake pedals.

● I didn't have to drive the new Holden station sedan for long before I realised why G.M.H. have more than 80 per cent. of this semi-commercial vehicle market.

● The lack of rear vision when fully loaded with either passengers or goods. I consider an inside mirror should be fitted.

● The vacuum-operated screen wipers which either work frantically or not at all. The blades don't overlap and so leave the centre of the screen unwiped.

I thought a central armrest might have been fitted in this de luxe version, and also that the quality of the paintwork didn't come up to the clever use of colors.

As regards performance, the Holden has a top speed of over 80 m.p.h. and, if driven without too heavy a foot, should do 25 miles to the gallon.

Value for money, the Holden is unbeatable at £1271, especially when you consider resale value.

### Hint for the week:

The rear-view mirror is one of your greatest safety aids. Keep it set to give the best view of the traffic behind. An additional mirror is often well worth while. Both in traffic and on the highway, glance in your mirror every 15 seconds. Golden rule: Never change speed or direction without first checking your mirror.

# NOW!



## ROBINSON'S Baby Rice Cereal ... the new pre-cooked weaning food

Robinson's Baby Rice Cereal is specially made as a weaning food for babies. It is pre-cooked rice in an easily digested powder form containing vitamins and minerals essential for

### STURDY GROWTH AND CONTENTED FEEDING

Baby Rice Cereal provides the tempting variety needed during the weaning period, and is prepared in an instant by simply stirring it into warm (boiled) milk.

### TODDLERS TOO!

Toddlers will thrive on Robinson's Baby Rice Cereal. They love it sprinkled on their food, or made up into the special recipes given on the pack.



## ROBINSON'S Baby Rice Cereal

By the makers of Robinson's Patent Groats and Barley

FREE Sample Offer. Send today for a free trial sample to Reckitt & Colman (Aust.) Ltd. Box 2515, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W.

M190A

## FREE OF RHEUMATIC PAINS I FEEL REALLY WELL thanks to MENTHOLIDS

—says Mrs. W.M. of Kensington.  
"Severe rheumatic pains made life a misery. I cried with pain as it was agony to move. I was advised to take Mentholid. After the first flask I felt so much better I continued treatment. I'm happy to say I'm now really well. Aches and pains have left me. I can do my housework and go about as I used to. My bad health has gone, and I feel really alive and well, thanks to Mentholid."

(Original letter on file, Head Office)

### SEE WHAT MENTHOLIDS WILL DO FOR YOU!

The remarkable double action of Mackenzie's Mentholid stimulates your system to throw off uric acid deposits, often the main cause of rheumatic aches and pains, sciatica, lumbago, kidney and bladder weaknesses, aches and pains in limbs and muscles. Mentholid's therapeutic action also helps you to recapture youthful energy, buoyant health and a real zest for living. Say goodbye to aches and pains that sap your strength and make life a misery. For yourself and your family—start Mentholid treatment TO-DAY and start feeling years younger in mind and body.



## MACKENZIE'S MENTHOLIDS

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER  
15/-, 9/- and 5/- EVERYWHERE!



# EASTER IN A NUTSHELL



PEANUTS ARE A *Festive* TRADITION . . .

. . . just as much as Easter Eggs and the Easter Bunny! The fresh, lively peanut flavour is always welcome at Easter dinners and parties. And remember, Kingaroy peanuts are the tastiest, crunchiest, nuttiest peanuts you can buy.

Keep a few jars of your favourite brand on hand for unexpected visitors.

YOU CAN DO SO MUCH WITH KINGAROY

## PEANUTS



LOOK FOR THIS SYMBOL . . . it's your guarantee of Kingaroy quality peanuts



### Serve Kingaroy Chicken this Easter



One 3 lb. (approx.) roasting chicken, 2 tablespoons peanut butter, and  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup salted Kingaroy peanuts.  
The stuffing: Heat 1 tablespoon peanut oil in frypan and fry 1 chopped onion, 1 chopped red capsicum and 1 tablespoon chopped parsley or celery, until tender and golden, but not browned. Remove from heat, and stir in two cups soft white breadcrumbs,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt, dash of pepper, and a pinch of mixed herbs. Toss until evenly blended and use to stuff bird. Spread outside of bird with a thin layer of peanut butter, place on rack in roasting pan and cover with aluminium foil. Roast in moderate oven until tender, about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hours. For richer browning, remove foil covering, brush lightly with peanut oil and sprinkle with the salted Kingaroy peanuts. Return to oven for about 15 minutes or until done.



Post the coupon below for your free copy of our Peanut Recipe Book, containing a selection of Kingaroy peanut recipes, each one kitchen-tested by Ruby Borrowdale.

### FREE RECIPE BOOK KITCHEN TESTED PEANUT RECIPES



For your free copy of our PEANUT RECIPE BOOK, post this coupon to:—  
The PEANUT MARKETING BOARD,  
Kingaroy, Queensland.

NAME

ADDRESS

STATE





SKETCH of a herbaceous bed for a small garden.

#### KEY TO HERBACEOUS BED

1, Abelia; 2, Thalictrum; 3, Lilium regale; 4, Browallia; 5, Hollyhock; 6, Helianthus; 7, Hippeastrums; 8, Stokesia; 9, Snapdragons; 10, Marguerites; 11, Lupins; 12, Gazanias.

## BEDS OF COLOR

● The wide and often over-crowded herbaceous gardens or beds favored in Britain are not for those who have small areas and little time for gardening.

**B**UT it is always possible to set out small-scale beds that will give pleasure.

In the picture above a mixture of flowering shrubs, hardy perennials, two bulbous species, and two biennials could make quite a bright show from spring to autumn.

The gazanias on the right could be extended the full length of the bed in front to improve the display.

If desired, the hollyhocks could be replaced by rudbeckias, which grow to 5ft., and in place of the snapdragons perennial phlox, kniphofia (red-hot poker), or salvia patens (deep blue) could be grown.

It is not always desirable to mix bulbous plants like hippeastrums and Liliums regale with shrubs and perennials. The gardener setting out a small herbaceous bed could replace these with *acanthus mollis* (instead of liliums) and a mass of *chrysanthemums* (yellow or white) instead of hippeastrums.

Borders are often difficult to establish, but low-growing *mesembryanthemums*, such as *M. chamberlainii*, the golden alyssum (*A. saxatile*), or *Cerastium tomentosum* (white flowers and silvery foliage), would mix with most other colors and provide much interest.

And here is an alternative layout for those plants shown in the illustration. Substitute the following, numerically, for those shown on the chart:

(1) *Veronica spicata* (blue flowers); (2) white delphiniums; (3) *Echium fastuosum* (blue, to 4ft.); (5) *Echinops* (silvery grey flowers); (6) *Meconopsis baileyi* (blue poppy); (7) *Pyrethrum* E. M. Robinson (light pink); (8) Perennial phlox (Blue Boy); (9) Per. phlox (Graf Zeppelin, white, red eye); (10) Marguerite or pyrethrum (yellow or pink); (11) English or French lavender; (12) along entire front of bed, *Arabis alpina* (white, a spreading plant), or tomato-red gazanias.

Layout No. 3 could include the following, all of which are of medium to low growth and could be used in a bed with two paths, one on either side, or submerged in a lawn:

(1) *Astilbe granat* (deep carmine-red); (2) *Astilbe Rheinland* (carmine-pink); (3) *Astilbe King Albert* (pure white); (4) *Astilbe kriemhilde* (salmon), and (6) *Astilbe Mars* (red with dark foliage); (7) *Iris stylosa alba* (white); (8) *Agathaea* (blue daisy); (9) *Hemerocallis flava* (day lily, orange); (10) *Iris stylosa* (blue); (11) *Veronica repens* (light blue); (12) *Nierembergia rivularis* (cream flowers). This plant could be used the entire length of the bed as a border, or for early spring flowering try the Livingstone daisy, an annual form of the *mesembryanthemum*.

The *astilbe* mentioned in layout 3 are hardy, moisture-loving plants bearing upright plumes of rather fluffy flowers. They rarely exceed 2ft. 6in. in height and flower in summer.

The *iris stylosa alba* and blue variety flower in winter. The foliage is tall and grasslike, and the plants rarely need to be lifted or disturbed unless they become too dense.

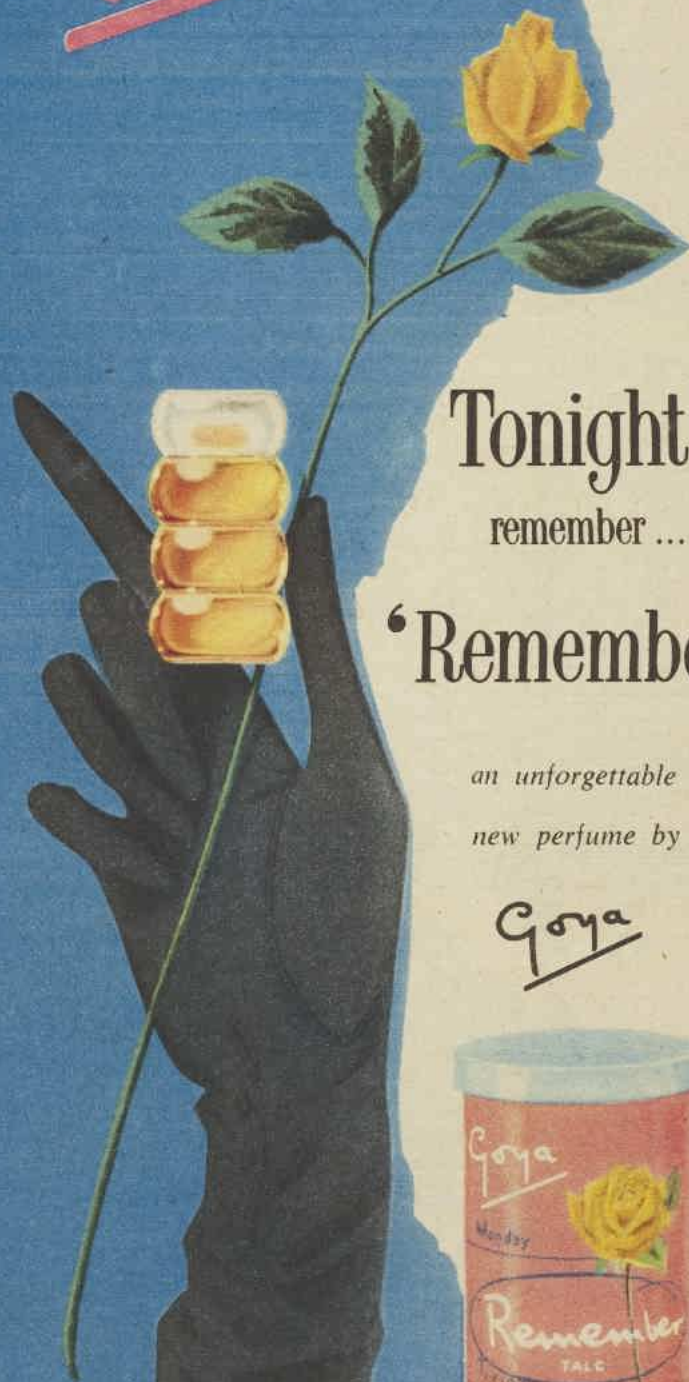
As a substitute for gazania (shown in Fig. 12 in illustration above) as a border, *Ajuga reptans* (bugle weed), blue flowers and dark purplish foliage, makes an ideal edging for a herbaceous or perennial flowerbed.

For a very low-massed or herbaceous bed the following plants could be used:

(1) *Achillea Cerise Queen* (cerise); (2) *Achillea ptarmica* (white); (3) *Achillea tomentosa* (bright yellow); use two large clumps of each of these to fill the back row, taking up to 5 and 6; (7) *Megasea cordifolia* (pink); (8) *Platycodon mariesii* (deep blue); (9) Per. phlox Moonlight (soft grey blue); (10) *Potentilla macrantha* (yellow); (11) English lavender; (12 and all along the border) *Viola gracilis* (deep purple).

### GARDENING

# Goya



Tonight!  
remember ...

'Remember'

an unforgettable  
new perfume by

Goya

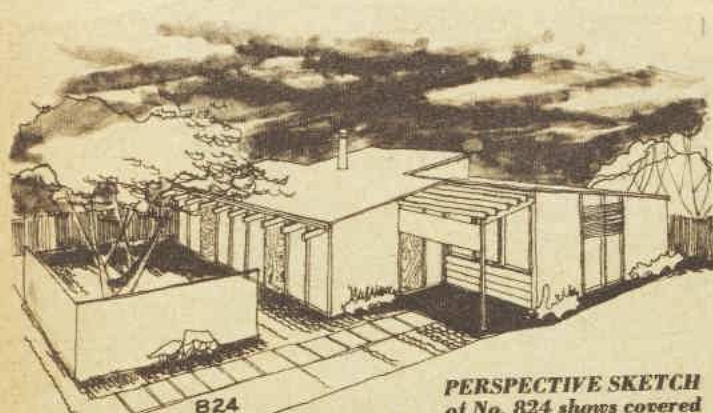


Perfume 19/6 to 135/-  
Handbag Phial 6/6  
Perfumed Talc 6/3  
Skin Perfume  
6/9 and 10/6

GOYA, 3 RUE SCRIBE, PARIS



# EASY-TO-RUN HOUSE



PERSPECTIVE SKETCH of No. 824 shows covered entry, which is on right.

ONE unusual feature which saves time and makes cooking less of a chore is the internal kitchen with built-in fittings, working tops, and easy access to all rooms in the house.

The house has been designed by our architects Kevin Borland and Geoff Trewenack, who are in charge of our Home Planning Centres.

Plans for this house and other standard Home Plans can be bought for £10/10/- a set from any of these Centres, which have been established in large stores throughout

Australia. Addresses are given at right.

The kitchen in design No. 824 is ventilated by a fan. The roof has been carried over to form a large high-light in this room.

The master bedroom has direct access to the bathroom, which has another entrance from the play area through the laundry.

A large amount of space has been supplied in a home which covers only 11.8 squares in timber and 12.5 in brick. Frontage is 50ft.

This is partly due to the arrangement of the children's accommodation, which includes a play area 14ft. x 13ft., off which are two

alcoves containing beds and fitted wardrobes.

Another reason for the spaciousness is the central internal kitchen, which saves room and is a control point for all activities.

Home Plan No. 824 is fairly reasonable to construct. Its approximate cost is from £3400 to £4100 in timber, and from £3700 to £4400 in brick.

It is based on the 3ft. module, to use the technical term, which means that its measurements fit in with the 3ft. measurement of the majority of panel materials to avoid any wastage when cutting.

● Home Plan No. 824 has been designed for the housewife who is a career woman and runs both home and job.

For more specific details and accurate costs on your own site, please consult your local Home Planning Centre.

The Centres, which have been established in conjunction with the large stores in which they are situated, will help you with any building or decorating problems however large or small.

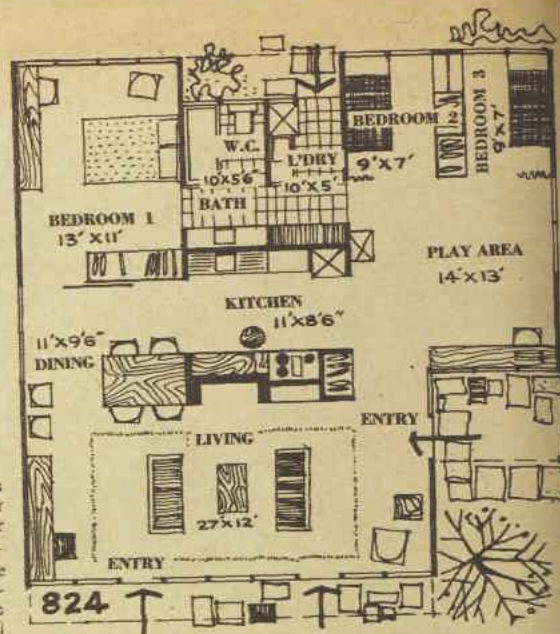
They are under the direction of qualified architects, who can call upon the assistance of any of the store's lighting, color, and decorating specialists to deal with your requests.

For a small fee the Centres

## Internal kitchen

will arrange for an expert to inspect your site and advise you as to the most suitable plan from the large selection available.

They will also prepare a



FLOOR PLAN, No. 824, illustrates layout of house with internal kitchen. Children's section, including play area and bedroom alcoves, is on the right.

list of materials for the do-it-yourself builder.

Addresses of the Centres are:

BRISBANE: McWhirter's.

MELBOURNE: Myer Emporium.

GEELONG: Myer Emporium.

(For appointment to consult architect at this Centre, please telephone X6111.)

ADELAIDE: John Martin's.

HOBART: Fitzgerald's. (For appointment to consult architect at this Centre, please telephone 27221.)

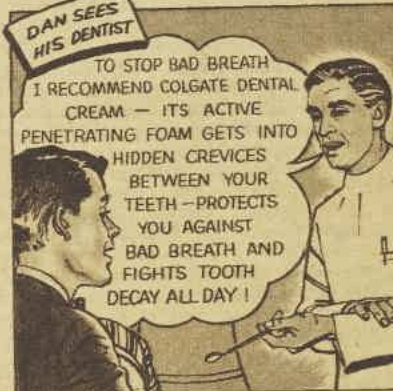
TOOWOOMBA: Pigott's.

SYDNEY: Anthony Horndern's. (Please address all mail to this Centre to Home Plans, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.)

CANBERRA: Anthony Horndern's. (For appointment to consult architect at this Centre, please telephone J2311.)

When ordering by mail, please state the materials you want your house built in, whether or not the site is sewerage, and enclose £10/10/- fee for the plan.

## Never Mind, Man! I Still Love You!



## STOP BAD BREATH with COLGATE Fight Tooth Decay All Day!

WHILE YOU

Use Colgate Dental Cream to stop bad breath and fight tooth decay. Colgate's active, penetrating foam gets into hidden crevices between your teeth, removing decaying food particles, the cause of much bad breath and tooth decay. Protect your

teeth the Colgate way. To stop bad breath, to fight tooth decay, to keep your teeth sparkling white, brush your teeth with Colgate. Children love its extra minty flavour! You will love it, too!

FOR WHITE TEETH AND FRESH BREATH... MORE PEOPLE BUY COLGATE THAN ANY OTHER DENTAL CREAM IN THE WORLD!



COLGATE DENTAL CREAM CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH

Just one brushing with COLGATE

- ✓ STOPS BAD BREATH INSTANTLY
- ✓ FIGHTS TOOTH DECAY ALL DAY
- ✓ KEEPS TEETH SPARKLING WHITE

GET THE BIG FAMILY SIZE AND SAVE 3/2





## AUSTRALIAN HOMES

**L**AKE HOUSE, a gracious Georgian home near the township of Cressy, in northern Tasmania, is owned by bachelor Mr. Bruce Wall.

Erected in 1828, the 15-roomed building stands on the bank of the Macquarie River, near its junction with the Lake River. When Mr. Wall bought Lake House from the Connorville Estate—where Queen Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh stayed during the Royal tour of 1954—it was derelict and had been unoccupied for many years. Lovely cedar woodwork throughout the interior had been painted over by previous inhabitants. Mr. Wall has been restoring the house, as well as running the property with sheep, and, recently, stud Polled Hereford cattle. Two outstanding features of Lake House are the broad cedar staircase sweeping down to a hallway (right) and a cellar that boasts a fireplace big enough to roast an ox.

Pictures by N. R. Harvey, Launceston, Tasmania.





1960's BEST WASHDAY NEWS!

# BLUE OMO ADDS EVEN

## MORE BRIGHTNESS

### TO CLEANNES AND WHITENESS!



EVERY PACKET OF  
BLUE OMO NOW CONTAINS

**MORE  
UNIQUE  
BLUE  
BRIGHTENER!**

Here's a welcome washday bonus  
for you — at no extra cost!

Blue Omo — the soft, blue fragrant detergent powder — has always been the one washing product that adds brightness to cleanness and whiteness. Now — with no extra washing effort from you — you'll see a wonderful *new* brightness! New brightness has been added to the cleanest, whitest wash of all — your *Blue Omo* wash. And, of course, Blue Omo cuts out one extra washing task — **no blueing needed with Blue Omo!**



See new brightness... the exciting thing about Blue Omo is how *quickly* it shows its superiority over all other soaps and detergents. Women tell us one wash proves it. Seems to make you *feel* brighter.

See those "immovable" stains vanish as dirt streams out — and stays away from your clothes. You really see a new, bigger and brighter difference in all your whites and coloureds.



Smell a pleasant fragrance... Not just a nice "cover up" smell, but a delicate, fresh fragrance in all your wash! You *know* it's beautifully clean.



Feel new softness... Here's proof that Blue Omo is very, very kind to your clothes — even the most delicate of fabrics — and your hands.



Swallows washing-up grease... Did you know that one tablespoon of Blue Omo swallows more grease than you'd get in five normal wash-ups?

PROVE IT YOURSELF! *Cleanness and whiteness are no longer enough!*



from page 17

eyes, however, which knew where to look, had often distinguished Abner curled up on the ornate stone canopy over the tomb of a seventeenth-century admiral.

In winter he would sometimes sleep upon the left arm of a stone crusader in the cavity between shield and mailed shirt—a dank spot, I thought, until I discovered that it captured a current of warm air from the grating beside the effigy. In both his resting places he was, if he chose to be, invisible.

He was half-Persian, tiger-striped with brownish-grey, and he matched the stone of the cathedral.

As the summer went by, the feud between Abner and MacGillivray became more subtle. Both scored points. MacGillivray, if he woke up feeling youthful, used to chase the pigeons in the clove.

One morning, to the surprise of both dog and bird, a pigeon failed to get out of the way in time and broke a wing. MacGillivray was embarrassed. He sniffed the pigeon, wagged his tail to show that there was no ill-feeling, and sat down to think.

Abner strolled from the porch and held down the pigeon with a firm, gentle paw. He picked it up in his mouth and presented it with liquid and appealing eyes to an elegant American tourist who was musing sentimentally in the clove.

She swore that the cat had asked her to heal the bird—which, by remaining a whole week in our town in and out of the vet's consulting-room, she did. Personally, I think that Abner was attracted by the feline grace of her walk, and was suggesting that, as the pigeon could be of no more use to the cathedral, she might as well eat it.

But whatever his motives, he had again made MacGillivray

look a clumsy and impulsive fool.

MacGillivray's revenge was a little primitive. He deposited bones and offal in dark corners of the porch, and pretended that Abner had put them there. That was the second-worst crime he knew—to leave on a human floor the inedible portions of his meals.

The verger was deceived, and submitted a grave complaint in writing to the dean. The dean, however, knew very well that Abner had no interest in mutton bones, old or new. He was familiar with the cat's tastes.

Indeed, it was rumored from the deanery that he secreted a little box in his pocket at meals, into which he would drop such delicacies as the head of a trout or the liver of a roast-duck.

I CANNOT remember all the incidents of the cold war. And, anyway, I could not swear to their truth. My father and the dean read into the animals' behaviour motives which were highly unlikely and then shamelessly embroidered them, creating a whole miscellany of private legend for the canons and the choir. So I will only repeat the triumph of MacGillivray and its sequel, both of which I saw myself.

That fulfilment of every dog's dream appeared at first final and overwhelming victory. It was September 1, the feast of St. Giles, our patron saint. Evensong was a full choral and instrumental service, traditional, exquisite, and attracting a congregation whose interest was in music rather than religion.

The bishop was to preach. Perhaps the effort of composition, of appealing to well-read intellectuals without offending the simpler clergy, had created an atmosphere of hard work

and anxiety in the bishop's study. At any rate, MacGillivray was nervous and mischievous.

While I was ensuring his comfort before shutting him up, he twitched the leash out of my hand and was off on his quarter-mile course round the cathedral looking for a private entrance.

When at last I caught him the changes of the bells had stopped. I had only five minutes before the processional entry of the choir. There wasn't even time to race across the close and tie him up to the railings.

I rushed into the north transept with MacGillivray under my arm, pushed him down the stairs into the crypt, and shut the door behind him. I knew that he could not get out.

Our Norman crypt was closed to visitors during service, and no one on a summer evening would have reason to go down to the masons' and carpenters' stores, the strongroom, or the boilers. All I feared was that MacGillivray's yaps might be heard through the gratings in the cathedral floor.

I dived into my ruffled surplice and took my place in the procession, earning the blackest possible looks from the choir-master. I just had time to explain to him that it was the fault of MacGillivray.

I was not forgiven, but the grin exchanged between choir-master and precentor suggested that I probably would be—if I wasn't still panting by the time that the alto had to praise all famous men and our fathers that began us.

St. Giles, if he still had any taste for earthly music, must have approved his servants that evening. The bishop, always an effective preacher, surpassed himself.

His sinewy arguments were, of course, beyond me, but I had my eye—vain little beast that I was—on the music critics from the London papers, and I could see that several of them were so interested that they were bursting to take over the pulpit and reply.

Only once did he falter, when the barking of MacGillivray, hardly perceptible to anyone but his master and me, caught the episcopal ear. Even then his momentary hesitation was put down to a search for the right word.

I felt that my desperate disposal of MacGillivray might not be appreciated. So I shot down to release him immediately after the recessional. The noise was startling as soon as I opened the door. MacGillivray was holding the stairs against a stranger in the crypt.

The man was good-dogging him and trying to make him shut up. He had a small suitcase by his side. When two sturdy vergers, attracted by the noise, appeared hot on my heels, the intruder tried to bolt, dragging behind him MacGillivray with teeth closed on the turn-ups of his trousers.

WE detained him and opened the suitcase. It contained twenty pounds' weight of the cathedral silver. During the long service our massive but primitive strongroom door had been expertly opened.

The congregation was dispersing, but bishop, dean, archdeacon, and innumerable canons were still in the cathedral. They attended the excitement just as any other crowd. Under the circumstances, MacGillivray was the centre of the most complimentary fuss. The canons would have genially petted any dog.

But this was the bishop's dog. The wings of gowns and surplices flowed over him like those of exclamatory seagulls descending upon a stranded fish.

Dignity was represented only by our local superintendent of police and MacGillivray himself. When the thief had been led away, the dog reverently followed his master out of the cathedral; his attitude reproached us for ever dreaming that he might take advantage of his popularity.

At the porch, however, he turned round and loosed one short, triumphant bark into the empty nave. The bishop's chaplain unctuously suggested that it was a little voice of thanksgiving.

So it was—but far from pious. I noticed where MacGillivray's muzzle was pointing. That bark was for a softness of outline, a shadow, a striping of small pinnacles upon the canopy of the admiral's tomb.

For several days—all of ten, I should say—Abner deserted both the cathedral and its porch. He then returned to his first friend, helping my father to make the last autumn cut of the grass and offering his catch of small game for approval. The dean suggested that he was in need of sunshine.

My father shook his head and said nothing. It was obvious to both of us that for Abner the cathedral had been momentarily defiled. He reminded me of an old verger who gave in his resignation—it was long overdue, anyway—after discovering a family party eating lunch from paper bags in the ladies' chapel.

He went back to the porch a little before the harvest festival, for he always enjoyed that. During a whole week while the decorations were in place he

could find a number of discreet lairs where it was impossible to detect his presence.

There may also have been a little hunting in the night. We did not attempt to fill the vastness of the cathedral with all the garden produce dear to a parish church, but the dean was fond of fat sheaves of wheat, oats, and barley, bound round the middle like sheaves on a heraldic shield.

It was his own festival in his own cathedral, so that he, not the bishop, conducted it. He had made the ritual as enjoyable as that of Christmas, reviving ancient customs for which he was always ready to quote authority.

I suspect that medieval deans would have denied his interpretation of their scanty records, but they would have recognised a master of stage management.

His most effective revival was a procession of cathedral tenants and benefactors, each bearing some offering in kind which the dean received on the altar steps.

Fruit, honey, and cakes were common, always with some touch of magnificence in the quality, quantity, or container. On one occasion the landlord of the Pilgrim's Inn presented a roasted peacock set in jelly with tail feathers erect.

There was some argument about this, on the ground that it ran close to an advertisement. But the dean would not be dissuaded. He insisted that any craftsman had the right to present a unique specimen of his skill.

That year the gifts were more humble. My father, as always, led the procession with a basket-tray upon which was a two-foot bunch of black grapes from the vineyard in the canons' garden.

A most original participant was a dear old nursery gardener who presented a plant of his new dwarf camellia, which had been the botanical sensation of the year, and could not yet be bought for money. There was also a noble milkpan of alpine strawberries and cream—which, we hoped, the cathedral school would share the next day with the almshouses.

While the file of some twenty persons advanced into the chancel, the choir full-bloodedly sang the Sixty-fifth Psalm to the joyous score of our own organist. The dean's sense of theatre was as faultless as ever.

Lavish in ritual and his own vestments, he then played his part with the utmost simplicity. He thanked and blessed each giver almost conversationally.

Last in the procession were four boys of the cathedral school bearing a great silver bowl of nuts gathered in the hedgerows. The gift and their movements were traditional.

As they separated, two to the right and two to the left, leaving the dean alone upon the altar steps, a shadow appeared at his feet and vanished so swiftly that by the time our eyes had registered its true, soft shape it was no longer there.

The dean bent down and picked up a dead field mouse. He was not put out of countenance for a moment. He laid it reverently with the other gifts.

No one was present to be thanked; but when the dean left the cathedral after service and stopped in the porch to talk to Abner he was, to the surprise of the general public, still wearing his full vestments, stiff, gorgeous, and suggesting the power of the Church to protect and armor with its blessing the most humble of its servants.

(Copyright)

YES YOU!



You, too, can benefit from TAMPAX!

Tampax was invented by a doctor, for the benefit of all women—married or single! That includes you—wherever you may be, whatever you may be doing. All through your time-of-the-month, Tampax internal sanitary protection could be bringing you such wonderful benefits!

**Physical comfort**—because it's made of softest surgical cotton. You can't feel it when in place!

**Mental comfort**—because you never worry about odour forming, pads bulging or chafing!

**Daintiness**—because fingers never need to touch it. Takes seconds to insert, change, dispose of!

**Convenience**—because you can carry spares in your tiniest bag!

**Poise**—because Tampax lets you do everything you normally do, in perfect freedom and confidence!

Why put off changing to Tampax? Do it this month! Choose from two absorbencies—Regular and Super—to meet personal needs, at any chemist or store.



Invented by a doctor—now used by millions of women

Away Go CORNS

Pain Stops in SECONDS

No Other Method like Dr. Scholl's

Dr. Scholl's Zino-Pads. Pads speedily relieve corns, sore toes and tender spots. Medicated discs remove corns. Sizes also for Callouses, Bunions, Joints, etc. at Chemists, Stores, Scholl Depots.

Dr. Scholl's ZINO-PADS

MICKEY MOUSE CLUB BOOK

All about the famous TV MOUSEKETEERS

On sale at all Newsagents and Booksellers for

15/-

(Copyright)

## Continuing . . . WHO WANTS WORDS?

from page 34

surroundings and saw that the three boys had stayed and were even now crowding in towards her.

The battle was over almost before it had begun, Trudie thought dejectedly. She should not have come at all—and now she wanted very much to go home again. But a grim stubbornness made her stick out her chin and smile, if a little wanly, at the boys.

"You do not have to stay here with me," she said hesitantly. "You like to talk to other girls?"

"Now that's not nice," one of the boys said reproachfully. "When we begged Bill for an introduction, too."

That is not true, Trudie thought quickly, but then she dimpled at him. "Maybe," she said, "maybe you help me with the English." She unzipped the evening bag and held up to their surprised faces the little language textbook.

"You won't need that." One of the boys grinned at her infectiously. "Your glance is our command."

"But I must learn the right words to say," Trudie said unhappily. "I just sit here, and it is no wonder he likes better to talk to someone else."

"Who wants to talk to someone else?" demanded a red-headed girl who had drifted up and joined them.

Trudie looked across at Bill, chatting amiably to Patrice, his long legs straddled over a colored stool at the improvised bar. "Oh, that!" said the other girl contemptuously. "Talk isn't everything, you know."

"What did we tell you?" said the boys. "You only have to look at us and we fall at your

feet. Why don't you try it on Bill?"

Trudie shook her head sadly. Hadn't she been trying just that for the last four days? Then, in the slight pause that sometimes occurs in any company, Patrice's sharp, high voice came clearly from the end of the room.

"Quite nice, of course," she said. "If you like the insipid, little-doll type. But, my dear, I could scream laughing about that pink bow . . ."

Suddenly everyone about Trudie began talking at once.

"Trudie, that dress is the sweetest thing," the red-headed girl said kindly.

"Did you know that your hair is spun-gold like a fairy princess?" asked one of the boys, and Trudie smiled.

They were kind, these boys and girls. Yes, she had made friends. But now she knew what she must do. Patrice had won the uneven battle. One could not fight ridicule, and Patrice had been clever. She had made Trudie look ridiculous in Bill's eyes.

Trudie stood up steadily, but her eyes misted a little.

"I go now," she said to the group around her. "Thank you for your kindness. I see myself home."

"We'll take you home," The boys all stood at once.

But Trudie shook her head. "Say a good-bye for me to . . . everyone. Thank you."

She could not bear to look down the other end of the room so she turned and rushed through the front door with a soft swish of her silk skirt.

(Copyright)




# NYLON

for intriguing casual stockings!



CASUAL WEAR BY SPORTSCRAFT

You can be smart and casual now with exciting new fashion creations like these intriguing stretch-Nylon tights and Bermuda stockings. Leading Australian manufacturers in this field — Beau Monde, Hilton, Holeproof, Kayser, Nightingale and Prestige — have achieved miracles in smartness ... using that versatile yarn, Nylon! This super-smart casual wear is just right for cool weather, and naturally offers all Nylon's accepted virtues — perfect fit, long wear, easy care. This season, be smartly casual in Nylon!

 **British Nylon Spinners (Australia) Pty. Ltd.** supply the nylon yarn used by Australia's textile trade to make this merchandise.



Continuing . . .

## TRUSTEE FROM THE TOOLROOM

the index error and reduced it to about three minutes, and to have a session with the Third Officer about provisioning.

Subject to the captain's approval, he found that the ship could provide practically everything that they would need on board the Mary Belle in the way of food. He mentioned an extra forty-gallon drum for water; the Third said that if he got the drum they could steam it out for him. He went and called Mr. Yamasaki, who agreed to find a second-hand oil drum and get it to the ship.

It was Sunday evening. He was tired by the events of the day, but he did not dare to let a day go by without visiting Jack Donnelly, lest he should forget about his passenger. He gave the sextant to Dick King to take back to the hotel, and went on shore and found a taxi. He picked up his mattress at the Chinese shop and drove to the yacht harbor.

Jack Donnelly was sitting on the bow of his ship fishing over the side with a hand-line; six or seven small silvery fish lay on the deck beside him in the evening light.

"Evening, Mr. Donnelly," Keith said. "I brought my bed. Can I come on board?"

The owner grunted. Keith took this as assent, and ventured cautiously down the plank, the mattress on his shoulder, keeping a wary eye on Jack Donnelly as he went. But the owner went on fishing. Keith carried his mattress below and laid it on the vacant berth, and then went up on deck and forward to his host. "What are you using for bait?" he asked conversationally.

"Maggots," said Mr. Donnelly.

Keith sat down on the deck beside him, watching the line. "Where did you get them from?"

"Out the cornmeal sack. There's a few in there."

Keith swallowed spasmodically. "How long did it take you to get these?"

"Not long." He jerked the line sharply, there was a flurry in the water, and he pulled another fish on board. "They come in here after the muck the boats let go." He baited the hook with another maggot. "You staying to supper?"

"I can't tonight, Jack. I've got things to do back at the hotel. I was thinking I'd move in tomorrow, if that's all right with you."

"Cornmeal fritters 'n fish. Get a few more, 'n there'll be plenty for two."

"I'd like to, but I can't tonight. Look, we'll want another oil drum for water, won't we?"

"What for? We wouldn't be having baths."

"How much did you use coming from San Francisco?"

The owner ruminated. "I guess I filled it last at Sausalito. There's still some left. I'd better get a hose 'n fill it up before we go."

"Think you'd have used half of it? On the passage, I mean."

"Might have done. There was plenty left when I came in."

"There'll be two of us this time." Keith said patiently, "and the trip's a longer one from here down to Tahiti. I've got another oil drum if you want it."

**A** L.L. characters in the serials and short stories which appear in *The Australian Women's Weekly* are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

[from page 21]

"You have?" The owner considered this proposal. "It might be a good thing to have it along," he admitted.

"Where would you put it? Forward by the mast, with the other one?"

Mr. Donnelly sat in thought. "Have it aft under the ladder, if you want it full of water," he said at last. "Make her a bit lighter on the helm. I'll have to make some chocks."

Keith nodded. "It's getting steamed out tomorrow. I'll get it on board soon as I can."

"Say," said Mr. Donnelly with enthusiasm, "that's a good idea. The one I got had kero in it one time." He paused. "Kero kinda makes you feel sick in the stomach," he explained.

Keith nodded. "They're steaming it on board the tanker," he remarked. "They might do the other if we asked them—the one you've got now. There's another thing, Jack. They've got out a list of food they think we'll need for the trip to Tahiti, basing it upon the seaman's scale. I've got to see the captain, but I think they'll let us have the stuff. They say that I can pay for it in England."

He pulled the list out of his pocket.

Mr. Donnelly took the list and glanced at it, uncomprehending. "You read it out," he suggested.

**K** EITH started in to do so. Mr. Donnelly sat watching him, bemused, while the words flowed past him. Presently he stopped Keith. "Jam, 'n butter, 'n currants," he said. "Kinda rich chow for a ship. We haven't got all that dough."

"It's what they give the seamen on the tanker," Keith explained. "They have to, by law. If you signed on on the Cathay Princess that's what they'd give you to eat."

"That so?"

"That's right. I was going to pay for it myself and take it out of the hundred dollars, if that's all right by you."

Mr. Donnelly looked at him vacantly. "What hundred dollars?"

"The hundred I was going to give you for the passage. I could buy the food for us both from the Cathay Princess if the captain agrees, and take the cost of it out of the hundred dollars."

"A hundred bucks wouldn't buy that much."

"I think it will, and leave a good bit over," said Keith, who had already been roughly through the costs with the Third Officer.

"Huh," said Mr. Donnelly.

Keith turned to the list again. "Is there anything that you don't like that I've read out?" he inquired.

"Turnips," said Mr. Donnelly.

Keith wrinkled his brows, and turned over the two pages. "There aren't any turnips on the list," he said.

"That so? I never did like turnips."

Keith nodded. "I'll look out and see that we don't get any." He put the list back in his pocket, assuming correctly that Jack Donnelly would eat everything else. "When do you think we ought to sail?"

"Most any time. Tomorrow, if you like. Sure costs the earth in this place."

To page 57

# 'More spreads per jar'

says Miss Evie Hayes

"In the breaks between my spots on TV programmes, I find Marmite just the thing to lift my energy. I love its flavour in sandwiches and broth. So economical, too, with more spreads per jar. One thing I'm sure of, a little Marmite does a power of good."

Next time you feel like a snack, try the energy-lift of Marmite. Spread it on toast, cracker biscuits, or in sandwiches. Marmite is a velvet-blend of two of nature's richest food elements . . . vitalising yeast and vegetable extracts. . . It's nourishing, appetizing, aids digestion and builds resistance. Because Marmite is extremely rich in Vitamin B<sub>1</sub>, use it often to help your family to better health. Add Marmite to all your soups, stews, gravies; see that every lunch you cut includes a Marmite sandwich or two. Tastes so good, and so economical . . . many more spreads per jar with Marmite.



Insist on  
the one and only

# MARMITE

5102

M2/60

Page 55





No. 3 of a series, designed by Bee Taplin Interiors, Melbourne.

## 'VYNEX' and the eastern look . . .

The Eastern influence in modern furnishings is accented by Flame 'Vynex' Siam in the design of this settee and chair.

The square brass motif and the unusual use of cushions emphasise the new low line. The texture of 'Vynex' Siam teams with the grasscloth wallpaper against the soft contrast of a sulphur yellow carpet.

There are nine exciting colours in new, textured, 'Vynex' Siam. Perhaps Spice Yellow or Pecan Tan will highlight your furnishing scheme.

Ask to see them all at your furniture store now.

Remember too that 'Vynex' is so practical, so washable, so suitable for family use.



Only 'Vynex' covered furniture is distinguished by this swing tag.



Actual Reproduction of Flame "Vynex" Siam



IMPERIAL CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES OF AUSTRALIA & NEW ZEALAND LTD

VYN-179X-6003



Continuing . . .

## TRUSTEE FROM THE TOOLROOM

from page 55

"I don't think we'll be able to sail tomorrow, Jack. We've got to get this food on board from the Cathay Princess and the other barrel. I tell you what—I'll probably move in tomorrow, and sleep on board, if that suits you. Then maybe we could sail on Tuesday."

"Suits me," said the owner. He jerked another little fish on board, rebaited the hook with a maggot from a tin, and lowered the line again. "I been thinking," he said. "See that three-stick schooner at the end?"

Keith followed his glance. Lying at the end of the seaward jetty there was a fine three-masted schooner yacht. She lay almost in the deep-water channel because there was no room and no depth of water for her closer in.

She carried a big crew all dressed in whites; her decks were white, her polished brass gleamed in the setting sun. She wore the flag of the United States, and one of the white-clad seamen was standing by the halliard ready to lower it at the sunset gun. Even Keith was impressed by her.

"I see her," he said. "She's built of wood," said Donnelly. "I guess we'll go aboard her before sailing, 'n check up on the course." He struggled to give voice to what was in his mind.

"Ships built of iron," he explained, "they go a different way upon the compass to what ships do if they get built of wood. That Cathay Princess, she's built all of iron. I guess she'd go quite a different way to this Tahiti than what that schooner would, because she's a wooden ship. She's a wooden ship, and Mary Belle's a wooden ship, so they'd go the same way. I guess we'll go aboard before we sail 'n check up with the captain."

Novice in navigation though he was, Keith suspected that Jack Donnelly hadn't got his theory of compass deviation quite right. Still, any second check upon their course was good, and it might be that from the captain of a sailing ship Jack could pick up information about getting through the doldrums which he would not have learned on the seventeen-knot tanker. "That's a good idea," he said amiably.

He left the Mary Belle shortly after that, and went back to his hotel. He found most of the aircrew drinking beer with the officers of the Cathay Princess, and joined them. Captain Davies said, "Mr. Fairlie tells me that you've turned into a navigator."

"He was very kind," Keith said. "He showed me how to get the latitude."

The captain nodded. "Think you'll remember how to do it?"

"I think so. I made a lot of notes. I'll have another go at it tomorrow, at midday."

"Jack Donnelly's in luck. I don't suppose he knows it. But he might get there, now." He took a drink of beer. "Mr. Fairlie show you the victualing list?"

Keith took it from his pocket. "I've got it here. He said I was to see you and ask if I could have the stuff."

"You can have it if you sign a pretty detailed letter saying where and when you'll pay for it," remarked the captain.

"You'd better come on board tomorrow morning and I'll draft the letter for you to sign while the Third gets the stuff on deck. How are you going to take it round to the yacht harbor?"

"I'll have to get a taxi." "Make Yamasaki take it. He's got nothing else to do."

Beside them Dick King said, "Give you a hand with it, if you like. I've got nothing else to do, either."

Presently they went in to dinner. At the table Keith said to Dick King, "You're still taking off on Tuesday morning?"

The flight engineer nodded. "Seven o'clock take off for Vancouver."

"When will you be back in England?"

"Thursday midday if the fans keep turning. We'll have been away a week."

### FROM THE BIBLE

"Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me." Psalm 51.10.

David had sinned against God and his neighbor, and Nathan the prophet had come to remind him of his wickedness. As he thought things over, David turned back to God and sought forgiveness and cleansing in the words of the wonderful Psalm of which these words are part.

Keith said, "I wonder if you'd take a letter back with you, and post it in England? It's just to tell my wife what's happening."

"Why, sure. She should get it Friday morning."

That evening Keith went up to his bedroom after dinner and sat for an hour with his sextant and his nautical almanac and his notes.

Presently he left the navigation and started a letter to Katie. He could not make it very detailed because he did not want to worry her; the details of his passage to Tahiti were not much as would create confidence.

IN consequence, his letter consisted mainly of a description of the flight to Honolulu and the installation of the rotor in the ship; his future plans and movements were dealt with in one sentence at the end, in which he said that he had got a passage on a ship going to Tahiti and he hoped to be there by the end of February. He sealed it up and gave it to Dick King to post in England.

Next morning he went with the flight-engineer to the ship, signed a letter drafted for him by the captain, looked in on the generator trials, inspected the oil barrel newly steamed out and free from taint, and took another noon sight. They lunched on board, telephoned for a taxi-truck, loaded the oil barrel and the stores into it, and set off for the yacht harbor.

Dick had not seen the Mary Belle before nor met Jack Donnelly, and he was filled with misgiving. He knew about sailing boats in theory, at any rate, and he had little confidence in them. They depended solely on the fickle and the vacillating wind; if the wind didn't blow in the right direction they couldn't go. They were archaic survivals of a bygone age.

The right way to get from Honolulu to Tahiti was in a Douglas with twelve or fifteen thousand horse-power pushing it along. It was penny-pinching to think of going by the

wind because the wind was free. It was thinking small, and there was no future in that in these modern times. You wanted to think big.

He was deeply concerned when he went on board the Mary Belle with Keith. There was not so much as a wheel to steer by, nor any seat on deck for the pilot of the craft. A sort of stick stuck forward from the top of the rudder, which came through the deck, and you steered by pushing this stick from side to side so that the ship went the opposite way to which you pushed. He knew of this arrangement, of course, but had thought that it had gone out with the dodo. There was, of course, no engine. He was prepared for that, but the total absence of all mechanical contrivances shook him badly.

It was a hot, humid day. When they arrived the owner was below making the chocks for the new oil drum. He had a woodworker's vice arranged upon the side of Keith's bunk, and the deck of the cabin was a litter of shavings as he formed the floor chocks curved to the radius of the drum, using a spokeshave. Keith went on board with Mr. King and called to him down the hatch. "Afternoon, Jack," he said. "I've brought the grub."

The woodworker looked up. "Get the barrel?"

"We've got that with us, too."

"Huh." Mr. Donnelly stood in thought. "Better bring the barrel down 'n see if these chocks fit," he said at last. "It's going here." He indicated a spot behind the ladder, which seemed to have been moved forward.

"We might need a hand getting it on board," said Keith. "It's an awkward thing to handle."

Mr. Donnelly laid down the spokeshave and started up the ladder.

They got the drum on board, Jack lowering it quickly and expertly from the quayside with the two ends of a warp around it, and lowered it down through the hatch into the cabin. Dick King and Keith carried all the rest of the stuff on board; there was no room to stow anything below till Jack was finished with the oil drum so they stacked it all by the tiller.

There was little more then that they could do till Jack had finished except watch him through the hatch, which they did for a time. He worked on oblivious of their presence. Both Keith and Dick King were impressed with the quality of his woodwork; he worked accurately and quickly, putting a loving finish with a few strokes of glasspaper on each chock before laying it aside.

Presently Keith leaned down the hatch and told him that he was going on shore to say good-bye to the ship's officers and to the aircrew, but would be back later. Mr. Donnelly only grunted in reply, intent upon the job.

Keith moved into the Mary Belle that evening. The installation of the new oil drum was finished when he arrived, and it was ready to be filled with water in the morning. There had been no opportunity to get Jack's drum steamed out, for the Cathay Princess was due to sail for Yokohama in the morning. Keith was to regret most bitterly that he had not taken action upon that earlier when he drank his first cup of coffee.

They stowed the tins mostly beneath the bunks, the tins of biscuit going in the forecabin.

To page 58

fashioned for the life you love living

# LUCAS

Spectator



STYLE 8009-546: Pure merino jersey with a colour matched nylon cravat illustrated in curry—one from a wide range of colour combinations in sizes 12-38. Price £14.19.6.

It's great to be  
casual  
in this  
well tailored way—  
**LUCAS**

Where does fashion end and casual begin? See here a dress that laughs at the question, casually whispers wherever I am: "I belong". Today it's a golden plaid on plain grey in a colourful loom knit jersey with a dominantly tailored theme . . . unmistakably Lucas, elegantly casual.

There's a Lucas dealer or salon in your neighbourhood. For name of nearest, write: E. LUCAS & CO. PTY. LTD., 27 Flinders Lane, Melbourne. FW 5421

Page 57



and the perishables in the one cupboard. The cooking equipment of the Mary Belle consisted of a frying-pan and two battered saucepans; there were two chipped enamel plates and an inadequate supply of knives and forks. Keith found them sufficient for his needs, however, because Jack Donnelly ate mostly with his fingers.

They supped off tinned sausages and beans, cooked by Keith, followed by a half-loaf of stale bread that he discovered in a locker, and a tin of jam. Jack Donnelly ate everything in sight, and then leaned back with a contented sigh. "You cook good chow," he said. "What you got in that wood box?"

"A sextant," Keith said. "I've got some charts here, too." He opened the box, took out the sextant carefully, and gave it to his captain, who handled it gingerly.

"I seen them in shop windows," he observed presently. "Marine stores and that. You know how to use it?"

"Not very well," Keith said. "They put me in the way of the noon sight on board the tanker."

"Huh," Mr. Donnelly handed the mystery box to him. "Tells you where you are, don't it?"

"Not quite. Not unless you're better at it than I am. But I think it may tell us how far we've gone."

Jack Donnelly said, "Well, I can tell you that." He turned to the soiled wooden bulkhead at his side and showed a long vertical line of pencil-scratched figures. "That's how far I went each day coming from San Francisco."

Keith got up and examined the record with interest. "How did you know how far you went each day?" he asked.

Mr. Donnelly said, "Well, each day after sunrise I'd sit down and put my thinking cap on and reckon we were doing five knots yesterday morning, say, four hours, well, that makes fifteen knots."

He paused in thought, and then started counting on his fingers rather expertly. "No, that makes twenty." He went on, "Then around midday maybe it fell light and then I'd reckon up that. Then maybe I'd heave to in the night, catch up a bit on the sleep, 'n reckon on a knot or maybe a knot and a half. So then I'd tot it up for the day 'n write it down up there."

Keith was deeply interested. "How did it come out?" he asked. "I mean, how did it compare with the real distance when you got here?"

"I never got it added up," Mr. Donnelly admitted. "Sometimes I'd try adding all those figures up, but it always came out something different to last time." He reached for his atlas and scrutinised the dirty page of the Pacific Ocean. "It says here two thousand and ninety-eight," he remarked. "A guy came on board one time, said he was from a newspaper. He added it up and wrote it underneath."

Beneath the horizontal line, written neatly in another hand, was the figure 2237.

"That makes it about a hundred and fifty miles too much," said Keith in wonder. "Less than that — about seven per cent."

"You don't go straight all the time," said Mr. Donnelly.

Continuing . . .

## TRUSTEE FROM THE TOOLROOM

from page 57

"You get way off course 'n then that makes it more."

Keith nodded. "I think it's very good indeed," he said. He sat in wonder for a moment. If you took off a bit, say four per cent, for course deviations, then Jack Donnelly's estimate of the distance made good was only three per cent in error, and that error was on the safe side. "How do you know how fast the ship is going through the water?" he asked.

"My dad taught me. He used to know."

"Do you look at the waves she leaves behind, or something?"

"I dunno. Just how she goes."

JACK could not explain himself, and Keith did not pursue the subject. Jack's dead reckoning was clearly most important to them; Jim Fairlie had warned him that at that time of year the skies might well be overcast as they got farther south, making the noon sight impossible. If he could only get an occasional sight as a check on their progress they might well depend more on Jack's estimates than on his sights. "We'll do this again," he said.

Mr. Donnelly ran a dirty finger down the woodwork. "Put another lot of figures right alongside, there," he said. He was seized with doubts. "Think you can add them up right, all those tiddy little numbers?" he asked.

"I can have a try." "Huh." There was a pause, and then the captain said, "You bring the little motor along, what makes the electricity?"

Keith nodded. "I've got it here." He reached into his suitcase and pulled out the box, unwrapped the model, and set it going with a flick of his thumb. He placed it on the floor, and Jack Donnelly got down on his hands and knees and gazed at it entranced. "Smallest in the world," he breathed. He looked up. "That's right?"

"I think so." A disturbing thought crossed the captain's mind. "How long does it go on one fill of gas?"

"Ten or twelve minutes. I've got a bottle with me."

"A bottle of gas?"

Keith nodded.

"We could run it every day?"

"I think so." He let it run till the miniature tank was dry and it stopped, and then put it in its box on the fiddled top of the cupboard. "We'll keep it there."

He washed the dishes, a proceeding which his captain obviously considered to be quite unnecessary. The cabin was dimly lit by a kerosene lamp in gimballs, too dark for anything to read. They sat on deck for a while smoking and listening to the radio music from the yachts in the row, brought to them by the cool, scented breeze. "Get the hose along first thing, 'n fill the barrels," said Jack Donnelly. "Then we're all set to go."

Keith thought about ship's papers and the strange thing called a Bill of Health, and decided that they were matters which concerned the captain of the ship, and not himself. He asked, "How much paraffin have we got — I mean, kero?"

"Kero? There's a can. I guess it's still about half-full."

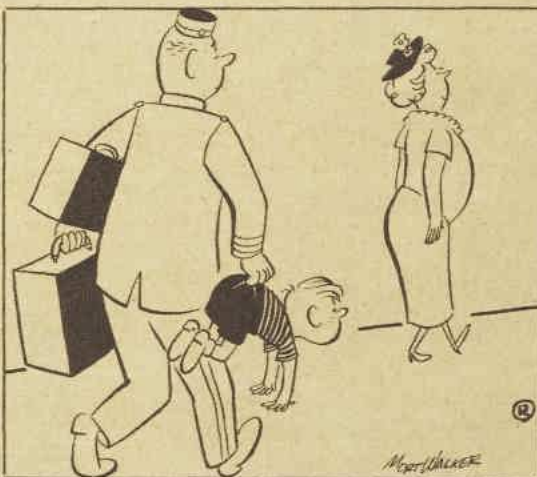
"I'll get it filled up tomorrow." Four gallons, he thought, should take them to Tahiti since there was only one primus stove and the cabin lamp.

They retired to bed soon after. Keith found that Jack's preparations for the night con-

sisted simply in taking off his pants and lying down upon his dirty mattress with a soiled blanket ready to pull over if he felt cold. Keith was tired, but for a time he was kept awake by the strangeness of his surroundings, the hardness of his bed. The wind blowing steadily from the east kept the main halliards tapping rhythmically against the mast, the water lapped against the ship's side by his ear with little liquid noises; from time to time as the ship moved in her moorings the rudder in its pintles made a clunking sound.

He did not know what any of these noises were except the lapping water, but Jack Donnelly was already asleep, so they were probably all right.

This was Monday, Monday night. It was only on Thursday morning that he had left his home in Ealing, but how far away it seemed. Even Katie seemed distant and remote, and Janice, in whose interest he



was here, hardly more than a little wistful dream.

He tried to reckon sleepily how many thousand miles he was away from his workshop in Somerset Road, and gave up the attempt. Eight or ten thousand miles, perhaps. But he still had the case-hardened egg that he had made for Janice, the grey egg, safe in a little box within his suitcase. Presently he slept.

He woke in the dawn to the sound of Jack Donnelly moving about on deck.

Keith dressed and asked, "What would you like for breakfast?"

"Cornmeal fritters," said Mr. Donnelly.

"You'll have to show me how to do that," Keith said.

He received his lesson over the primus stove, Jack picking the maggots expertly out of the cornmeal and putting them in a tin for future use as bait. He had a tin of fat smelling strongly of fish, carefully hoarded and poured back after the fry. Keith added some bacon rashers and a loaf of bread that he had bought at the store. To his surprise, the cornmeal fritters were very good if you could forget about the maggots, and the coffee brewed by Jack was excellent but for the kerosene.

He went off after breakfast with the can for kerosene while Jack looked for a hose along the quayside that he could borrow without permission. Keith bought a few tinned delicacies that took his fancy, and walked back heavily laden to find Jack with a hose watering the ship.

"I let the forward barrel overflow a little, get rid of some of the kero," he said. "She might need pumping out now, if you've nothing else to do."

Keith bent to the bilge pump, a crude affair with a straight pull upon the plunger, awkward to the novice. It worked well, however, and a steady stream of dirty water flowed out on the deck and away by the scuppers, gradually becoming clearer.

Jack finished filling the barrels below, and put the running hose on deck in the warm sun, turned it off upon the quay, and returned it to wherever he had got it, while Keith continued his backbreaking work.

Finally the pump sucked, and Keith rested his aching muscles.

"Guess we're all set to go," said Jack. "You don't know of anything we might want?"

Keith shook his head. "I can't think of anything."

Jack went below and fetched up his atlas, which opened at the soiled page of the Pacific. "Captain Davies, he said to steer one five three," he said, looking at the scrawled pencil figure on the smudged line. "He said that was the same as south

ran from the truck of the mainmast to the mizzen, and down to the wheelhouse and deck lounge at the stern, from which a television aerial and a direction-finding loop protruded.

A deckhand in immaculate white overalls lounged by the varnished gangway leading to the deck. Keith would never have dreamed of setting foot on such a ship himself; he decided that negotiations here were his captain's responsibility.

No such qualms beset Jack Donnelly. He marched down the gangway to the deck, Keith following behind. The lounging sailor stood erect. "What can we do for you, brother?" he asked.

"None o' your business. Just tell the captain I got sump'n to talk to him about."

"You got to say what you want. The captain's busy."

Jack flared into a quick anger that Keith had not seen before. He advanced a threatening step towards the man. "You go tell him."

The deckhand stepped back hurriedly. "Okay, Superman, okay. But he won't see you till he's finished breakfast. Just wait up on the jetty."

"We'll wait right here."

The man hesitated, and then went towards the wheelhouse door. He almost collided with a woman who came flying out on deck. "Who's that?" she asked him urgently.

"Couple guys want to see the captain, lady," he replied. "They won't say what they want."

She hesitated, and then brushed past him and walked quickly to Jack and Keith by the gangway. "You haven't come from Manuel?" she asked. She had bright auburn hair, almost red in the Honolulu sunlight, that probably owed something to art. Keith judged she might have been about thirty years of age.

Jack looked at Keith blankly. The situation was beyond him. Keith said, "We've come to see the captain."

"Oh." She was plainly disappointed. "I was expecting . . . somebody else."

"We just want to see the captain."

She looked them up and down. "Want a job?" She said to Jack, "You're a sailor by the look of you. He might have one for you. I don't suppose he'd have one for your friend."

"We don't want no job," Jack Donnelly replied. "Just want to see the captain — ask him about the course down to the islands."

She stood in silence, her lips drooping. Keith had a queer feeling that at any moment she was likely to start crying.

"You're nothing to do with Manuel?" she asked dully.

Jack looked blank, and Keith shook his head. "We've never met him, I don't think," he told her. "Who is he?"

"At the Royal Waikiki Hotel, with his orchestra," she said. "Music With Manuel," every Thursday evening on the C.B.S. You must have seen it. Everyone knows Manuel."

Jack Donnelly said, "We just want to see the captain."

She turned away from them and walked slowly to the deckhouse door and vanished inside. They stood in the sun at the end of the gangway, waiting. Jack smiled thoughtfully. "She'd look good in a grass skirt!" he said.

Keith laughed as the deckhand reappeared. "Captain, he's at breakfast," he told them. "He said to tell you to wait, or else come back again in half an hour."

"Guess we'll wait," said Jack patiently.

They waited for a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes. Then the captain came out of the deckhouse door and walked towards them, a tall, bronzed, efficient-looking man in naval whites.

"You want to see me about something?" he asked. "I'm Captain Petersen."

Jack said awkwardly, "I was wondering if we could check course with you down to the islands. I'm Jack Donnelly, and this is Mr. Keats, sailing with me."

"Sure," said the captain. "There was a piece about you in the paper. You came from San Francisco singlehanded, didn't you?"

"Piece about me in the paper?" asked Jack vaguely.

"In the 'Post-Journal,' near a column about you and your ship. One day last week. Didn't you see it?"

Jack shook his head.

"I'll get the steward to look through the papers in the cool house. Maybe we've got it still. That's your ship up at the end? The white sloop?"

"That's right."

"Where are you bound for now, captain?"

"Going south to this place, Tahiti," Jack Donnelly said. "Mr. Keats got business to do there."

"Quite a way," said the captain, "but you should find a fair reaching wind, the season of the year. It might fall light and variable when you get down about five north. The after the equator it might steady up again, still from the east. You haven't got a motor?"

Jack shook his head. "Oh, well, I think you'll be all right. You may get a few days slamming about in the doldrums. Come into the chart house and we'll have a look at the course."

They went with him towards the deckhouse door. Keith asked, "Have you got a motor?"

"Oh, sure. We've got a big main diesel and a smaller one for starting and battery charging. The engine-room is quite a show place in this ship."

"How many hands you carry?" asked Jack.

"Nine deck hands," said the captain, "two engineers, one cook, two stewards, boatswain mate, and me. Seventeen all told."

They entered the wheelhouse and stood by the chart table. The captain pressed a bell push and a buzzer sounded below; a steward appeared.

"Sam," said the captain, "chase around the ship and see if you can find a copy of the 'Post-Journal' about the middle of last week, Wednesday or Thursday, with the column about Captain Donnelly and the 'Mary Belle.' If you find it, bring it here. And — hold it." He turned to Jack and Keith. "Cup of coffee? Right. Three cups, Sam."

KEITH was surprised and pleased by the consideration that the American captain of this very fine yacht gave to Jack Donnelly's problems. A dumb fisherman from Oregon was clearly no novelty to him; moreover, he had probably been briefed by local gossip in the yacht harbor.

He examined Jack's smudged atlas page with interest and care, and turned to Keith's charts with tact, ran out the course for them, and curiously enough arrived at exactly the same magnetic course as Captain Davies had in the Cathay Princess. "Guess I needn't have troubled you," said Jack at last. "I thought maybe it would be something different, the tanker being an iron ship."

The captain shook his head. "That's compass deviation. You don't want to stow anything made of iron near your binnacle — an anchor, or anything like that. Take it up forward." They went on to discuss the probable winds, two

To page 60

### Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2500 to 3000 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate.

Address manuscript to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 468W, G.P.O., Sydney.



# LOOK WHAT GAS ROOM HEATING OFFERS !

2 kinds of heat  
for the cost of one!

with the

DUAL HEAT

**BRAEMAR GAS FIRE**

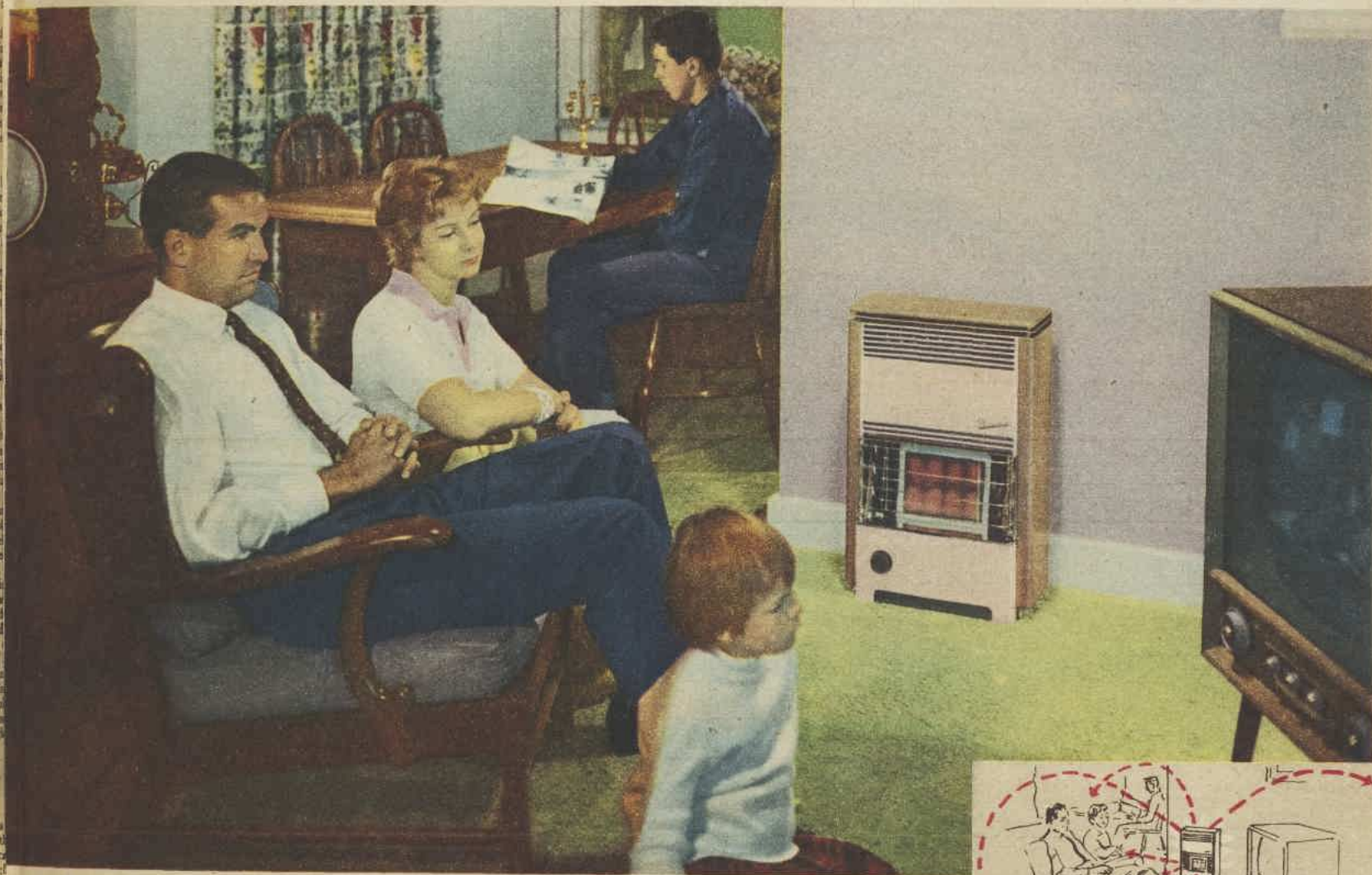
The handsome Braemar Dual Heat Gas Fire combines the direct heat of its Pyrox-Schwank burners with the cosiness of heated air circulating to every corner of the largest room. This is ideal for TV viewing as every person,

no matter where situated, gains an equal share of the warmth. Braemar's combination of radiant and convected heat offers the advantages of more heat from a given amount of gas, and more effective room heating.



## INSTANT WARMTH AT THE TURN OF A TAP

Click on the tap, light, and the Pyrox-Schwank burners immediately glow into cheery warming fire. No waiting, no fuss. You'll appreciate the instant warmth of the Braemar Dual Heat.



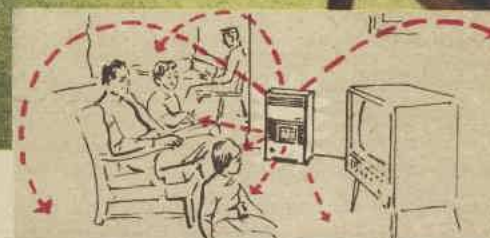
**BRAEMAR DUAL HEAT** features a scratch-resistant baked enamel case in 5 colour combinations: Copper with Peach Glo, Coral Red with Lilac Haze, Gold with Cream,

All Gold, or All Silver Grey. 12 months guarantee and after-sales service now and always from the manufacturer's Service Department.

Braemar Capital City Addresses : • Braemar Engineering Co. Pty. Ltd., Princes Highway, Noble Park, Vic. • Braemar Engineering Co. (N.S.W.) Pty. Ltd., 167 Bonds Road, Punchbowl, N.S.W. • Braemar Engineering Co. (S.A.) Ltd., 40 Collins Street, Enfield, S.A. • Braemar Engineering Co. (W.A.) Pty. Ltd., Jones Street and Stockdale Road, Hilton Park, W.A. • Braemar Engineering Co. (Qld.) Pty. Ltd., Bilsen Road, Geebung, Brisbane, Qld.

Only GAS gives you the wonderful combination of instant high heat, perfect control, and clean, smokeless flame cheeriness. GAS does the job without wait, without waste. For utmost comfort this Winter and every Winter to come, see this modern Gas Fire at your nearest Gas Showroom.

*If you live beyond the gas main use L.P. (Bottled) Gas and appliances.*



## SEE HOW THE WARM AIR CIRCULATES

When the warm air circulates gently through the room, you can sit anywhere you like and still be comfortably cosy.



The NGA badge on every appliance is your guarantee of quality.

**ONLY GAS** does so much more . . . for so much less!

THE NATIONAL GAS ASSOCIATION OF AUSTRALIA

Page 59





Isn't  
he worth  
the best?

## Ovaltine provides the best in vitamins and food nourishment so vital to your family's health

There is nothing more important to a mother than the health of her family. In providing for their well-being, she does everything in her power to give them nourishing food, but there is always the doubt in her mind that they may not be getting their full requirements of nourishment and vitamins.

To minimise the risk of nourishment deficiency, the wise mother gives her family Ovaltine every day. Experience has proved to her the wonderful benefits that Ovaltine gives her family. She knows that the nourishing goodness of malt, milk, eggs, essential vitamins and minerals in Ovaltine builds up and maintains abounding good health; and its rich, satisfying flavour delights the entire family.

If you have not experienced the benefits that Ovaltine can bring your family — give them Ovaltine today — it's the best and surest way to protect their health.



Ovaltine will be used at the 1960 Olympic Games on the special recommendation of the Food Advisory Committee.

# OVALTINE

the food you drink for health and strength

Choose from two delicious flavours MALT OR CHOCOLATE

AW3.60

Enjoy Ovaltine's goodness at all meal times



BREAKFAST



LUNCH



AFTER SCHOOL



BEDTIME

## Continuing . . . TRUSTEE FROM THE TOOLROOM

from page 58

men of the same country talking the language of sail.

They went on talking for half an hour, sipping the cups of coffee, smoking as they stood over the charts. Keith showed his newspaper cutting about the loss of Shearwater and the death of Jo, and told this pleasant man the purpose of his journey. The red-headed woman came up from below, dressed for the shore and passed them by, walked with quick steps up the gangway, got into a car upon the quay and drove off.

"You won't have any trouble," Captain Petersen said at last. "A good, reaching wind most of the way, unless you're very unlucky. You should make better than a hundred miles a day average. Add a week in the doldrums. I'd say you'll be in Papeete in thirty days."

Keith asked, "Have you been here long?"

"Too long," the captain said. "Nearly four weeks. We came here from Los Angeles bound for Tokio, and then Manila with the owner, his daughter and some friends. Four months' cruise it was to be. But soon as we got here he was talking on the telephone to New York and then to Cincinnati, where the works are, and he left and flew back east. He'll be back again some time. In the meantime there's just the daughter living here on board, and she's doing no good."

"That's the lady who went on shore just now?" Keith asked. "She came and spoke to us while we were waiting."

CAPTAIN PETERSEN nodded. "Mrs. Efstathios," he said. "At least I always call her Mrs. Efstathios. I don't think the decree's gone through yet."

Jack said, "She was asking sump'n about a guy called Manuel. Seemed to think we ought to know about him."

The captain nodded. "Manuel de Silva," he said reflectively. "MUSIC WITH MANUEL." He was born Mike Simmons, but that was in Puerto Rico, so I suppose he felt he'd got a right to a Spanish name. Looks like he's going to be number four if we stop here much longer."

He stood in thought for a moment. "Gee," he said, "I wish that I could jump this ship and come down to the island with you boys."

They thanked this competent man and said goodbye, and went on shore, and started to walk back towards the Mary Belle. "Fine ship," said Jack Donnelly.

"She was beautiful," Keith said. "I've never been on board a ship like that before. Do you know her name?"

"Flying Cloud. Registered in Seattle." He walked a few steps in thought. "She cost somebody plenty."

They walked back to the Mary Belle and went on board. In the cabin Jack tucked the school atlas away under the mattress of his bunk, and Keith wedged the roll of charts behind the locker. Jack looked around the cabin. "You think of anything we need we haven't got?" he asked.

Keith thought, and shook his head. "We've got food, water

To page 61



and kero," he said. "I don't know about the ship."

Jack grunted. "You ever been in a sailing craft like this before?"

Keith shook his head.

"Just keep out of my way, 'n don't do nothing 'less I tell you."

He busied himself for the next half-hour about the deck while Keith stood on the ladder in the hatch and watched. He set the jib in stops, made halliard and sheets ready, set up the main boom and removed the crutch, made fast the main sheet and removed all but two tie-ers from the sail. The wind was blowing from the east down the fairway of the yacht harbor towards the entrance. He took in the lee-side bow and stern warps and led the doubled end of the bow warp from the weather bow pile to the stern.

Then everything happened in a rush, so quickly that Keith had difficulty in appreciating what was going on. Jack cast off the weather stern warp and then he was everywhere at once, a big, nimble man stripped to the waist, hauling on ropes and casting them off.

The Mary Belle moved forward smoothly from her berth into the fairway, turned as the jib broke out, and then she was sailing quietly down the middle of the rows of yachts towards the entrance trailing a long rope in the water from her bow. Jack at the helm. "Just gather that rope 'n put it on the deck beside the mast," he said.

Keith did his best with this, and got it all on deck. They turned by the Flying Cloud and headed out to sea under jib alone, the wind a little aft of the beam. As they passed the schooner yacht Captain Petersen came out and waved to them from the deckhouse door.

They carried on southwards down the channel till Jack judged that they were well outside the reef. Then he told Keith to get down below out of the way. He loosened the main sheet, cast off the tie-ers from the main, put the ship up to the wind, and ran forward to hoist both peak and main halliards. The big tanned sail slammed and banged about as Keith crouched down below it in the hatch and Jack worked like a demon at the mast.

Then suddenly it was over, and they were sailing quietly again. Jack at the helm, the big sail billowing above them. They were sailing much faster now, a little heeled to starboard, making about five knots.

Keith sat in the cabin hatch enjoying the smoothness of the motion in the lee of the land. As he looked around he saw a white launch come out of the harbor behind them.

He said, "There's a boat coming out behind us."

**J**ACK turned and looked at it. "Always sump'n," he grumbled.

The launch ranged up alongside them and slowed their speed. A uniformed man in the stern spoke through a megaphone. "Say, Captain," he said, "you better heave to."

Grumbling beneath his breath, Jack Donnelly pulled the fore-sheet up to weather, slacked the main, and put the helm down. The Mary Belle came on into the wind and lay quietly with little forward way. The launch ranged up beside her on the lee quarter only a few feet away. The uniformed man appeared by the coxswain's side. "Where are you bound for?" he shouted.

Jack Donnelly answered, "To Hilo."

"You're not going any farther?"

"Just to Hilo."

"You've got to get clearance if you go outside the group."

"Don't need no clearance for Hilo."

"No," the officer admitted.

Continuing . . .

## TRUSTEE FROM THE TOOLROOM

from page 60

"All you need is just pay fourteen dollars and fifty cents."

"What we got to pay that for?"

"Harbor dues, Captain."

"Heck, I wasn't in the harbor more 'n a week."

"Nine days," the officer said. "Your size makes one fifty each day, plus tax. Makes fourteen dollars fifty."

Grumbling, Jack left the helm and went below, and from some secret store unearthed the money. The officer reached out a little fishing net on a bamboo for it, and passed back the receipt in the same way. The launch sheered off, put on speed, turned around, and made off back towards the harbor.

Keith asked timidly, "Where's Hilo?"

"On Hawaii. They make all kinds of trouble if you say you're going foreign."

He let draw the jib and the main, and got the vessel on her course again. "You sick yet?" he asked.

"Not yet," said Keith.

"Come 'n take the helm a while and I'll show you."

Keith came to the tiller, held by a turn of light rope round it from a cleat upon the bulwark, the rope held in the hand. He sat down on the deck as he had seen Jack sit.

"Keep looking at the card," he said. He laid a dirty finger on the glass of the binnacle. "That black line, that's the lubber line 'n that goes with the ship. The card, with all them black marks on it, that moves against the lubber line the way you pull the tiller."

"You see the big thin diamond? Well, not that one, but the one next to it; the tiddy little triangle. Keep her about there."

Keith put on his glasses to inspect the binnacle, and picked out the tiny numerals, remembered from his navigational instruction, and so identified the tiddy little triangle. He settled down to try to steer the ship, and became engrossed in it.

Jack watched him for a time, and then went down and lit the primus stove. He made a jug of coffee while Keith steered, and the island of Oahu grew less distinct behind them, and presently passed up on deck a cup of coffee, a great hunk of corned beef out of a tin, and two inch-thick slices of bread.

"You okay?" he asked.

"So far," said Keith.

Jack Donnelly grunted. "Guess I'll have a bit of a lie down," he said.

Keith was alarmed. "What will I do if anything happens?" he asked.

"Aw, nothing's going to happen," said the captain. He sat by the galley at the foot of the ladder contentedly eating bread and beef. Then, without ever looking out on deck, he went forward and lay down upon the lee berth, which was Keith's, and went to sleep.

Keith sat at the helm terrified. He had never sailed a ship of any sort before. Now he was in sole control of this rushing, heaving monster which towered above him in a mass of sails and rope whose very function was a mystery to him. He had only mastered one small element of the seaman's craft, that of keeping the appropriate compass mark upon the lubber line, and that only within the last half-hour. He did not know what disaster would ensue if he should let it stray either way.

He sat there in his cricket shirt and braces with panama hat upon his head under the brilliant sun of the Hawaiian Islands, the bread and the corned beef untasted on the deck beside him, concentrating on doing the one thing that he had been taught, keeping the

tiddy little triangle upon the lubber line.

By the middle of the afternoon he was taking things more easily. He ate his lunch about three o'clock, and sat on at the helm growing steadily more sunburnt and tired. Below, he could see Jack sleeping peacefully upon the lee berth. Tired as he was, he realised that this made sense since for the next month they would have to sail all night. He could not sail the ship at night. Jack would have to do that, or they must

coffee and got out a tin of pork and beans to heat up for their supper. He had got as far as getting out the bread when he suddenly felt dizzy and faint; the fumes of the stove were nauseating. The motion of the ship intolerable. He struggled on for a little, unable to focus his eyes on anything. Then he was overcome and dashed up on deck to be sick over the lee rail.

He moved back to the hatch when it was over. Jack was tying down the reef points at the boom, and paused in his work. "Gets you, down below," he said affably. "Stay

with a filthy rag, and put them back ready for use again."

He lit the cabin lamp and turned it low, then came on deck and took the tiller, let draw the sheets, and got the vessel on her course. It was now nearly dark.

"Get on down 'n get some sleep," he said. "Don't go standing up—lie down right away. You got nothing else to do till daylight."

"You can't sail her all night."

"Aw, if I get sleepy I'll heave to."

Keith took off his shoes, went down below, and stretched out on the berth. Somewhat to his own surprise he fell asleep at once. He slept for five or six hours, woke up feeling sick, and went up on deck to the rail.

Jack was sitting smoking at the helm, and the ship going smoothly over the long ocean swell. "Just take her while I get some chow," he said.

Keith took the helm in the bright moonlight and struggled to keep the vessel on her course in the faint light of the oil-lit binnacle. Presently Jack passed him up a mug of coffee and a great hunk of bread spread with jam, and sat below himself finishing up the tin of cold pork and beans. Then he came on deck again. "Guess I'll take her now."

So the night passed. Keith took the helm again at dawn while Jack Donnelly slept. In general he was well enough on deck while he concentrated on the sailing of the ship, and he was ill directly he went below. They sailed on all the day under a blue sky flecked with cloud. Once in the afternoon when Keith was lying dozing and exhausted on the lee bunk, he opened his eyes to see Jack Donnelly wedged upon the other bunk, and realised that there was no one at the helm.

To his inquiry Jack said, "She goes by herself okay with the wind forward of the beam. Won't be no harm if we get up a tiddy bit of weather." He pointed at the bulkhead at his feet. "I reckon we made ninety-five miles yesterday, up till dawn today. See where I wrote it down?"

Later that afternoon when Keith was at the helm and Jack below beginning the preparations for supper, he happened to glance up through the hatch. Immediately he stopped what he was doing and came out on deck, and stood looking at the sky. Keith asked him what he was looking at.

"Frigate bird," said Jack.

"That's the third I've seen."

Keith followed his arm pointing and saw the bird, very high, flying or gliding on a straight course. "That's a gull, isn't it?" he asked.

"Frigate bird," said Jack. "Much bigger 'n a gull. See his forked tail. He's going home some place."

"How do you know that?"

"That sort don't spend nights at sea. They go way out, but they go back to land each night. He'll be down by sunset." He glanced at the sun. "Hour 'n a quarter, hour 'n a half. There's land that way, forty, fifty miles. That's the third I see, all going the same way." He laid a horny, dirty hand vertically across the binnacle, looking up at the flight of the bird and down at his hand. "Just a tiddy bit south of east," he said. "Get them charts of yours 'n see what land that is."

Keith went below and got the chart and brought it up on deck quickly before he was sick. He put the Pacific Islands Pilot down on it with the edge pointing a little to the south of Magnetic east. "Must be Hawaii," he said. "If we're on course that should be about sixty miles away."

Jack thought about it, watching the bird now disappearing to the east. "I dunno as he'd

fly so fast as that," he said. "Reckon we're up to windward just a tiddy bit."

The D.C.6b flown by Captain Fielding landed back at Blackbushe about midday on Thursday, just a week after leaving for Honolulu. They landed back into the cold foggy drizzle of a January day in England; after the languorous sun and warm trade winds of Honolulu the change was little to their liking. "Half-inch thick underwear, fires in the living-room, and hot buttered crumpets for tea," said the navigator thoughtfully. "Well, I dunno. I suppose there's something to be said for it."

The crew were tired and ready for a rest. They had flown the best part of their maximum permitted allowance of flying for a month in one week, finishing up with thirty-six hours on end. For most of them there was employment or instruction on the ground in the installations of Blackbushe until they were rostered for another flight, but all were entitled to three days of rest.

**DICK KING** would start again upon the overhaul of engines in the shops on Monday morning, but having turned in his log-books and written his report, he was free to go home.

He telephoned his wife, Ethel, to bring the car to Blackbushe to fetch him. He had brought back little gifts from Honolulu for his wife, a lei of frangipani blossoms in a polythene bag and a bracelet of colored tropical nuts. "I haven't got anything particular for tea," she said as he got into the car. "Anything you fancy?"

He shivered a little in the unaccustomed, raw chilliness of the early dusk. "Sausages," he said. "Pork sausages and fried potatoes." He thought of the navigator. "And crumpets. Let's have lots and lots of crumpets. Got the fire lit?"

She looked surprised. "I didn't light it yet—it's not very cold. Are you cold?"

"A bit. We'll light it when we get in." Half-way home he thought of Keith Stewart's letter in his pocket, and they stopped and posted it, and bought sausages and crumpets.

When they got home he gave her his presents, and she exclaimed with pleasure at the bracelet and the lei, which was satisfactory to him. "I never asked if you had a good trip," she said.

"Pretty fair," he replied. He paused, and then he said, "You remember me telling you about Keith Stewart, of the 'Miniature Mechanic,' who was coming with us?"

She nodded. "I remember. Did you bring him back?"

"No. He got off in Honolulu. Tell you all about it after tea."

He did so as they washed

To page 63

## DEARBORN'S PURE MERCOLIZED WAX FACE CREAM



Look younger with a clear smooth and healthy complexion. Give your skin the best beauty treatment available today.

"The loveliest girls use it"

AT ALL CHEMISTS & STORES



Outdoor comfort this Easter in

# Knight Casuals

There's nothing like a Knight for comfort, quality and value.

FROM ONLY

39/11

(SA378) "Long Socks" in hide... the lowest priced, genuine ripple-soled casual available. Colours: Whiskey, Jonathan Red, Winter Tan, Lichen, Black, Badine, Bone, Bay Leaf, Pale Black, Marina Blue. 52/6. Also available in suede hide at 54/11. (SA390)



(SA387) "Elfin" in suede hide. Colours: Marron Glace, Corsica Green, Jonathan Red, Irish Setter, Black, Greige, Chateau, Sapphire Blue. 49/11.



(SK019) "Maddin" in suede hide with a vulcanized sole. Colours: Marron Glace, Corsica Green, Jonathan Red, Irish Setter, Black, Greige, Chateau, Sapphire Blue. 39/11. Also available with a plain vulcanized sole at 39/11. (SK017)



(SA301) Popular "Be-Be" boot in hide and lined with lambswool. Colours: Whiskey, Jonathan Red, Winter Tan, Lichen, Black, Badine, Bone, Bay Leaf, Pale Black, Marina Blue. 59/11. Also available in suede at 52/6. (SA302)



(SA368) "Wynph" in hide. Colours: Whiskey, Jonathan Red, Winter Tan, Lichen, Black, Badine, Bone, Bay Leaf, Pale Black, Marina Blue. 39/11. Also available in suede hide at 43/11. (SA382)



(SA384) "Sprite" in suede hide. Colours: Marron Glace, Corsica Green, Jonathan Red, Irish Setter, Black, Greige, Chateau, Sapphire Blue. 45/11. Also available in hide at 44/11. (SA376)



(SA379) "Busy Bee" in hide. Colours: Whiskey, Jonathan Red, Winter Tan, Lichen, Black, Badine, Bone, Bay Leaf, Pale Black, Marina Blue. 42/6.

(SA385) "Scamp" in suede hide. Colours: Marron Glace, Corsica Green, Jonathan Red, Irish Setter, Black, Greige, Chateau, Sapphire Blue. 44/11. Also available in hide at 43/6. (SA377)



(SA367) "Tanker" in hide. Colours: Whiskey, Jonathan Red, Winter Tan, Lichen, Black, Badine, Bone, Bay Leaf, Pale Black, Marina Blue. 44/11. Also available in suede hide at 45/11. (SA381)



AVAILABLE AT 99 OUT OF 100 STORES THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA

**Knight**  
is one of the brands from the famous  
**"House of Goodchild"**  
a member of  
Felt and Textiles  
Australia Ltd.



the dishes in the kitchen, and as he recapitulated to her what had happened in Honolulu the unease grew on him again. It was absurd, of course, and that he realised, because Keith was his own master, and if he chose to go to sea with a man like Jack Donnelly in a ship like the Mary Belle, well, that was that.

Moreover, it was all ten thousand miles away, and no concern of his. Yet he was still worried.

Something of his unease communicated itself to her as they sat before the fire. "We got him fixed up with a sextant and the ship's officers showed him how to use it to take a latitude sight," he said. "I hope it's going to work out all right."

"Doesn't the captain have to do that?" she asked, puzzled. "This one couldn't. He was just a sort of fisherman."

"Doesn't the captain of a ship have to pass exams, like in an aeroplane?"

"I don't know," he replied. "Maybe if the ship is small enough you don't. I shouldn't have thought that this chap could read or write." He thought for a moment. "He was a good woodworker."

"However small the aeroplane, you've got to have a licence and pass exams before you can fly it anywhere, haven't you?" she asked.

"That's so. It may be different with ships. This chap couldn't navigate at all. He got to Honolulu from San Francisco by following the aeroplanes."

She was puzzled. "But they fly to all parts of places, don't they? How would he know that any aeroplane he saw was going to Honolulu?"

"It's the only place they can go to," he said. "They all put down at Honolulu to refuel. You get out in the Pacific west of San Francisco, and you see one flying to the west, it's going to Honolulu." He sat in brooding silence.

Presently she asked kindly, "What's the trouble, Dick? Are you afraid that they won't get to this place he's going to? What's the name?"

"Tahiti," he said. "That's about the strength of it. It's the hell of a long way—more than two thousand five hundred miles of open sea. Nearly as far as from here to New York. And at the end of it, to find one tiny little island in among a lot of coral reefs you could get wrecked on, like his sister was. To think of starting off upon a trip like that in a sailing ship without an engine, with a skipper who can't navigate!"

"There's nothing you can do about it," she said at last.

"No..." He turned to her. "I was with him all the time in Honolulu. We shared a room in the hotel. I've never shared a room with someone who was somebody before—I mean, well known. You know." She nodded.

"He'd never been outside England before," he said uncomfortably. "For so famous a man—he didn't know a thing, really. Never seen a shower before, or foreign money. He didn't even know how to sleep properly in hot weather."

"Was he nice?" she asked, curiously.

"Just like you or me," he told her. "We got on fine." He sat in an uncomfortable silence. "I ought to have stopped him going on that ship," he said at last.

She comforted him. "It'll probably turn out all right," she said. "You see."

"I hope it does." He spent a restless night weighed down by a sense of imminent disaster. Towards morning it occurred to him that anyway he should not keep his grim forebodings to himself. If he shared his apprehensions with other people, someone might make some suggestion that would somehow make Keith's journey to Tahiti safer. But who to talk to?

Continuing . . .

## TRUSTEE FROM THE TOOLROOM

from page 61

He talked to everyone that he could think of over the weekend, and he talked to all and sundry at Blackbushe when he started work again on Monday, but no helpful suggestions came forth.

On the Wednesday, when he had been back in England for nearly a week, he took a batch of exhaust manifolds for repair to a firm in Croydon, travelling with them to suggest a welding modification that would prevent certain cracks from starting. He rode with the driver in the truck, arriving in the middle of the morning. He did his business in the welding shop and had lunch in the firm's canteen.

BY the time he had disposed of his lunch and his work it was getting on for three o'clock. There was little sense in going back with the truck to Blackbushe for at most an hour of work before knocking-off time, and Keith Stewart was still uneasy in his mind. He rode with the truck-driver to Croydon station and took a train to Victoria. An hour later he was walking into the editorial offices of the "Miniature Mechanic" in Victoria Street.

It was not a large office, and it was not modern or well furnished. In the outer office there was a girl and a young man, and two vacant desks littered with bits of miniature machinery, photographs, and pulls from blocks. He asked the girl if he could see the editor.

"Who shall I say?" she asked. "Mr. King," he said a little awkwardly. "Mr. King, of Albartross Airways. He won't know me. Tell him it's about Keith Stewart."

She went into the inner office, and came out followed by the editor. He went up to the engineer. "Mr. King?" he said, with outstretched hand. "My name is McNeil. You've come about Keith Stewart?"

"That's right. I thought you might like to know how he's getting on."

They went into the office and the editor gave him a chair. Dick King said, "I'm the flight-engineer of the crew Mr. Stewart went to Honolulu with. We left him there when we flew back last Tuesday. I thought you might like to know how he was getting on."

"I certainly would. He told me that he'd got a flight with you to Honolulu and he wanted to get down to Tahiti. He had to go there to see about his sister's death. Did he manage to get a passage on to Tahiti? He wasn't quite sure about that when he left."

Dick King said, "He did get a passage, of a sort. That's what I wanted to tell you about, really. He was going on a sort of fishing-boat. She hadn't got an engine even—just the sails."

Mr. McNeil opened his eyes. "That doesn't sound like Keith. Couldn't he get anything better?"

"Apparently not. We were all a bit worried about it, but he made up his mind so there wasn't anything that we could do."

"It's a very long way, isn't it?"

"About two thousand four hundred miles." He hesitated. "Sea miles, that would be—knots. Close on three thousand land miles, I suppose."

"And he's gone on that in a fishing-boat—sailing?"

"That's right."

"Tell me just what happened, Mr. King."

The engineer considered how to tell his story. "Well," he said, "it was like this. There

was this crew of the Cathay Princess, the officers, I mean, the ship we took the generator rotor to." Launched on his story he had little difficulty in going on in his own way, and the editor had little difficulty in getting the essentials of the tale.

"The chap was kind of simple," said the engineer, describing Jack Donnelly. "He built the boat himself and made a good job of her. He's a woodworker by trade, or else a fisherman. He could be a bit of both. But I don't think he can read or write, and he certainly can't navigate."

Mr. McNeil was puzzled. "If he can't navigate how is he going to find Tahiti?"

"That's the trouble," said the engineer. "Captain Davies—he's the captain of the tanker we took the generator rotor to—he said they wouldn't get there at all. The First Officer, he said he thought they'd get there in the end, but they'd take a heck of a long time."



"But he went off on this ship, did he?"

"I suppose he did," said the flight-engineer. "We took off at dawn last Tuesday and they were going to sail the same day. I don't know for sure that they went, but I suppose they did."

"How long was the voyage to take?"

"Mr. Fairlie said six weeks. You'd make it ten hours in a D.C.6, but that's the time he said it would take." He paused. "He did teach Mr. Stewart how to take a latitude sight, and we got him a sextant. And Captain Davies, he fixed them up with food and that."

The editor pursed his lips. It sounded absolutely crazy, and it probably was. He had private troubles of his own that concerned Keith Stewart. It was barely a fortnight since he left England, but already his absence had been felt very much by the staff of the "miniature Mechanic." Every other day a batch of letters arrived from Katie that Keith normally would have answered and which now had to be answered by the editor himself. They were letters from all over the world.

Jim McNeil had not fully realised till he had the job of answering these letters how widely Keith's influence had spread, in what high regard he was held by modellers all over the world. He was uneasily conscious that Keith's salary was perhaps too small. The overseas subscriptions were increasing every day.

The air fare from Honolulu to Tahiti might not be more than the book could stand, a hundred or a hundred and fifty pounds. Keith had been on the staff now for twelve years.

It might be reasonable to stand him that.

"If I'd known that he was in this difficulty we'd have given him some help, I think. I'd have to put it to the Board, of course. But I think we'd have helped him with the air fare rather than see him get into a mess like this."

"You can't fly direct," said the engineer. "You've got to go by Samoa."

"Have your firm got an agent in Honolulu that I could cable to?"

"Not that I know of," replied Mr. King. "There's Mr. Yamasaki. He was agent for the ship the Cathay Princess."

"I'll think it over for an hour or two," said the editor. "I might think of something better." He took Mr. Yamasaki's name, talked to the engineer for a few minutes longer, and thanked him for coming in. Finally Dick left the office to catch a train home.

Back in his office after seeing the engineer off the premises, Mr. McNeil sat deep in thought, smoking pipe after

air letter-form and carbon into the machine, and began to type.

He wrote:

Dear Professor,

You will remember lunching with Keith Stewart and myself when you were last in London, when you showed us the photographs of your Case traction engine and your workshop. I am a bit concerned about Keith Stewart, who was recently in Honolulu, and I have wondered if you have a friend there who could assist me in an inquiry.

The circumstances are as follows . . .

He wrote on, putting the case clearly and concisely, explaining about Keith's sister, about his financial inability to pay for his extensive journey, about his free flight to Honolulu, about Jack Donnelly and the Mary Belle. He ended up with a few words of apology.

I feel we are to blame in some degree in not assisting him with the expense of this journey in view of his long service with the magazine, but you will appreciate that we do not make great profits. We did not think that he would become involved in such difficulties, and we would assist him now if we could get in touch with him. Do you know anyone in Honolulu who could cable us, at my expense, to tell us what the position is? Or who could get in touch with him if he is still there and ask him to cable us?

Yours sincerely,

James McNeil.

Cyrus Shawn O'Leary got that letter on the Friday morning at his home in Ann Arbor, near Detroit.

He read the letter again and then sat deep in thought, the remainder of his correspondence unnoticed on the desk before him. The direct appeal stirred him deeply. He was an engineer at heart; if things had broken differently for him he might have been one.

He enjoyed his literary work, but the highspot of his visit to Europe two years previously had been the lunch with Keith Stewart and his editor. He had subscribed to the "Miniature Mechanic" for nine years, and in that time he had come to have a deep regard for the design engineer whose lucid and well-written articles had taught him so much.

He sat wondering how to deal with this appeal, how best he could help. He did know Honolulu; he had lectured there three times, but the people he knew there were all literary people.

### PROFESSOR

O'LEARY did not know one person there to whom he could turn for an account of the movements of a fishing boat in the harbor.

He left his study and went down to the basement of his house, to the workshop. He had a special bookshelf down there for the copies of the "Miniature Mechanic."

He had abstracted from the series the issues of the magazine dealing with the construction of the Congreve Clock, and these lay in a little pile upon the drawing-bench. He turned them over thoughtfully; it was incredible that a man who could write stuff like that should be so short of money . . .

He turned to the bench, deep in thought, and fingered the tilting platform of the clock, already assembled in a trial erection on its trunnions. He had made that first, thinking it to be the most difficult part; in fact, it had proved to be the easiest. Who could he turn to for help in this affair? Who else in the United States was an admirer of Keith Stewart? Who else was making a Congreve clock to his instructions?

There was that dairy farmer down in Maryland—he wouldn't be much help. Then—wait a minute, out on the West Coast . . . lumber and pulp mills . . . what was his name? Hirzhorn—Solly Hirzhorn.

Solly Hirzhorn had attended a meeting of the Brotherhood last year, and nobody had realised who he was till after the meeting a week later. Solly Hirzhorn was building a Congreve clock, and he had all the money in the world, and all the contacts, too.

As he stood there at the bench of his workshop it seemed to him that Solly Hirzhorn was the one person to whom he could turn.

He had been introduced to him at the meeting of the model engineering society, the Brotherhood of Live Steamers, and they had talked enthusiastically together about the Congreve clock for nearly a quarter of an hour.

Both had then been starting on the project and had been drawn to each other by their common interest, the fat, unwieldy magnate sixty-eight years old and the lean professor of fifty-two. In that quarter of an hour they had become friends, though it was only when they came to exchange addresses at the end of it that each learned who the other was.

That was a year ago; they had exchanged cards at Christmas but they had not met again, nor were they very likely to do so.

He went up to his study again, closed the door, lifted the telephone, and spoke to the long-distance operator.

"I want to call Mr. Solomon P. Hirzhorn, person to person," he said. "This is Professor O'Leary. I don't know the number, but it's in Tacoma, Washington. It's Hirzhorn Lumber Enterprises Inc."

At eight o'clock he was speaking to the magnate on the telephone. "Say, Professor, this is a real pleasure," said Mr. Hirzhorn. "How are you making out with the clock?"

"Not too bad," said the professor. "I got the tilting table and the escapement made all right, but now I'm finding the clock motion to be quite a job. However, I'll get over it all right. What I wanted to talk to you about was Mr. Keith Stewart."

"He's a great guy," said Mr. Hirzhorn. "Whenever I get in a difficulty I write to him and he comes right back with the answer."

"He's in a little trouble. I thought you might like to know. He's been in Honolulu, but he's probably somewhere in the Pacific at present."

"In Honolulu? What's he doing there?"

"I got a letter from his editor. Shall I read it out?"

"Say, Professor," he said, "this is interesting, but I'd like to see a copy and consider it. Mind if we put it on the tape?"

"By all means."

Mr. Hirzhorn laid down the receiver and called to the next room. "Julie! Say, Julie!" A handsome, dark-looking girl appeared at the door. "Get this on the tape."

In a moment he spoke again. "We're all set now, Professor."

Then the professor said, "Well, that'll need some thought. I'll have it copied and think about it and call you again."

"Can you find out whether he's left Honolulu?"

"Oh, sure. I'll call Honolulu right now. If I can contact him I'd better speak to him myself and read him out this letter."

"That would be a good idea. His editor, this Mr. McNeil, he's evidently prepared to help him with the fares. He'd better cable his office."

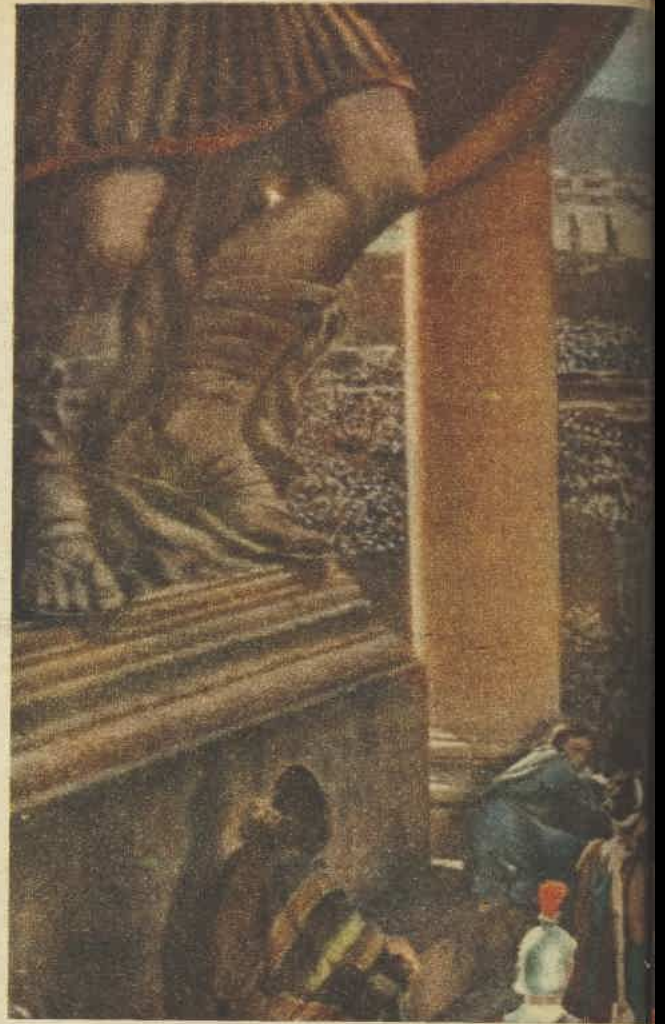
"Right, and if we can locate him I'd be mighty glad to have him visit with me for a day or

To page 74



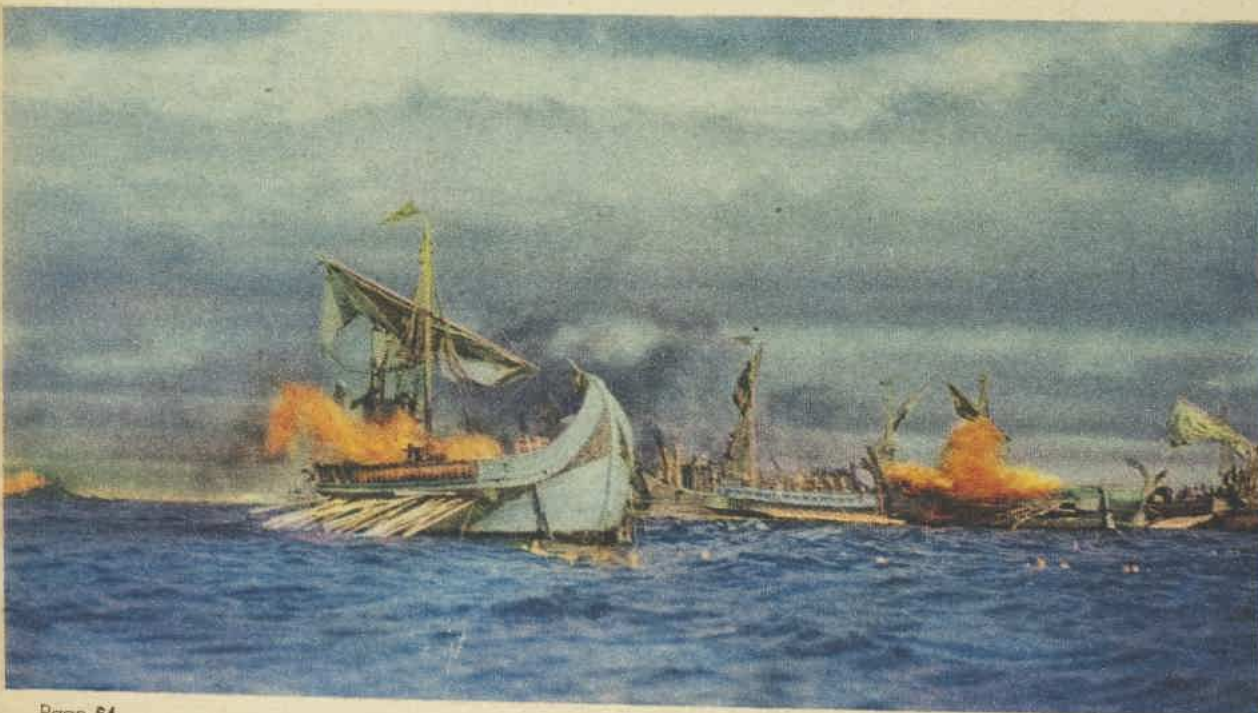


BEARDED Charlton Heston, as the enslaved Hebrew prince Ben-Hur, strains at the oar to which he is shackled in a Roman slave galley. Ben-Hur frees himself in a sea battle.



# Ben-Hur rides again

★ It took M.G.M. five years and 15 million dollars (£A7 million) to make the new version of the great biblical-based story Ben-Hur, which comes to Australian screens this month.



WITH a cast of 25,000, plus everything from slave galleys to war chariots, it is the costliest and most spectacular film ever made.

Except for a few desert scenes in Israel, the film was made entirely at the huge Cinecitta Studios outside Rome, and provided employment for some 10,000 Italians.

For the year of actual filming—after four years of planning—"Ben-Hur" was the biggest movie production anywhere in the world.

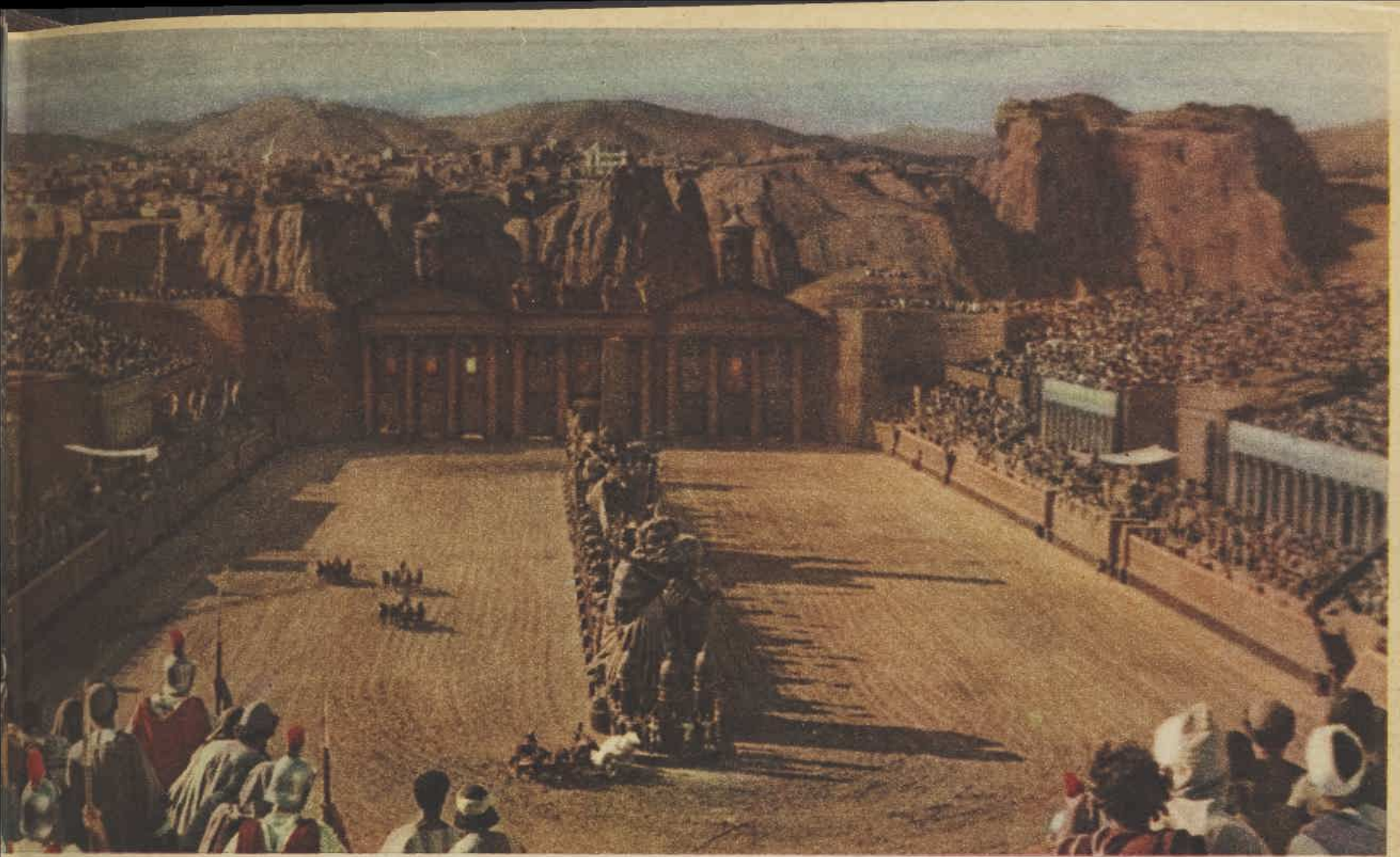
It used more people, bigger sets, and inspired more dramatic news bulletins than the rest of the industry put together.

This was considered only proper for a formidable literary property which, in book form, has sold five million copies since it was first published in 1880.

This dramatic and highly colorful story of how a young Hebrew prince, Ben-Hur, challenged the might of Im-

**GALLEYS** flaming during the sea battle in which galley-slave Ben-Hur saves the life of Roman consul Quintus Arrius (Jack Hawkins).





# Entertainment

THE HUGE ARENA where the spectacular chariot race is staged was the largest movie set ever built. Filming of the race took three months before Director Wyler was satisfied.

perial Rome was written by Lew Wallace, who had been a Union general in the American Civil War.

At first the book was a flop, but slowly it began to pick up. For 15 years it was a best-seller, and was translated into many foreign languages.

When "Ben-Hur" was introduced to New York as a stage play in 1900, the cast featured William S. Hart (later to become one of the first great cowboy screen stars) as the villain Mesala and William Farnum (also to achieve screen fame) in the title role.

For the next 17 years "Ben-Hur" ran continuously on the U.S. stage because of an odd term in the contract between author Wallace and the producers that unless the play was produced somewhere every season the producers would forfeit the dramatic rights.

The first movie version (the present one is the third) was a one-reeler in 1907, innocently made by a film company which shot "16 magnificent scenes" at New York's Manhattan Beach with costumes borrowed from the Metropolitan Opera House. Brooklyn Fire Brigade staged the famous chariot race.

But the producers had not bothered to acquire rights to the story, and the U.S. Supreme Court ordered them to pay 25,000 dollars to the heirs of author Lew Wallace, an action that helped to establish the legal rights of authors in the new field of motion pictures.

The first big screen version of "Ben-Hur" was made in 1924 by the newly formed Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Corporation at the then staggering cost of more than 2,000,000 dollars.

The cast included Ramon Novarro as Ben-Hur (he was present at the London



GUARDED by Roman centurions and flanked by members of his Court, Australian actor Frank Thring, as Pontius Pilate, Roman Governor of Judea, waits to start the chariot race.

● To page 71



## Perry Mason— new honors



WINNERS of American TV Guide Awards included, right, Raymond (Perry Mason) Burr (see story), from left, Fred Astaire; Robert Young, Jane Wyatt ("Father Knows Best"); Hubbell Robinson, accepting for Ingrid Bergman; Loretta Young.

● Recently I said that the Perry Mason Show, one of the most popular in Australia, would be back on TV screens by the end of May.

IT has been missing here through the 13-week production break in America's TV year, and until sufficient episodes of the new series accumulated to guarantee an unbroken run of the show when it starts again.

The announcement was in print only a few days when a double jinx hit the show—the Hollywood actors' strike threatened to spread; and District Attorney Hamilton Burger (William Talman in real life) was arrested by real policemen on a morals charge.

The result of all this is that the starting date of the show is now only a probability, not a certainty.

And D.A. Burger has left the cast, replaced by a young man called Claude Drumm, who is billed as the Deputy D.A. of Los Angeles County. Talman will, of course, be seen in those shows made before his arrest.

While we are waiting for the return of Perry Mason, who is played so winningly by Raymond Burr, the show has been gathering more honors.

It was named in the TV Guide Awards as the favorite series show lasting an hour or longer, and Raymond Burr the most popular male personality of the year.

Burr celebrated this cheering news by becoming a partner in a Hollywood art gallery.

"I've loved paintings all my life," Burr said. "There is nothing like spending an evening with them."

"Coming from a bachelor not exactly averse to females this may sound strange, but it's also honest."

★ ★ ★  
"THE Shirl Conway Show" on Channel 7 recently would have driven anyone except those forced to watch to another channel.

I am so conditioned to the interpolated commercials in these shows that one of the highlights appeared to be a commercial for a breakfast food.

### TELEVISION PARADE

By NAN MUSGROVE

It began with a man and a woman, not easily identified, having breakfast. Then there was a ballet. At the stage when, logically, a ballerina in close-up should have been saying the corps' dancing stamina came from Huffer-tuffer's fortified breakfast flakes, two of the stars of the show strayed through the ranks of the ballerinas.

The whole thing turned out to be a bit of culture presented as a dream sequence.

Let's have straight ballet, or straight drama or romance, not everything all mixed up together like a nightmare.

★ ★ ★  
"THE Slaughter of St. Teresa's Day," the A.B.C.'s recent drama presented "live" from their Sydney studios; was one of the best bits of live TV I have seen.

The play tells the story of an annual party given by Oola Maguire (Neva Carr-Glyn), Paddington S.P. identity, which she entertains the underworld as a gesture to St. Teresa, whom she believes once saved her life from a gunman's bullet.

The party ends in a shooting, with most of the guests at the police station.

At the party is Oola's 16-year-old daughter, Thelma, brought home specially for the occasion by two nuns from the convent she attends. The sweet and sour situations of the play are all heightened by her innocent unworldliness.

Alma Butterfield as Aunt Essie stole the acting honors. She was splendid, such a real character—everyone's elderly aunt, the one that lives with the family and smooths things out for them.

Neva Carr-Glyn as Oola was good, but not in Aunt Essie's class.

There should be more TV like this. It was excellent entertainment.



## Penny's proud — she knows her Surf-washed towel can stand a close-up look



How proud Penny feels with a sparkling white towel — a towel so white it can stand the searching scrutiny of a close-up look. For that's how people judge your whites — not at a distance, but close up. Only Surf can give you such perfect whiteness because only Surf gets out *all* the dirt. Dirt and grime literally fall out of the clothes — and you can see it! This fabulous, unique washing action — plus Surf's new Added Brilliance gives a cleanness and whiteness never before possible. Use Surf and thrill to the world's cleanest, whitest wash.

(The close-up look proves it's so!)

### SURF GIVES YOU THE WORLD'S CLEANEST WHITEST WASH



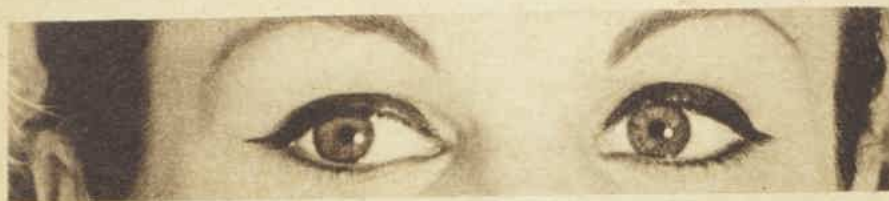


## TELEVISION STAR SHIRLEY ABICAIR

● All over the Commonwealth, from Sunday, April 24, at 6.00 p.m., families will hear the TV entertainment that has made Australian Shirley Abicair famous. The Shirley Abicair Show on TV everywhere every Sunday for six weeks will be ballads and folk songs. Shirley will be seen here for the first time as a storyteller, a role in which she excels.



How lovely you look tomorrow *depends*



*depends* on how well you clean your face tonight  
... and cleansing means more than just soap and water



**Tonight...**

discover how **POND'S COLD CREAM** cleanses completely  
—whisks out dirt and make-up

Did you realise

● Modern make-up is designed to **stay on**. You can't wash it off with water — you can't clean it off with soap alone.

What do you do?

● You cream it away with light, fluffy Pond's Cold Cream — that's the one **sure** way to whisk out stale make-up of any kind — and everyday dirt, too.

Deep-cleanses

● Pond's Cold Cream works down between the upper skin cells, where dirt hides, and literally floats it out. Pond's leaves your skin soft, smooth — and gloriously clean.

*cleanses and cools your skin—relaxes you.*



Tubes 2/9, Jars — 4/11 and 7/11.  
Another beauty product of Chesebrough-Pond's.

## SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

By **MAR COLES**

**T**HE tables were turned and famous French Maurice Chevalier was entertained—by a kookaburra—when he had a quiet Sunday lunch with and Mrs. Arthur Davis at their home at Cammeray.

It was the first kookaburra he had even seen, and he was in very good "voice."

Mrs. Davis, who is president of The Garden Club, and her husband were returning hospitality they had enjoyed at M. Chevalier, who welcomed them several times to his home with its noted garden seven miles from Paris, last time they were abroad.

To give him the chance of getting to know their beautiful Japanese-style garden, with its trees, little pools, late and double azaleas in full bloom, a salads, seafoods, ice-cream luncheon was served on the verandah, with a sweeping view of Middle Harbor.

"I ALWAYS like to wear a buttonhole, a carnation, by preference, and one I've picked myself," Sir William Oliver, the new High Commissioner for the United Kingdom, told me when he and Lady Oliver made their first official visit to Sydney. Another "like" of Sir William's is a special blend with a very spicy aroma. What Sir William particularly liked about the Oliver's was their enthusiasm and wonderfully informal manner. They are thrilled with the duplex flat they have just taken at Point Piper. The furnishing of it is going to be tedious. "Everything is going to come from the Ministry of Works in England, which will take time, and we're longing to move in," Sir William explained. Their daughter Rosemary is in residence at the Y.W.C.A., studying music at the Sydney Conservatorium.

**FROM** Port Moresby comes news of the engagement of Julianne Anthony and Captain Adrian Clunies Ross. The wedding plans hinge on Adrian's next Army posting. The ceremony is almost certain to take place in Sydney. Julianne is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Anthony, of Paris.

"TENNESSEE WILLIAMS looks at life through a crystal glass — darkly," said Mrs. Richard B. Joyce, giving an American critic in her lively little speech, opening Dunlop's Exhibition of Paintings of Characters from Tennessee Williams' Plays. The exhibition, which is in the form of the Ensemble Theatre, is providing stimulating conversation for theatre-goers enjoying the return season of Tennessee Williams' "Orpheus Descending." My vote for the intriguing painting goes to the "Baby Doll" personalities in the guise of animals dressed as humans. "Baby Doll" is pictured as a cute cat, her husband a gross bear, the boy as a tiger, and "Aunt Rosa," sitting apart from the trio, as a thoroughly miserable porcupine.

**NEWEST** trinket on Mrs. Barry Clines' gold charm bracelet is a circle containing the letters "B.C." — her husband's initials, made from his signet ring, which was melted down. Barry says his only objection to Margaret's new hobby of collecting gold for charms is awakening every morning with the fear his teeth fillings may have disappeared in the night.

**INTERESTING** Melbourne romance is the engagement of Lieutenant Robin Nelson, R.N., aide-de-camp to the Governor of Victoria, Sir Dallas Brooks, and Sarah Loxton, daughter of Mr. Tom Loxton, of Toorak, and Mrs. Fowler, of Paris.

**CLOTHES** for all climates—from Alaska to Peru—have been telescoped into two suitcases by Marjorie Thorpe for her four months' flying trip abroad on April 7. In New York she will attend a Seminar of the American Council for Correspondence on Careers. It's a world-wide move to improve the status of women. Afterwards she will spend a week with a family in Connecticut to see "how they live" in small rural towns in the United States.

**WHILE** he is in Scotland, Mr. Andrew Campbell, of Glenelg, will visit the Duke of Argyll at Inverary Castle. He says it is a wonderful place — he has been there twice before. He is sailing in the Strathaird on April 14, he'll preside over a merry night at the Royal Commonwealth Society when the Campbell clan gathers there for a Ceilidh on April 15.

**CONSUL** for Israel Mr. Chaim Raphael and his wife have just changed their residence from Wentworth Towers, Point Piper, are lending their new home in Seton Parade, Vaucluse, to the Red Cross Headquarters Auxiliary for a supper dance on April 9. "We're hoping for a warm night so that guests can be entertained in the garden as well as indoors," said vice-president of the auxiliary Mrs. Ivan Morris.

**AFTER** their quiet wedding, Captain Tom Parry and his wife, formerly Miss Ella Losberg, of Marton Hall, are up to Rabaul to cruise round the islands in one of Captain Parry's trading vessels. He owns several. Later they will go to England to visit his family in Wales.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — April 1954



# PEOPLE AND PARTIES



AT RECEPTION at the Pickwick Club. Dirk Boendermaker and his bride, formerly Carol Paull, after their wedding at St. Michael's Church, Vacluse. Dirk is the son of Professor Pieter Boendermaker, of Holland. Carol wore a white delustrated satin gown with a lace-embossed bodice.



JUST WED. Barry Nock and his bride, formerly Jan Burt, leaving Shore Chapel for a reception at Killara Golf Club, given by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Burt. She set off her French shantung gown with a coronet of roses and pearls. Mrs. Paul Watkins, Helen Burt, Chel Garrett, and Jan Commins were the attendants.



SMILES from just-engaged Owen Matchett and Jill Jackson, snapped in the garden of "Kimo," the home of Jill's parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Robinson, of Gundagai. Owen is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Matchett, of Moree. After their wedding they will live on Owen's property, "Northcote." Boomi.



HOST Mr. Donald Trounson and his wife (couple right) with Mrs. Colin Imray, of Canberra, and Mr. Alexander McIver at cocktail party at the United Kingdom Information Library. Mrs. Trounson received guests in a slate-blue paper shantung frock.



GREETINGS for Robyn Lund (right) from her cousin, Mrs. Alan Guest, of Melbourne, and Michael Stormon at dance at the Pickwick Club given by Robyn's parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. Lund, for her birthday.





British Paints Limited

# GLOSS-MASTA

BRILLIANT GLOSS ENAMEL

*Looks, and wears  
like  
baked enamel!*

WORLD-FAMOUS DESIGN SERIES

FOR INTERIOR AND EXTERIOR  
THE ONLY BRILLIANT  
ENAMEL MADE THAT  
COVERS ANY COLOUR  
WITH ONE COAT

- \* New standard of exceptional brilliance.
- \* Dries overnight with a brilliant, luxurious, porcelain-like finish that looks and wears like baked enamel.
- \* The more you wash it, the better it looks.
- \* Completely withstands boiling water, steam, grease and all cooking fumes.
- \* So very easy to use.

The world's greatest  
colour range—  
100 colours to  
choose from!



Ask to see the fabulous **GLOSS-MASTA  
INTERMIX COLOUR BOOK**  
at any British Paints Limited  
authorised agent.



the most expensive and  
exclusive enamel made!

## COMPANION PRODUCTS

For walls or ceilings in velvet flat and satin finish. To be used in conjunction with Gloss-Masta for all walls and ceilings. Your choice can be dull flat, velvet flat, or satin finish

British Paints Limited  
**GLOSS-MASTA**  
Double-density  
**SURFACER**  
FOR INTERIOR AND  
EXTERIOR USE



British Paints Limited  
**NU-PLASTIK**  
Acrylic-reinforced  
Dull Satin Flat  
**WALL & CEILING  
FINISH**  
FOR INTERIOR AND  
EXTERIOR DECORATION

British Paints Limited  
**SUPA-FLAT**  
EXCLUSIVE  
VELVET FLAT  
ENAMEL  
FOR INTERIOR AND  
EXTERIOR DECORATION



British Paints Limited  
**SATIN-TONE**  
SATIN-FINISH  
ENAMEL  
FOR INTERIOR AND  
EXTERIOR DECORATION



FOR BATHROOMS



FOR KITCHENS



FOR WINDOW  
FRAMES



FOR EXTERIOR  
DECORATION



FOR FURNITURE



FOR DOORS

EVERY answer to EVERY painting problem.

THE FABULOUS  
**"DESIGN for COLOUR"**  
MODERN AUTHORITATIVE GUIDE  
TO HOME DECORATION

- \* 75 full colour plates in real paint colour.
- \* 426 colour schemes.
- \* How to prepare surfaces.
- \* Painting problems clearly solved.
- \* 90 pages.



10/- A COPY  
FROM ALL LEADING  
PAINT AND HARDWARE STORES

— ASK TO SEE IT!



# At 18, Sandra's rich and famous

● Millions of teenagers the world over envy Hollywood's Sandra Dee. Seemingly, the 18-year-old has everything—she's rich, she's famous, and she's happy.

SANDRA is the proud owner of a beautiful ultra-modern Hollywood home with all the trimmings—swimming-pool, expensive furniture, hi-fi set.

She drives the latest-model Thunderbird sports car—snow-white—and top couturiers design her very expensive wardrobe.

Success means work, and for Sandra there's plenty of it. Her every waking moment is governed by a split-second schedule.

Even her one "free" night each week has a movie flavor. Sandra's dates are arranged for the sole purpose of being seen and photographed with young Hollywood eligibles.

But Sandra doesn't mind the strict routine—her career is the most important thing in her life. In little more than a year she has starred in three important films—"Gidget," "A Summer Place," and "Portrait in Black."

RICKY NELSON'S salary for his starring spot in "The Wackiest Ship in the Army" is 100,000 dollars. Jack Lemmon's—for the same picture—is a mere 20,000. The reason is simple. Nelson's agent demanded his colossal figure before permitting the young star to make the film for Columbia on a loan-out from the Ozzie and Harriet TV show. Lemmon, despite his Academy Award nomination for "Some Like It Hot," had no choice—he's under contract to the company.

## New Films

★★★ Excellent  
★ Average

★★ Above Average  
No star—Poor

### ★★★ THE NUN'S STORY

Drama, with Audrey Hepburn, Peter Finch. In color. Embassy, Sydney.

BASED on Kathryn Hulme's best-seller, this dramatic behind-convent-walls epic is the story of a young girl's struggle to observe silence, overcome pride, and rid herself of all worldly emotions.

As a postulant in a Belgian convent, Audrey Hepburn valiantly, but not very successfully, attempts to conform to her new life of dedication to the Church.

After her vesture as Sister Luke she is sent to a school of tropical medicine. Although she manages to avoid the glances of young male students, she falls victim to pride in her excellent scholastic results.

Training completed, Audrey Hepburn is sent to the dreaded mental sanatorium near Brussels—a spine-tingling institution vibrant with screams—as a disciplinary measure.

Months later she's at last off to her beloved Congo. But at the jungle hospital she gets her biggest test in the form of rugged, handsome Peter Finch

—a medical genius and an unbeliever.

Supported by superb photography and an excellent plot, the intensely brilliant acting of Audrey Hepburn and Peter Finch makes this a truly fascinating film.

In a word . . . INSPIRED.

THE THIRD VOICE  
Whodunit, with Edmond O'Brien, Laraine Day, Julie London. Esquire, Sydney.

A THRILLER without the thrills, this murder film in South America attempts to get you all tensed up, but succeeds in leaving you flat.

Jilted by her boss, Laraine Day—the calm type who polishes her fingernails when she should be shaking—is out for revenge. With Edmond O'Brien, who's in it for the money, she plans her stupid crime.

The big surprise surrounding Julie London—the glamorous, sultry female of the plot—could surprise only the dull-witted and a few young children.

Maybe, given a reasonable script, the stars could act. But in this show they are dreadful.

In a word . . . FLAT.

Continued from page 65

## Ben-Hur rides again

premiere of the present production), Francis X. Bushman as Messala, Fred Niblo, Betty Bronson, May McAvoy, and Carmel Myers.

Many of those who played minor roles or were in production crews at the first film took part in the present version.

Because of dissensions in M.G.M., questions had been raised as to the wisdom of embarking on another version of "Ben-Hur," with its astronomical budget.

be one of the picture's chief assets.

Haya Harareet, which means "mountain animal" in Hebrew, is a handsome collection of melting brown eyes, reddish hair, and a striking voice.

Her accent is British, the form of English taught in Israeli, where Haya was educated and where also she was a member of the Israeli Marines.

Haya herself tells an interesting story of how she got the coveted role of Esther in "Ben-Hur."

tracked her down in Paris, whisked her to Italy, where she did a test in color.

Nine days after she had returned to Paris, M.G.M. asked her to return to Rome, offered her a seven-year contract, but, on her insistence, settled for four years.

Haya (her name is pronounced Hi-ya) speaks five languages well. Her black hair has been tinted red for the part of Esther.

Haya had been starred in many stage plays at home in Tel Aviv, but had made only two minor movies, one in Israel, another in Italy.

M.G.M. was reported as delighted with her work as Esther, and Hollywood gossip has it that Miss Mountain Animal is in line for the Big Build-up.

### Spectacular

Others in the new "Ben-Hur" include English actor Jack Hawkins, Broadway actor Hugh Griffith, Sam Jaffe, Finlay Currie, and Martha Scott.

Miss Scott plays Charlton Heston's mother, the second time she has had such a role, the first being in "The Ten Commandments."

Few changes, if any, have been made in the time-tested story of "Ben-Hur," a tale laid in the first century when Judea was under the heel of Imperial Rome.

The most spectacular scenes involve the chariot races in the climax of the picture, but other big moments for actors occur in sea battles, death marches, camel caravans, aristocrats imprisoned as lepers, slaves shackled to oars, and the crucifixion of Jesus Christ.



NEWCOMER Haya Harareet, beautiful Israeli actress who plays Esther in the new "Ben-Hur."

At the Cannes Film Festival in 1957 she was briefly introduced to Director William Wyler.

A year later, when casting for "Ben-Hur" was started, Wyler sent a cable to Rome: FIND OUT NAME OF ISRAELI ACTRESS WHO ATTENDED FILM FESTIVAL CANNES LAST YEAR STOP MAKE TEST FOR ESTHER.

Rome first contacted Tel Aviv, Haya's home city, finally

Hand-knits become fashion knits with . . .

# Lincoln

## WOOLS — EXCITING 1960 STYLES

Gay Striped Blouson.  
Takes 16 ozs. Lincoln  
"Crepetta" 4-ply wool.  
Total cost (approx.) 45/-  
STYLE 2242, BOOK 774

Ribbed Raglan Jacket.  
Takes 20 ozs. Lincoln  
"Buffalo" 6-ply. Total  
cost (approx.) 52/-  
STYLE 2240, BOOK 772

No need to buy expensive knitteds this winter . . . Lincoln make it so easy to knit them yourself . . . in the world's newest fashion colours, and these eye-catching new overseas styles. With Lincoln's new pattern books and famous quality wools you can knit yourself a luxury wardrobe . . . at low cost!

LINCOLN DOES WONDERFUL THINGS WITH WOOL

Hood & Sweater Set.  
Takes 24 ozs. Lincoln  
"Buffalo" 6-ply. Total  
cost (approx.) 63/-  
STYLE 2254, BOOK 773

Reefer-styled  
Cardigan. Takes 12 ozs.  
Lincoln "Crepetta"  
4-ply. Total cost  
(approx.) 36/-  
STYLE 2221, BOOK 772

Lincoln  
QUALITY  
KNITTING WOOLS

L.B. SOWW





"I often take two or three girls and our clothes out to modelling locations", says Diane. "When there's nowhere else to

change we use the VW as a dressing room, too. Even after the longest trips we're all fresh, ready for work."

## "VOLKSWAGEN — a career girl's best friend"

... says beautiful, busy model Diane Masters



Call for two of the girls . . . fly into town . . . pick up a collection of clothes you'd give your eyebrows to own . . . follow photographer out to location . . . change in the car . . . drive to another location, change again, and again . . . head for home . . . stop by at the delicatessen for the raw material for cocktail savouries . . . home, change . . . collapse! — but only until the guests arrive.

That's the kind of daily adventure lovely model Diane Masters calls work. She

does it week in, week out — but never without her Volkswagen!

"My VW is absolutely marvellous", says Diane. "Some days I practically live in it. I've got so used to it just going and going I think I'd be quite shocked if it ever let me down! My VW Service man keeps it up to the mark — I give him the VW when it's due for service and he does all those dreary things men do to cars and I get it back, going brilliantly — as always!"



"Day and night, my VW is so comfortable and very convenient. Going to evening shows in cool weather I can always dress

lightly because the car has such a divine heater. The roomy interior is ideal for carrying clothes that mustn't be crushed."



"I drive everywhere I can because it's such fun in the VW", says Diane. "But when I must fly I leave it at the airport — I know when I come

back it will start first try, even though it's been out in the weather for days. Cleaning the car is no problem, either."



"I do a lot of entertaining", Diane says, "and that means shopping and parking, but I never get flustered in my car — it's so easy to manage in city traffic and such fun to drive on the highway."

Page 72



With her easel, paints, brushes and 'brunch' aboard her Volkswagen, the lady vanishes . . . into the first landscape that takes her fancy. Diane says, "I need a rest now and then, even if my VW doesn't!"

## VOLKSWAGEN

—most satisfying car you can own!



£971

TAX PAID (State capital cities).  
Heater demister included.

Contact your neighbourhood Authorised VW Sales  
and Service Centre today for a demonstration!

For an illustrated full-colour brochure of the  
Volkswagen de luxe sedan, post this coupon to:  
Volkswagen (Australasia) Pty. Ltd., Princes Highway, Clayton, Victoria.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

STATE \_\_\_\_\_

☐ Please tick if for school project

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — April 13, 1966



# JACKY'S DIARY

by Jacky Mendelsohn  
Age 32½



## IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD



DEBORAH KERR . . . star of M.G.M.'s "COUNT YOUR BLESSINGS"

## "NO OTHER BEAUTY SOAP QUITE SO GENTLE"

. . . Deborah Kerr

Gentleness is everything when it comes to skin care . . . your skin care. Every time you wash your face, swirl on the gentle Lux lather. Leave on while you count 1 . . . 2 . . . 3 . . . 4. Rinse and you

can feel how the action of pure, mild Lux tones your skin. Makes it smooth and glowing. 9 out of 10 film stars know that LUX is all gentleness . . . from its soothing lather to its subtle fragrance.

You'll be a little lovelier each day—when you use gentle Lux Toilet Soap . . .

## THAT'S THE BEAUTY OF LUX



New, as well as famous pure white Lux you can choose pink in regular, family and bath size. Blue, green and yellow Lux are available in bath size only.





# Flash

**CLEANS LINO**

**TWICE AS FAST! TWICE AS EASY!**

**— AS ANY SOAP OR DETERGENT**

**No messy suds! No rinsing! No wiping dry!** Flash—and only Flash—has a new, revolutionary dirt-removing principle that absorbs dirt on contact. Even stubborn heel marks disappear! Flash makes all other lino cleaners old-fashioned . . . leaves no streaks or smears. Cleans twice as fast . . . twice as easy as any soap or detergent . . . it's thrifter by far than liquid cleaners.

**REMEMBER, FLASH IS CONCENTRATED!**

Only two spoonfuls of Flash in half a bucket of hot water will clean all the lino in most kitchens . . . with enough left over for cupboards and spots on painted walls and woodwork. One packet of Flash lasts months!

**Try Flash today! At grocers everywhere**



Countless housewives use Flash for walls and woodwork, too! Once over with Flash and walls, woodwork, tiles, basins and stoves are spotless. No messy suds! No rinsing! No wiping dry!



All you do with Flash. Dip your mop or cloth into the Flash solution. Wring out till nearly dry—then, with one wipe, dirt disappears. Flash cleans twice as easy . . . twice as fast! Once over—job's done!

Continuing . . .

## TRUSTEE FROM THE TOOLROOM

from page 63

two on his way back to England. There's one or two things on the clock that I'd like his advice on, and he might be interested to see some of the plants."

Mr. Hirzhorn put down the receiver and called for Julie. When she came he said, "Give me all that in type soon as you can. And, say, what's the name of the guy that runs our business in Honolulu, making monkey-pod wood bowls and dishes?"

"Setches. Mr. Hirzhorn. Setches and Byrne, Incorporated."

"That's right. Paul Setches. Well, get that tape in type and let me have it. After that I want to speak with Paul Setches."

She went out, and he sat on alone in his study, a glass of rye and water with a little ice beside him. He sat, as was his habit in the evening, in front of the great picture window facing to the west.

He lived not far from Wauna on an inlet off the Puget Sound, ten miles from his office in Tacoma. The east side of the house looked out over the inlet, his private airstrip, his boathouse, and his moored motor-cruiser; the west side looked over many miles of forest to the snow-capped Olympic range.

He lived very much alone, devoted to his business. His two sons lived in suburbs of Tacoma more convenient to schools and to the main Seattle-Tacoma airport, where the executive aircraft of the corporation were housed and maintained. His wife liked Florida and was frequently away there in the winter.

**H**IS secretary, Julie Perlberg, lived in the house with him and managed the servants and worked at home. She had worked at the plant at Marblemount, on the Skagit River, since she was fifteen years old.

She had some Hirzhorn blood in her, however, and by the time she was eighteen she was virtually running the Marblemount plant. There had been little option but to transfer her to the head office in Tacoma if they wanted to keep a man as manager in Marblemount.

There the old man had met her and had taken a fancy to her, as there was a distant relationship, but more because of her encyclopaedic knowledge of the business. As he found less room for detail in his mind, he had taken her as his personal secretary; his sons approved of this, because they were a closely knit family and theirs was a family business.

At sixty-two he had a coronary, and his doctors told him bluntly that he must do less work. He must acquire a hobby and live quietly at home for a portion of each day or of each week.

He had seen this sentence coming and he knew what he would do. As his business had grown he had bought huge varieties of engineering products, but he had never been an engineer. He had never formed a thread upon a bolt, though in theory he knew how it was done.

He had concealed his lack of engineering knowledge all his life by virtue of his native wit, but always he had been uncertain in the background of his mind. If now he had to stay out of the office for a portion of his life he would devote that portion to learning something about engineering, the craft that impinged so largely on his business.

He set to work to organise a

very spacious workshop in the basement of his house in Wauna, where he could train some engineering quietly and secretly away from the eyes of the engineers that he employed. Very soon he found out about the English magazine, "Miniature Mechanic," and he sent it to him by airmail every week with several other, lesser, American publications.

In a short while he became completely absorbed in his new interest, to the satisfaction of his sons and of his doctors.

He became conscious of a considerable debt of gratitude to the little magazine, "Miniature Mechanic." All his life he had heard his engineers speaking casually of millin and he had not known what the process was. The magazine taught him in the first few issues that came to hand.

Of all the contributors to the magazine he held Ken Stewart in the highest regard for the lucidity of his descriptions and his comprehension of the difficulties of the tyro.

Once in a difficulty, which he later realised to be due entirely to his own stupidity, he had dictated a letter asking advice, hardly expecting to receive an answer. He had one promptly, brief but helpful, the letter of a friendly man.

Encouraged, he had written again some months later, and again, and help had never failed to reach him by return airmail.

This was the mental climb in which he received the sheet of typescript from Julie minutes after the call from Professor O'Leary in Arbor. He sat in front of the big picture window in the set glow. The girl switched a standard lamp and moved to throw the light over his shoulder. He thanked her absently as he refreshed his memory of the call by glancing over her typescript.

"What time is it in Honolulu now?"

"Half-past three."

"Well, get me a call to Paul Setches."

Ten minutes later he was speaking to the president, Setches and Byrne Inc.

"Say Paul," he said, "I'm Sol Hirzhorn. I want you to see if you can contact a man called Keith Stewart for me. He has been staying at the Beachcomber Hotel, but it is probable that he's living on a fish boat called the Mary Belle in the yacht harbor."

Mr. Setches said that would make some inquiries, call him back. Mr. Hirzhorn went to the door of the next room, furnished hall sitting-room with a log and half as office. He said Julie, "I'm going down into workshop. If Paul Setches calls again I'll take the call there. Tell me when it's an hour before supper, I'll have a drink."

"Okay, Mr. Hirzhorn." He lumbered off and down to his workshop and, fingering the tilting table of the clock that he had made, he was with such loving care. He was a slower worker than Professor O'Leary, partly inexperience and partly in age; on the other hand he spared no expense in his workshop. He stood fingering half-machined bronze tools that would support the machine in his mind far away.

Ten or eleven days elapsed since the Mary

To page 75



had been due to sail for Tahiti; there was little chance that Paul Setches would find her still in the yacht harbor. She could be half-way to Tahiti by this time. But how to find a fishing boat in the wastes of the Pacific Ocean, a boat that had no radio?

Chuck Ferris had a yacht, and—yes, it was a yacht in Honolulu. He had been on a world cruise, and had interrupted it to fly back to New York or some place. Paul Setches had entertained Chuck Ferris and his party at the Royal Hawaiian, on the old man's instructions, and he had written later to say that the cruise had been interrupted.

Sooner or later Solly Hirzhorn meant to fit Ferris hydraulics as a trial installation in one of his mills, on all of the conveyors. Amongst the many accidents that happened in the lumber business a man caught in the flying chains and sprockets of the conveyors was the most horrible; it always made the newspapers in all its gory detail. It created too much adverse comment.

Sooner or later he would have to fit a trial mill with Ferris hydraulics throughout, and cut out every chain. It would be expensive; seventeen hundred thousand bucks was the Ferris estimate for the Flume River mill.

Manny was for it, Joe said that it would never pay. His son Joseph was the Treasurer of Hirzhorn Enterprises. It was for the boys to decide, but he thought it ought to be tried out one day, in one mill.

He started work upon the backplate of the clock, a thick sheet brass which involved little cutting and filing.

He worked on happily for an hour or so, and made good progress, till the telephone rang in the corner of the bench. He picked up the receiver.

"I have Mr. Setches on the line," said Julie. "Will you make his call down there?"

"Sure," he said. "Get it on the tape."

A minute later he was speaking to Honolulu. "Well, Mr. Hirzhorn, I'm sorry to say he's not one. He sailed in this fishing

Continuing . . .

## TRUSTEE FROM THE TOOLROOM

from page 74

boat, the Mary Belle, on Tuesday of last week."

"Where were they going to?"

"Well, they told the harbor launch that they were bound for Hilo. That's on Hawaii, in the group of islands. But they never turned up at Hilo, and the gossip on the waterfront says they were bound for Papeete, in Tahiti. That checks with the letter that you read me."

"Why would they say that they were going to Hilo then?"

"I'd say they were afraid of the formalities, Mr. Hirzhorn. They'd have to have a French visa on their passports, for one thing, and the French don't like immigrants that haven't any money. That could be the reason. I wouldn't know."

"What's going to happen when they get to Papeete then? If they get there?"

"They'll find themselves in trouble, Mr. Hirzhorn."

There was a long silence. Paul Setches said, "You still there, Mr. Hirzhorn?"

"Okay, okay. I was just thinking. Did you hear anything about the captain of this fishing boat?"

"Well now, that's another thing, Mr. Hirzhorn. The Customs officers say he's nuts. The yacht-owners down in the yacht harbor, they say he's a good seaman, but kind of simple. They don't any of them think he'll find Tahiti. You see, he's got no radio, no D.F. loop, no echo sounder, no Iron Mike—nothing. The ship hasn't even got an engine—no engine at all, not even an outboard. And the captain certainly wouldn't know how to use a sextant, if he had one."

It was bad. "You're sure Keith Stewart sailed upon this boat?"

"Sure thing, Mr. Hirzhorn. I spoke with the Customs officer that went after them in the harbor launch. They left without paying harbor dues. He said Keith Stewart was on board. That's when they said that they were bound for Hilo."

"There wouldn't be any way to get in touch with them, would there?"

"Not that I know of. You see, they've got no radio."

There was another silence while the old man's mind reviewed the situation. "Tell me," he said at last, "is Chuck Ferris' yacht still in the harbor?"

"The Flying Cloud? Sure, she's still here. Mrs. Efstathios, Chuck's daughter, she's living on board. Making quite

\*\*\*\*\*  
It is not doing the thing we like to do, but liking the thing we have to do, that makes life blessed.  
\*\*\*\*\*

— Goethe

a fool of herself with a band-leader, Manuel de Silva. You know—Music with Manuel, on the TV."

There was another pause. "Well, thanks, Paul. Thanks a lot for what you've done. I'll have to think this over. Maybe I'll be in touch with you again, but that's all for the present."

"Okay, Mr. Hirzhorn. It's been a pleasure."

The old man stood by the bench for a few moments. He took off his working apron and hung it on the hook on the door, put on his jacket, and went up again to the big sitting-room.

Julie had drawn the curtains to shut out the darkness; she came in from her own office in surprise, for she had expected him to stay down in the workshop much longer. "Will you have the drinks now?" she asked.

"Not yet," he said. "Say, that engineer Chuck Ferris keeps at Boeing—the one who came with him last time. Jim Rockingham."

"Rockawin, Mr. Hirzhorn."

"That's right. You know where he lives?"

"It's somewhere out by Renton," she said thoughtfully. "Do you want to speak with him?"

"What I'd like him to do is to come here right now and visit with me for a little while. See if you can get him at his home. If so, I'll speak with him myself."

She went into her office and closed the door, and he sank down into his chair before the fire. Seventeen hundred thousand dollars was a lot of money, and on top of that they'd lose at least a fortnight of production from the mill while the conversion was going on. In terms of cash Joseph was probably right; hydraulic operation would put up their costs. But Emmanuel had the right idea.

The day was passing when such ghastly accidents could be tolerated in the interest of cheap lumber. People thought much more of human lives now than they used to do. They must convert the Flume River mill for a trial of the Ferris system, but if they were to do that he would see that Chuck Ferris lent his yacht for a few weeks.

Presently Julie came in again. "Mr. Rockawin is on the line right now," she said softly. She moved the table with the telephone upon it closer to his side.

He said, "That Jim Rockawin? Say, Jim, this is Sol Hirzhorn here. I'm speaking from my home at Wauna. I been thinking a lot about our Flume River mill. I'd like you to drive over 'n have a talk, if you can make it."

It was a royal command and must be obeyed.

"I'd be happy to do just that, Mr. Hirzhorn," he said.

"Come over soon as you can make it in the morning. Meanwhile, I'll be talking with the boys."

They hung up, and Jim

To page 78

Can friends criticise your most-noticed room?

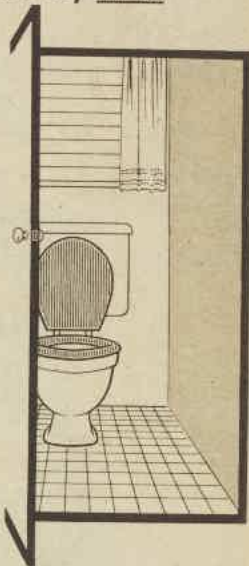


Your friends may not talk about your lavatory, but can you be sure what they think?

Now, there's a new, easy way to keep your toilet bowl fresh and bright—HARPIC!

Just sprinkle Harpic in the toilet last thing every night and flush away in the morning. While you sleep, Harpic cleans thoroughly and leaves the toilet free of germs. Even that lime-scale caused by hard water is removed—the entire lavatory bowl is kept sparkling and hygienically clean. And being delicately perfumed, Harpic keeps your bathroom or lavatory sweet-smelling.

Ask for Harpic at your store.



Harpic is made specially for cleansing all sewered and septic tank toilet bowls.

Harpic cleans round the S-bend—where no brush can reach! It cleans more thoroughly above, as well as below, the water, because Harpic stays on the sides of the bowl, cleansing and disinfecting all night long. When flushed away next morning, the entire porcelain is sparkling clean.

**HARPIC** REGD.  
LAVATORY CLEANSER

Safe for cleaning Septic Tank Toilet Bowls HP157

## SOFT! STRONG! KLEENEX\* TISSUES

for everything from colds to kitchens



Soft, absorbent Kleenex tissues in the bathroom for removing makeup, wiping the razor, dabbing cuts... saves towels! Guests will always appreciate Kleenex tissues in Aqua and Pink, too.



For every sneeze or snuffle... use a clean, soft Kleenex tissue—then destroy. No soreness, no redness from wet hankies this way—each Kleenex tissue you use is completely hygienic... lint-free... so important whatever your allergy.

Keep a giant-size box of Kleenex tissues in the kitchen for wiping, polishing, cleaning... frying pans, saucepans, plates, ashtrays.

Four sizes: 6d. Pocket-pack, 1'6, 2'-, 3'9  
IN PINK, AQUA AND WHITE

Every home needs **KLEENEX** TISSUES



\*Registered Trade Mark.



# Wonderful! NEW Toni

## EVEN WAVE HOME PERM

gives your hair HIDDEN BODY

Wonderful!

Hidden Body holds any set as no other permanent can!



Wonderful! No more setting your hair every night! Shampooing doesn't weaken Hidden Body!

**HIDDEN BODY** - the secret of the smooth wave that never droops

Give your hair the new manageable softness of Hidden Body, the secret of the smooth wave that looks alive and never droops! Costly conditioning ingredients specially imported, make Toni's new Even Wave the most wonderful perm you've ever had.



Wonderful!

Hidden Body makes hair so easy to style you can change a curly hair-do to smooth ... and back again!



Smooth Styles look wonderfully alive. Hidden Body prevents hair from sagging, even in the hottest dampest weather. Makes the softest sleekest hair-do look alive!

Curly Styles with Hidden Body mean no curl let-down. Reveal your pretty curls! Fluff your hair up — it stays up with this new Toni.

TONI EVEN WAVE HOME PERM: AVAILABLE IN SUPER, REGULAR AND GENTLE • FULL HEAD KIT, 13/6 • EVEN WAVE TIP TONI, 9/9

NEW **SOFWAVE** SETTING ROLLERS for soft, natural looking waves

Plastic ... Pliable ... never lose shape, easy to use and comfortable to sleep in ... 3/9 pkt. of 6



## AS I READ the STARS

By EVE HILLIARD

For week beginning April 11



**ARIES**

The Ram

MARCH 21-APRIL 20

Lucky number this week, 9.  
Lucky color for love, rose.  
Gambling colors, rose, silver.  
Lucky days, Thursday, Friday.  
Luck in a new cycle.

★ There are strains showing the way the wind is blowing. Conditions are close at hand. Young, fancy-free, you are able to meet your future life partner. If older, you find new interests and friends through a different hobby or pastime. Some of a face changes, probably beneficial in connection with your occupation.



**TAURUS**

The Bull

APRIL 21-MAY 20

Lucky number this week, 1.  
Lucky color for love, yellow.  
Gambling colors, yellow, grey.  
Lucky days, Monday, Friday.  
Luck in unselfishness.

★ Sacrificing your own pleasure may not be easy, yet brings reward by creating harmony around you. On a date you allow the man in your life choose the place and kind of amusement he prefers. If a parent you fall in with the wishes of children whose ideas of fun differ from your own. You won't be sorry.



**GEMINI**

The Twins

MAY 21-JUNE 21

Lucky number this week, 5.  
Lucky color for love, grey.  
Gambling colors, grey, mauve.  
Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday.  
Luck on an outing.

★ Starting off on an expedition, curious things happen. You may lose your way, discover an alternative shelter from a storm, meet an appealing personality. Find adventures come to the adventure. There is likely to be a scene, you return before long to the same scene, or, if with a group, you talk over your experience for many a day.



**CANCER**

The Crab

JUNE 22-JULY 22

Lucky number this week, 6.  
Lucky color for love, navy-blue.  
Gambling colors, navy-blue, red.  
Lucky days, Monday, Saturday.  
Luck before the public.

★ If your work brings you contact with the public, you will praise for your efforts. If you compete in a tournament, your chances are bright for a prize. Some of you lose by a narrow margin, but there can be no defeat. If your beloved makes a speech, or appears in the public eye, barrack for him at critical moment.



**LEO**

The Lion

JULY 23-AUGUST 22

Lucky number this week, 5.  
Lucky color for love, green.  
Gambling colors, green, white.  
Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday.  
Luck across distance.

★ The farther you go the more interesting the road. You'll find there are greener pastures beyond the next hill. Plan carefully, organize efficiently. A spot-of-the-moment invitation from distance, the chance to visit a place you've long yearned to add up to a happy holiday. Be cautiously after dark to danger.



**VIRGO**

The Virgin

AUGUST 23-SEPTEMBER 23

Lucky number this week, 7.  
Lucky color for love, pastel.  
Gambling colors, tricolors.  
Lucky days, Thursday, Saturday.  
Luck through disappointment.

★ Those fine plans may fade because of someone's ill-will, parental objections, or other circumstances beyond your control. You may be obliged to turn down an invitation and feel sorry for yourself. Then an attractive substitute is presented to you. You're all smiles again, and you've gained through what first appeared a tragedy.



**LIBRA**

The Balance

SEPTEMBER 24-OCTOBER 23

Lucky number this week, 3.  
Lucky color for love, mauve.  
Gambling colors, mauve, green.  
Lucky days, Friday, Saturday.  
Luck through the opposite sex.

★ Some of you will be Eros brides. Many a Libran will go up the aisle and pre-wedding preparations will be in full swing. Others will be bridesmaids, members of the wedding party. Otherwise, if in love, you announce your engagement. Quite a few subjects could be in the throes of a first — and thrilling — affair this week.



**SCORPIO**

The Scorpion

OCTOBER 24-NOVEMBER 23

Lucky number this week, 9.  
Lucky color for love, red.  
Gambling colors, red, grey.  
Lucky days, Tuesday, Thursday.  
Luck within yourself.

★ You have a heavy program for the first part of the week, but it through to perfection. The Fortune contributes a little, you're under your own steam. You feel you have the right to it after Thursday. Inner contentment may count more than what is going on. Your beloved may think you almost too self-sufficient, but he'll be proud of you.



**SAGITTARIUS**

The Archer

NOVEMBER 24-DECEMBER 23

Lucky number this week, 2.  
Lucky color for love, white.  
Gambling colors, white, black.  
Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday.  
Luck through youth.

★ If quite young, you'll have tense activity, travel, sports, a trifle older, preparations for important social occasions. Parent, the children's needs are first. If a voluntary worker, help on an outing for the or in a camp for underprivileged children. Good news comes through one who is junior.



**CAPRICORN**

The Goat

DECEMBER 24-JANUARY 19

Lucky number this week, 4.  
Lucky color for love, orange.  
Gambling colors, orange, brown.  
Lucky days, Monday, Sunday.  
Luck on the threshold.

★ Your own home may have to offer you than a crowded sort. Many of you have plans for renovations and improvements over the holidays. Self-helpers are spotlighted; the amateur interior decorator has a field. Others take to gardening, favorite pastime of your informal hospitality rates on the programme.



**AQUARIUS**

The Waterbearer

JANUARY 20-FEBRUARY 19

Lucky number this week, 8.  
Lucky color for love, black.  
Gambling colors, black, gold.  
Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday.  
Luck in a second chance.

★ You run around in circles, obliged to return to the place, then discover what you seek. In business don't let the first proposition offend; you can do better by waiting. You've quarrelled with your beloved, decide to make up, try again. The danger of each other will draw you together.



**PISCES**

The Fish

FEBRUARY 20-MARCH 20

Lucky number this week, 3.  
Lucky color for love, violet.  
Gambling colors, violet, lt. blue.  
Lucky days, Wednesday, Sat.  
Luck in practical affairs.

★ You'd love to do things in grand manner, but luxury must be paid for. Economy doesn't mean stinginess, a sense of proportion. If a parent, children are likely to beg for expensive articles. If a teacher, borrowing from Mum is not fair when it deprives her something she really needs. Promise with those big ideas.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility for the statements contained in it.]



# BEGINNERS' PATTERN

F5683. — Beginners' pattern for a young girl's frock requires 2 to 2½ yds. 54in. material. Sizes 6, 8, 10, and 12 years. Price 3/-.

# Fashion PATTERNS

Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained from Box No. 4669, G.P.O., Sydney. Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, G.P.O., Hobart, and New Zealand readers send orders to Box 6346, Wellington. No C.O.D. orders will be accepted.

F5618.—Slender sheath frock requires 3yds. 54in. material. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Price 4/6.

F5627.—Flattering and useful winter frock is a variation of the shirtmaker style. Requires 3yds. 54in. material. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Price 4/6.

F5610.—Sophisticated and feminine dress and jacket requires 4yds. 54in. material. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Price 4/9.

F5613.—Simple sheath dress for the working girl requires 2½ yds. 54in. material. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Price 4/6.

F5624.—Smart winter suit requires 3½ yds. 54in. material. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Price 4/6.



## NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

### No. 246.—GIRL'S CORDUROY FROCK

Pretty corduroy frock for a young girl is available cut out ready to sew in pillarbox-red, dark green, turquoise, American beauty, and royal-blue. For a four to six-year-old, 46/9; eight to 10-year-old, 49/11; and for a 12-year-old, 53/6. Postage 3/6 extra.

### No. 247.—LAVETTE

The lavette—comprising a matinee jacket, pilchers, frock, petticoat, bonnet and nib, nightgown and coat—is available cut out ready to sew in tulle or flannelette in white, pink, or pale blue. Infants' size: Matinee jacket in flannelette, 6/3; in tulle, 9/3; pilchers in flannelette, 2/9; in tulle, 4/6; frock in flannelette, 13/6; in tulle, 18/9; petticoat in flannelette, 6/3; in tulle, 9/3; bonnet and nib in flannelette, 1/9 each; in tulle, 2/6 each; nightgown in flannelette, 12/3; in tulle, 18/3; coat in flannelette, 17/6; in tulle, 21/6. Postage on each of these is 1/- extra. The complete set in flannelette is 69/11; in tulle, 79/11; with postage 4/6 extra.

### No. 248.—KNITTING BAG

Handy knitting-bag is available cut out ready to sew in headcloth in blue, pink, green, and white, with the motif clearly traced to embroider. The bag has a tape-measure trim. 5/- each. Postage 1/3 extra.

### No. 249.—MATERNITY JACKET

Attractive maternity smock is available cut out ready to sew in pink, green, cream, and grey. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 42/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 44/6. Postage 2/6 extra.

• Needlework Notions are available for six weeks from date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.



Don't look now, but your  
**DANDRUFF**  
is showing!



Wash your hair with the NEW  
**'Savlon' D**

'Savlon' D is recommended for all the family.

The New 'Savlon' D contains the most powerful bactericide yet discovered for the removal of dandruff. 'Savlon' D acts quickly—simply wet the hair, apply 'Savlon' D, lather and rinse. Mildly perfumed 'Savlon' D cleans your hair and leaves it lustrous... use it regularly.

Sufficient for at least 10  
generous applications, only 10/-.  
Obtainable from your Chemist.

'Savlon' D comes in a patented, unbreakable "squeeze flask" with a special "open-shut" control cap—easily used with one hand. The 'Savlon' D safety container can't spill, won't break—ideal for use in bath or shower.



IMPERIAL CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES  
OF AUSTRALIA & NEW ZEALAND LTD.

bright  
idea with a handy-size tin

When Petunias and Asters  
are bordering the garden path—  
Solpah it blue.



Complement their colours... change to one of the green Solpahs for Iceland Poppies, Zinnias and Marigolds. A new look for the garden each Spring and Autumn.

**Taubmans  
Solpah**

WEARS LIKE IRON ON ANY SURFACE



Page 77



**"You're so  
handy Andy!"**



## THE NEW LIQUID CLEANSER! HANDY ANDY CLEANS AT A TOUCH!

No scrubbing,  
no hard rubbing  
—can't scratch,  
dull or wear

HANDY ANDY CLEANS FLOORS,  
PAINTWORK — EVERYTHING



**FLOORS.** Linos, rubber tiles, oil  
quartz — Handy Andy is fabulous  
for all floors. (No need to rinse or  
dry.)



**PAINTWORK.** Cupboards, doors —  
One wipe with Handy Andy — straight  
from the bottle — cleans safely  
and fast.



**KITCHENS.** Stoves, refrigerators,  
sinks — come cleaner quick as a  
wink. Handy Andy never scratches,  
never dulls.



**BATHROOMS.** Basins, baths, tile,  
combs, medicine chest, toilet bowl —  
everything sparkles in a jiffy.



**CARS.** Car mats and tires. Prepares  
perfectly for car polishing — no  
straining afterwards.



**WINDOWS.** Windowpanes and picture  
glass — come sparkling clean —  
leaves no smears or haze.



**DOGS.** Even Fido will love his bath.  
Washes any dog thoroughly, safely,  
no disinfectant odour.

**HANDY ANDY STRAIGHT FROM  
THE BOTTLE OR IN SOLUTION  
CLEANS JUST ABOUT ANYTHING**

Ceramic tiles • Grimy surfaces • Toilet bowls  
• Porch and lawn furniture • Garbage cans  
• Grease marks • Smoke and oil film • Sinks  
• Lipstick stains • Refrigerators • Formica counter  
tops • Cabinets • Heel marks.

Guaranteed by J. Kitchen & Sons Pty. Ltd., marketers of fine household products for over 100 years.

HA 4 W W 144g

Continuing . . .

## TRUSTEE FROM THE TOOLROOM

from page 75

Rockawin stood in deep thought. This was business. He sensed it. This was the culmination of three years of patient, tactful work. He did not know exactly what would happen in the morning, but he knew this very certainly. Ferris Hydraulics was about to break into the lumber business.

He turned again to the telephone, and presently he was speaking to his employer in his home. "I don't know what it is he wants, Mr. Ferris," he said. "But it's about the Flume River mill, and it's business."

"Say, that's great news," said Mr. Ferris. "What was it that we quoted for the whole job?"

"Seventeen hundred thousand and some odd dollars," said his representative. "What will I say if he only wants to do a part of it?"

"String him along, 'n call me soon as you can."

They talked a little longer. "I guess I'll call you, anyway, soon as I get away from him," Mr. Rockawin said. "You'll be home to-morrow?"

"Sure I'll be home," said Mr. Ferris. "This is big news. I'll just sit right here looking at the television, waiting for your call."

Mr. Ferris was a small dynamic man with auburn hair, fifty-three years old. The war had made him what he was. In 1934 he had been a draftsman in an aircraft drawing office.

With the growth of aviation he had left the drawing-office and had started a tiny specialist business in Cincinnati, working on a shoestring, getting all his machined parts made out by subcontract.

His business had grown astronomically with the war: by 1945 he was the president of a twenty-million-dollar corporation, with a business that was comparable with that of Solomon P. Hirshorn.

For years he had wanted to get his finger into the lumber industry, which he considered to be antiquated in its equipment judged by aircraft standards.

Moreover, although his business was doing well, there was little doubt that rockets and guided missiles would replace the manned aircraft in the future to a large degree. As a hydraulic engineer, he was turning his attention more and more to things that stayed on the ground.

He did his best to delegate authority, but his business grew too quickly. As soon as he found a man to take one section off his shoulders another enterprise was starting up, needing his guiding hand for the first year or so.

In 1952 he had a nervous breakdown and spent three months in a very expensive home.

In 1956 he had another breakdown and went back into the home. This time his doctors impressed on him that he really must do less work and find more interests. They suggested a long sea voyage.

He did not want to die, and so he bought a large schooner yacht, the Flying Cloud.

Since then he had conscientiously tried to use his big yacht as his doctors had recommended, and he was actually on board her two or three times a year; each time intending a month's cruise or longer. Each time the office drew him back as with a magnet.

He sat in his home and

waited for the call from Mr. Rockawin. It came at about three in the afternoon, noon of the west coast.

"Look, Mr. Ferris," said his representative, "this isn't just what I thought."

"No business?" asked his employer sharply.

"I think he's going to order presently, but he's not ordering just yet. What Sol Hirshorn really wanted was something different."

"What's that?"

"He wants to borrow your yacht."

"For crying out aloud!" said Mr. Ferris. "What does he want with that? Go for a sail in it?"

"No. He wants to use it. Say, Mr. Ferris, this is going to be mighty difficult to explain over the long-distance line. You got a tape machine there so you could read it over later and make up your mind?"

"Sure I've got a tape. While I fix it up." There was a pause, and then he said, "Go ahead."

The representative had been collecting his thoughts during the pause, and when he spoke it was clearly and lucidly.

"Some years ago Mr. Hirshorn had a bad spell with his health, and his doctors told him he must get himself a hobby in his home. Well, he started a workshop. He told me down and showed me. I never saw anything like that. That's where he spends most of his spare time now. He's making some kind of a clock."

**S**LOWLY the reel rolled on steadily, as he spoke. He told the whole story reading out the carbon copy of the letter from Mr. McNeill, Professor O'Leary at Ann Arbor that he had got from Julie.

"Well, that's the way it is, Mr. Ferris," he said at last. "He wants to — borrow Flying Cloud to go down to Tahiti to pick up the boys on their fishing boat and do whatever this K. Stewart wants to do, and let him back to Tacoma so Sol Hirshorn can talk to about his clock before he goes back to England. He'll pay charter money, of course. I know this all sounds screwy but that's the way it is."

"You think he's going to vert that mill, Jim?"

"I'm sure he is, Mr. Ferris."

"Well, he can have the yacht, of course. Tell that right away. Regard charter money, it won't him a cent if he puts an on with us. Otherwise — oh, him that we'll let him know I've never chartered it before. No — tell him he can have it as long as he likes."

"Whether he puts an on with us or not?"

"That's right. I shan't using it."

"I think that's very wise, if I may say so. Sol's going to be very pleased."

"Okay, okay. I'll play tape back and call Cap Petersen. Now you go Monday and string them all. Better call me again Monday night, around six o'clock time."

To be concluded

Copyright Heather Felicity way and Union Trustee Company of Australia Limited, Executors of the Estate of Nevill Shute Pollock.

Printed by Compress Printing Limited for the publisher, Australian Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — April 13, 1960



# Mandrake the Magician

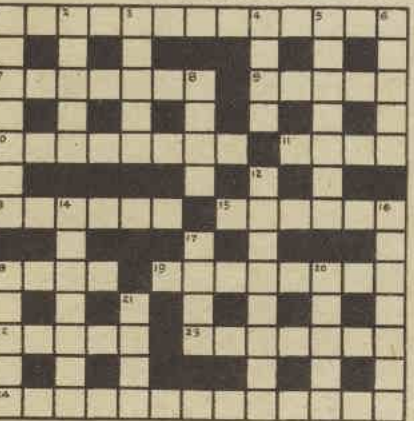
MANDRAKE, Master Magician, and his friend, famed mountain explorer CAPTAIN PIERCE, have returned to Mount Arat to try to find if there really is a Yeti, or "Abominable Snowman." Captain Pierce claims he saw a strange

creature hiding in a cave when he last climbed Mount Arat, and he took plaster casts of huge footprints they found in the snow. Mandrake and Captain Pierce have reached the foothills of the Himalayas. NOW READ ON:

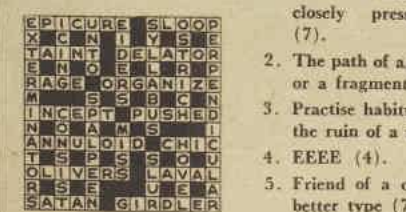


## THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

- ACROSS
1. Guesswork of a marksman (4, 2, 3, 4).
  7. This may be an echo with a new binding (7).
  9. Take an oath and you can listen with the end of it (5).
  10. Fearless in red pit (8).
  11. Famous school with a very weighty end (4).
  13. Trials which a lamb mastered (6).
  15. Vehicle with our inside (6).
  18. According to Joyce Kilmer only God can make one (4).
  19. Irascible and finished by Eric (8).
  22. Visionary I lead (5).
  23. A hole before autumn is an unsuspected danger (7).
  24. Educational institutions with a more benevolent start (13).



Solution will be published next week.



Solution of last week's crossword.

- DOWN
1. To be found in oil in a closely pressed company (7).
  2. The path of a heavenly body or a fragment (5).
  3. Practise habitually mostly in the ruin of a ruin (5).
  4. EEEE (4).
  5. Friend of a criminal, but a better type (7).
  6. Sacred scripture (5).
  8. To fall in drops (4).
  12. Plot rule (Anagr., 8).
  14. It sounds like a female vegetable, but it is only a low pub (7).
  16. Summons to return all included (7).
  17. Business in a roguish opera (4).
  18. An artifice or cards played in a round (5).
  20. Ever a pillage (5).
  21. Succulent plant with bitter juice (4).



## Fashion Tot

Long parades on the "cat-walk" keep child model Fiona Forster, of Manly, N.S.W., busy. Where does this active 5-year-old get her energy? She enjoys Vegemite every day. Vegemite—the only pure, concentrated yeast extract—is the richest food source of Vitamin B, which is essential for:

- healthy nerves
- good digestion
- clear skin
- vitality

Your children will enjoy delicious Vegemite. Spread it on toast, sandwiches, biscuits—or on baby's nubs.

VEGEMITE—made by Kraft



## That's why I buy FORD PILLS

Find them marvellous for Constipation, Indigestion, Headaches, Stomach troubles, Rheumatism and many other ills and pains. And I use them regularly and if I feel a bit cranky, a Ford Pill washed in honey puts them right. Bright. Ford Pills are so SAFE and sure. Ford Pills are the gentle, tasteless, stress-laxative for all YOUR ills. In red and gold plastic box, 6/- and 3/6 everywhere.

## FORD PILLS



proud mother praises Curlypet baby's hair used to be straight, but after Curlypet the now has healthy head of pretty curls. Baby Shows judges always comment on her lovely curls. Curlypet is good for cradlecap, too. soothes scalp irritations and leaves baby's tender scalp clean, healthy and fragrant.

## Curlypet

Pay More? Tax Deductible.  
 100 E Tabs, 50 mgm, 500, 97/6  
 100 B Group Tabs, 500, 25/-  
 100 C Tabs, 250 mgm, 500, 56/-  
 FREE POSTAGE.  
 List on Application.  
 MASCOT'S PHARMACY, 909 Botany Rd., MASCOT, N.S.W.



OBTAINABLE FROM ALL LEADING BUILDERS' AND PLUMBERS' SUPPLIERS



A Winner at any event.  
 All Wool Coat in muted shades.

Dominey Coats



*Holiday fun -*

WITH THE  
WORK  
ALL DONE !



SAO



MONTE  
CARLO



JATZ

Arnott's famous Sao Biscuits come Crisp and Fresh from the hamper to improve the picnic spread while the tang of Jatz Biscuits bring a rich variety. With Monte Carlo Biscuits in the hamper there is no need to pack cake.



**Arnott's**  
*famous* **Biscuits**

*There is no Substitute for Quality*

